





TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE, THOMAS
Lord COVENTRY, Baron of
Alesborough, Lord Keeper of the great
Seale of *England*, and Councillour of
Estate to his Majestie of GREAT
BRITAIN.

May it please your Lordship,

THough I should not know
your *Person*, I cannot be a
stranger to your *Vertues*;
all eares are filled with re-
port of *them*: And what a
Predecessour of yours, to his great *Honour*,
wrote of the *Greatnesse of Peace*, you, My
Lord, have to your greater *Honour*, practi-
sed. These my *Excogitations*, I humbly de-
dicate to your *Lordship*; which, I confesse, I
should scarce have done, if your *Noblenesse*
had not been more *eminent* than your *Place*.
All that hath made me thus presuming, is

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your

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

your Goodnesse, which I know is full of Pardons, for those that erre by reverencing. That I have prefixed your Name, is not in thought of adding ought to your Honour; but in gaining something to the Worke: that being so inscribed, it may carry with it, what alreadie shineth in your Noble Bosome, Honest Authoritie. May it live but as long as your Fame, and knowne Integrity; then I rest assured, it shall never meet a Grave in comming Ages. Howsoever, I shall be praised for this, (if I have not coveted too high, and intruded on your more weightie Affaires,) that I have chosen an approved Patron.

The God of Goodnesse perpetuate your Lordships happinesse.

The most humble of your Lordships
truest Honourers,



QW. FELLTHAM.



To the Readers.



Am to answer two Objections: One, that I have made use of Storie, yet not quoted my Authorities; and this I have purposely done. It had beene all one Labour, inserting the matter, to give them both the Author, and place. But while I am not Controversiall, I should onely have troubled the Text, or spotted a Margent, which I alwayes wish to leave free, for the Comments of the man that reades. Besides, I doe not professe my selfe a Scholer: and for a Gentleman, I hold it a little pedanticall. He should use them rather, as brought in by Memorie, raptim, and occasionall; than by Studie, search, or strict collection: especially in Essay, which of all writing, is the neerest to a running Discourse. I have so used them, as you may see I doe not steale, but borrow. If I doe, let the Reader trace me; and if he will, or can, to my shame discover: there is no cheating, like the Felonie of Wit; He which theeves that, robs the Owner, and coozens those that heare him.

The next is, for the Poetrie; wherein, indeed, I have beene strict, yet would be full. In my opinion, they disgrace our Language, that will not give a Latine Verse his English, under two for one. I confesse, the Latine (besides the curiousnesse of the Tongue) hath
in

To the Reader.

in every Verse, the advantage of three or foure Syllables; yet if a man will labour for't, he may turne it as short, and I beleeeve, as full. And for this, some late Translations are my prooffe. What you finde here, if you please, like: But remember alwayes, To censure a Resolve in the middle, is to give your Iudgement a possibilitie of erring. If you aske, why I writ them? 'Twas because I lov'd my Studie: If, why I publish them? Know, that having no other meanes to shew my selfe to the World, so well, I chose this, not to boast, but because I would not deceive.



R.E.

RESOLVES:
DIVINE, MORALL,
POLITICALL.

Of sudden Prosperitie.

Prosperitie in the beginning of a great Action, many times, undoes a Man in the end. Happinesse is the cause of mischief. The faire chance of a trecherous Dye, at first flatters an improvident Gamester, with his owne hand, to throw away his wealth to another. For while we expect all things, laughing upon us, like those we have pass'd; we remit our care, and perish by neglecting. When a rich Crowne ha's newly kiss'd the Temples of a gladdened King, where he findes all things in a golden swimme, and kneeling to him with Auspicious Reuerence; hee carelessly waves himselfe in the swelling plaine:

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Laies his heart into pleasures, and forgets the future; till ruine seize him before he can thinke it. Felicity eates up circumspection: and when that guard is wanting, wee lye spread to the shot of generall Danger. How many have lost the Victory of a Battell, with too much confidence in the good fortune, which they found at the beginning? Surely 'tis not good to be happy too soone. It many times undoes a Noble Family, to have the estate fall to the hands of an Heyre, in minority. Witty children oft faile in their age, of what their childhood promised. This holds not true in Temporall things onely, but even in Spirituall. Nothing slackens the proceedings of a Christian more, than the too-early applause of those that are groundedly honest. This makes him thinke he now is farre enough, and that he may rest and breath, and gaze. So he slides backe for want of striving, to goe on with increase. Good successe in the midd'l of an action, takes a man in a firme settlednesse: and though he finds the event alter, yet custome before, will continue his care for afterwards. In the end, it crownes his expectation; and encourages him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the sequell answerable. But in the beginning, it fals like much raine as soone as the seede is sowne: which does rather wash it away, than give it a moderate rooting. How many had ended better, if they had not begun so well? Pleasure can undoe a man at any time, if yeelded to. 'Tis an inviting Ginne to catch the Woodcock-man in. Crassus counsel'd Cyrus, if he meant to hold the Lydians in a slavery, that he should teach them to sing, and play, and drinke, and dance.

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dance, and dally; and that would doe it without his endeavor. I remember Ovids fable of the Centoculated Argus; The Devill I compare to Mercury, his pipe to pleasure, Argus to Man, his hundred eyes to our care, his sleeping to securitie, lo to our soule, his transformation to the curse of God. The Morall is onely this; The Devill with pleasure, pipes Man into security, then steals away his soule, and leaves him to the wrath of Heaven. It can ruine Anthony in the midd' st of his fortunes; it can spoil Hanibal after a long and glorious warre; but to meet it at first, is the most danger; it then being aptest to finde admission; though to meet and yeeld, be worst at last: because there is not then a time left for recovery. If the action be of worth that I take in hand, neither shall an ill accident discourage me, nor a good one make mee carelesse. If it happen ill, I will be the more circumspect, by a heedfull prevention to avoid the like, in that which insues. If it happen well, my feare shall make me warily vigilant. I will ever suspect the smoothed streame for deepnesse; till we come to the end. Deceit is gracious company, for it alwayes studies to be faire and pleasing: But then, like a shoefe, having train'd us from the Roade, it robbes us. Where all the benefit we have left, is this: that if we have time to see how we were coozned, wee may have so much happinesse, as to dye repenting.

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II.

Of Resolution.

WHat a keyne of ruffled silke is the uncomposed Man? Every thing that but offers to even him, intangles him more, as if, while you unbend him one way, he warpeth worse the other. He cannot but meet with varietie of occasions, and every one of these, intwine him in a deeper trouble. His wayes are strew'd with Bryers, and he buſſels himſelfe into his owne confuſion. Like a Partridge in the net, hee maskes himſelfe the more, by the anger of his fluttering wing. Certainly, a good Resolution is the moſt fortifying Armour that a Diſcreet Man can weare. That, can defend him againſt all the unwelcome Shuffles that the poore rude world puts on him. Without this, like hot Iron, hee hiſſes at every drop that finds him. With this, he can be a ſervant as well as a Lord; and have the ſame inward pleaſantneſſe in the quakes and ſhakes of Fortune, that he carries in her ſoſteſt ſmiles. I confeſſe, biting Penury has too ſtrong talons for mud-wall'd Man, to graſpe withall. Nature is importunate for neceſſities: and will try all the Engines of her wit, and power, rather than ſuffer her owne deſtruction. But where ſhee hath ſo much as ſhee may live: Resolution is the onely Marshall that can keepe her in a decent order. That which puts the looſe woven minde into a whirling tempeſt, is by the Reſolute, ſcene, ſlighted, laughed

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laughed at : with as much *honour*, more *quiet*, more *safety*. The *world* has nothing in it worthy a mans *serious anger*. The best way to perish *discontentments*, is either not to see them, or *convert* them to a *dimpling mirth*. How endlesse will be the *quarrels* of a *chollericke man*, and the *contentments* of him, that is *resolved* to turne *indignities* into things to make sport withall? 'Tis sure, nothing but *experience*, and *collected judgement*, can make a man doe this : but when he has brought himselfe unto it, how *infinite* shall he find his *ease*? It was *Zantippe's* observation, that she ever found *Socrates* returne with the same *countenance* that he went abroad withall. *Lucan* can tell us,

—Fortunaque perdat,

Opposita virtute, minas—

—All Fortunes threats be lost,

Where Vertue does oppose.—

I wish no man so *spiritleffe*, as to let all *abuses* presse the dulnesse of a *willing shoulder* : but I wish him an *able discretion*, to *discerne* which are fit to be stirred in, and those to *prosecute* for no other end, but to shew the *injury* was more to *Vertue*, and deare *Natures Justice*, than to himselfe. Every man should be *Equities Champion* : because it is that *eternall pillar*, whereon the *world* is founded. In *high and mountain'd Fortunes Resolution* is necessary, to insafe us from the *thefts*, and *wiles* of *prosperity* : which *steale* us away, not only from our *selves*, but *vertue* : and for the

most part, like a long peace, softly delivers us into impoverishing warre. In the wane of Fortune, Resolution is likewise necessary, to guard us from the discontents that usually assaile the poore dejected man. For all the world will beate the man, which Fortune buffers. And unlesse by this, he can turne off the blowes, he shall be sure to feele the greatest burthen, in his owne sad mind. A wise man makes a trouble lesse, by Fortitude: but to a foole, 'tis heavier by his stooping to't. I would faine bring my selfe to that passe, that I might not make my happinesse depend on an others Iudgement. But as I would never doe any thing dishonestly: so I would never feare the immateriall wind of censure, when it is done. Hce that steeres by that gale, is ever in danger of wracke. Honesty is a warrant of farre more safety than Fame: I will never be ashamed of that which beares her seale: As knowing 'tis onely Prides being in fashion, that hath put honest Humility out of countenance. As for the crackers of the brain, and tongue squibs, they will dye alone, if I shall not revive them. The best way to have them forgotten by others, is first to forget them my selfe. This will keepe my selfe in quiet, and by a noble not-caring, arrow the intenders bosome: who will ever frier most, when he finds his designes most frustrate. Yet, in all these, I will something respect custome, because she is magnified in that world, wherein I am one. But when she parts from just reason, I shall rather displease her by parting, than offend in her company. I would have all men set up their rest, for all things that this world can yeeld: Yet so, as they build upon a surer foundation than themselves: otherwise,

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otherwise, that which should have been their foundation, will surely crosse them; and that is, God.



III.

A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.

I Will take heed both of a speedy Friend, and a slow Enemy. Love is never lasting, that flames before it burnes. And Hate, like wetted Coales, throwes a fiercer heate, when fire gets the mastery. As the first may quickly faile, so the latter will hardly be altered. Early fruits rot soone. As quicke wits have seldome sound judgements, which should make them continue: so friendship kindled suddenly, is rarely found with the durability of affection. Enduring Love is ever built on Vertue; which no man can see in another at once. He that fixeth upon her, shall find a beauty that will every day take him with some new grace or other. I like that Love, which by a soft ascension, does degree it selfe in the soule. As for an Enemy that is long a making: he is much the worse, for being ill no sooner. I count him as the actions of a wise State, which being long in resolving, are in their Execution sudden, and striking home. He hates not but with cause, that is unwilling to hate at all. If I must have both, give me rather a friend on foote, and an Enemy on horsebacke. I may perswade the one to stay, while the other may be galloping from me.

IV.

Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.

Vertue and Vice never differ so much, as in the end; at least, their difference is never so much upon the view, as then. And this I thinke, is one reason, why so many judgements are seduced in pursuit of ill. They imagine not their last Act will be Tragicall; because their former Scenes have all beene Comedie. The end is so farre off, that they see not those stabbing flames, that await them in a killing ambush. If it were neerer, yet their owne dimme sight would leave them undiscovered. And the same thing that encourageth Vice, discourageth Vertue. For, by her rugged way, and the resistance that shee findes in her passage, she is oft perswaded to step into Vice's path: which while shee findeth smooth, she never perceiveth slippery. Vice's Roade is paved with Ice; Inviting by the eye, but tripping up the heele, to the hazzard of a wound, or drowning. Whereas Vertue is like the passage of Hanniball over the Alpes; a worke of a tiring toyle, of infinite danger. But once performed, it lets him into the worlds Garden, Italy: and withall, leaves him a fame as lasting, as those which he did Conquer, with his most unused weapon of warre, Vineger. Doubtlesse the world hath nothing so glorious as Vertue: as Vertue when shee rides triumphant. When like a Phœbean Champion, shee hath rowted the Armie of

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of her enemies, flatted their strongest Forts, brought the mightiest of her Foes, in a chained subjection, to humour the motions of her thronged Chariot, and be the gaze of the abusive world. Vice, at best, is but a diseased Harlot: all whose commendation is, that she is painted.

*Sed locum virtus habet inter astra;
Vere dum flores venient tepenti,
Et comam sylvis hyemes recident,
Vel comam sylvis revocabit aëtas,
Pomaq; Autumno fugiente cedent,
Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas,
Tu Comes Phœbo, comes ibis astris.*

But Vertue's thron'd among the Starres;
And while the Spring warmest th'infant bud,
Or winter bald's the shag-hair'd wood:
While Summer gives new lockes to all,
And fruits full ripe, in Autume fall,
Thou shalt remaine and still shalt be,
For Starres, for Phœbus, company.

Is a rapture of the lofty Tragedian. Her presence is a dignitie, which amazes the beholder with incircling rayes. The conceit of her Actions, begets admiration in others, and that admiration both infuseth a joy in her, and inflames her magnanimity more. The good honour her, for the love of the like, that they find in themselves. The bad, though they repine inwardly, yet shame (which is for the most part an effect of base Vice,) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other

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other side, what a *Monster*, what a *Painters Devill* is *Vice*, either in her *bared skin*, or her owne *ensordid ragges*? Her owne *guilt*, and the *detestation* which she findes from others, set up two great *Hells*, in her one little, narrow, *heart*; *Horrou*, *Shame*; and that which most of all doth *gall* her, is, that she findes their *flames* are *inextinguishable*. Outwardly, sometimes she may *appeare* like *Vertue*: For all the severall *Iemmes* in *Vertue*, *Vice* hath counterfeit *stones*, wherewith she *guls* the *Ignorant*. But there be two maine *reasons* which shall make me *Vertues Lover*: for her *inside*, for her *end*. And for the same *reasons* will I hate *Vice*. If I finde there be a *difference* in their *wayes*, I will yet thinke of them, as of the two *sonnes* in the *Gospel*; whereof *Vertue* said he would not goe to the *Vineyard*, yet *did*. And *Vice*, though he promised to goe; *desisted*.



V.

— Of Puritans.

[Finde many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will owne the *name*. Whereof the reason sure is this; that 'tis for the most part held a *name of infamy*; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtain'd a *definition*: nor is it an *appellation* derived from one *mans* name, whose *Tenents* wee may finde, digested into a *Volume*: whereby we doe much erre in the *application*. It imports a kinde of *excellencie* above another; which *man* (being con-

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scious of his owne fraile bendings) is ashamed to assume to himselfe. So that I beleeeve there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that are. One will have him one that lives religiously, and will not revell it in a shorelesse excessse. Another, him that separates from our *Divine Assemblies*. Another, him that in some tenents only is peculiar. Another, him that will not sweare. Absolutely to define him, is a worke, I thinke, of Difficultie; some I know that rejoyce at the name; but sure they be such, as least understand it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a *Church Rebelle*, or one that would exclude order, that his *braine* might rule. To decline offences; to be carefull and conscionable in our severall actions, is a *Purity*, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well doe, without a sul- len segregation from all societie. If there be any *Priviledges*, they are surely granted to the *Children of the King*; which are those that are the *Children of Heaven*. If mirth and recreations be lawfull, sure such a one may lawfully use it. If *wine* were given to cheere the heart, why should I feare to use it for that end? Surely, the merry soule is freer from intended mischief, than the thoughtfull man. A bounded mirth, is a *Pattent* adding time and happinesse to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deserves a *Censure*, for allowing drunkenness at *Festivals*, because, saies he, as then, the *Gods* themselves reach *wines* to present *Men*. God delights in nothing more, than in a cheerful heart, carefull to performe him service. What

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Parent it is, that rejoyceth not to see his *Childe* pleasant, in the limits of a *filiall duty*. I know, wee reade of *Christs weeping*, not of his *laughter*: yet we see, he graceth a *Feast* with his *first Miracle*; and that a *Feast of joy*: And can we thinke that such a *meeting* could passe without the noyse of *laughter*: What a lumpe of *quickned care* is the *melancholike man*? Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept will hold good still: *Be merry, but sinne not*. As there be many, that in their *life* assume too great a *Liberty*; so I beleeve there are some, that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use. *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to provide for either *Soule*, or *Body*. A man that submits to reverent *Order*, that sometimes unbends himselfe in a moderate *relaxation*; and in all, labours to approve himselfe, in the serenenesse of a healthfull *Conscience*: such a *Puritane* I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but *ceremoniall*, shall spurne at the grave *Authoritie* of the *Church*, and out of a needlesse *nicetie*, be a *Theefe* to himselfe, of those benefits which *God* hath allowed him: or out of a blind and uncharitable *Pride*, censure, and scorne others as *reprobates*: or out of obstinacie, fill the *world* with *brambles*, about *undeterminable Tenents*: I shall thinke him one of those, whose *opinion* hath severed his *zeale* to *madnesse* and *distraktion*. I have more faith in one *Salomon*, than in a thousand *Dutch Parlours* of such *Opinionists*. Behold then, what I have seene good! That it is comely to eate and to drinke, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travaileth under the *Sunne*, the whole
number

number of the dayes of his life, which God gi-
veth him. For, this is his *Portion*. Nay, *there is no*
profit to man, but that he eate, and drinke, and delight his
soule with the profit of his labour. For, he that saw o-
ther things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the
hand of God. Mee thinkes the reading of *Ecclesia-*
stes, should make a *Puritane* undresse his braine,
and lay off all those *Phanatique* toyes that gingle a-
bout his *understanding*. For my owne part, I thinke
the *world* hath not better men, than some, that
suffer under that name: nor withall, more *Scele-*
stique Villaines. For, when they are once elated with
that *pride*, they so *contemne* others, that they in-
fringe the *Laws* of all *humane Societie*.



VI.

Of Arrogancie.

I Never yet found *Pride* in a *Noble Nature*: nor
Humilitie in an *unworthy minde*. It may seeme
strange to an *inconsiderate eye*, that such a poore *vio-*
let Vertue, should ever dwell with *Honour*: and that
such an aspiring fume as *Pride* is should ever so-
journe with a *constant basenes*. 'Tis sure, we seldome
find it, but in such, as being conscious of their own
deficiencie, thinke there is no way to get *Honour*,
but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather than want
fame, they would with a rude assault, *desflowre* her:
which indeed, is the way to lose it. *Honour* like a
Noble Virgin, will never agree to grace the man that
ravisheth.

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ravisheth. If she be not wonne by *courtesie*, she will never *love* truly. To offer *violence* to so choise a *beauty*, is the way to be *contemn'd* and *loose*. 'Tis *hee* that hath nothing else to commend him, which would invade mens *good opinions*, by a *mis-becoming sawcinesse*. If you search for high and strained *Carriages*; you shall for the most part, meet with them, in *low men*. *Arrogance*, is a weed, that ever growes in a *dunghill*. 'Tis from the *ranknesse* of that *soyle*, that she hath her *height* and *spreadings*: Witnesse *Clownes*, *Fooles*, and *fellowes* that from *nothing*, are lifted some few *steps* upon *Fortunes Ladder*: where, seeing the glorious representment of *Honour*, above; they are so greedy of *imbracing*, that they strive to leape thither at once: so by overreaching themselves in the way, they faile of the *end*, and fall. And all this happens, either for want of *Education*, which should season their *minds* with the generous precepts of *morality*; or, which is more powerfull; *Example*: or else, for lacke of a discerning *Iudgement*, which will tell them, that the best way thither, is to goe about, by *humility* and *desert*. Otherwise, the *River of Contempt* runs betwixt them and it: and if they goe not by these passages, they must of necessity either *turne backe* with *shame*, or suffer in the desperate *venture*. Of all *Trees*, I observe, *God* hath chosen the *Vine*, a low *plant*, that creepes upon the helpfull *wall*. Of all *Beasts*, the soft and patient *Lambe*: Of all *Fowles*, the milde and gall-lesse *Dove*. CHRIST is the *Rose of the Field*, and the *Lilly of the Valley*. When *God* appeared to *Moses*; it was not in the
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lofty Cedar, not the sturdy Oake, nor the spreading Plane; but in a Bush, an humble, slender, abject shrub. As if he would by these elections, checke the conceited arrogance of Man. Nothing procureth Love, like Humility: nothing Hate, like Pride. The proud man walkes among daggers, pointed against him: whereas the humble and the affable have the People for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our Superiours, is duty: to our Equals, courtesie: to our Inferiours, noblenesse. Which, for all her lownesse, carries such a sway, that she may command their soules. But we must take heed, wee expresse it not in unworthy Actions. For then leaving Vertue, it falls into disdained basenesse: which is the undoubted Badge of one, that will betray Societie. So farre as a man, both in words and deeds, may be free from flattery, and unmanly cowardice; hee may be humble with commendation. But surely, no circumstance can make the expression of Pride laudable. If ever it bee, 'tis when it meets with Audacious Pride, and conquers. Of this good it may then bee author, that the affronting man, by his owne folly, may learne the way to his duty, and wit. Yet this I cannot so well call Pride, as An emulation of the Divine Iustice; which will alwayes vindicate it selfe upon presumptuous ones: and is indeed said to fight against no sinne, but Pride.

of

VII.

Of Reward and Service.

WHen it lights upon a *worthy Nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithfull *Service*, than the *Masters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes that appeare more, than a *true fidelity*. They are each of other *alternate Parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised, *Great men* need not so often change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* bee abandoned by their old *Attendants*. *Rewards* are not given, but paid, to *Servants* that be good and wise. Nor ought that *blood* to bee accounted *lost*, which is out-letted for a *Noble Master*. *worth* will never faile to give *Desert* her *Bayes*. A *liberall Master*, that loves his *Servant* well, is in some sort a *God* unto him: which may both give him *blessings*, and protect him from *danger*. And beleeve it, on the other side, a *diligent* and *discreet Servant*, is one of the *best friends* that a man can bee blest withall. Hee can doe whatsoever a *Friend* may: and will bee commanded with lesser hazzard of losing. Nay, hee may in a kinde, challenge a *glory* above his *Master*: for, though it be harder to play a *Kings part* well, than 'tis to act a *Subjects*; yet *Natures inclination* is much more bent to *rule* than to *obey*: *Service*, being a *condition*, which is not found in any *Creatures* of one kinde, but *Man*. Now, if the *Question* be, when men meet
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in these *relations*, who shall the first begin; The *lot* will surely fall upon the *Servant*: For he is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that ever binds without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *Honor*: which is voluntary, and not compulsive; *Liberality* being a free *adjection*, and not a *Tye* in his *bargaine*. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to use a *Servant* like a *friend*, like a *companion*: but tis alwaies fit for a *Servant* to pay him the *reverence* due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Every *Family* is but a severall *plume* of *Feathers*: the meanest is of the self-same *stuffe*: only he that made the *Plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The power of *commanding*, is rather *Politically*, than from *equall nature*. The *service* of *man* to *man*, followed not the *Creation*, but the *Fall* of *man*: and till *Noah* curs'd his *Son*, the name of *Servant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedom* to be found below. Even *Kings* are but more *splendid Servants*, for the *Common body*. There is a mutuality betweene the *Lord* and *Vassalles*. The *Lord* serves them of *necessaries*: and they him, in his *pleasures* and *conveniences*. *Vertue* is the truest *liberty*: nor is he free, that stoopes to *passions*: nor he in *bondage*, that serves a *Noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruell in the beating of a *Servant*: *Pie* (saies he) *forbeare*; lest by the world, your selfe be taken for the *servant*. And if we have any faith in *Claudian*, we may beleieve, that

He knows no *bondage*, whom a good *King* swayes:
For *Freedom* never shines with cleerer *rayes*,
Than when *brave Princes* reigne.

C

Fallitur,

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*Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub Rege pio.*

Imperiousnesse turnes that *servant* into a *slave*; which *Moderation* makes as an humble-speaking *Friend*. *Seneca* begins an *Epistle*, with rejoycing, that his *Friend* lived familiar with his *Servant*. Neither can have comfort, where both are *uncommunicable*. I confesse, the like countenance is not to be shewed to all. That which makes a wise man modest, makes a Foole unmannerly. 'Tis the *saucie servant*, that causes the *Lord* to shrink his descending favours. Of the two, *Pride* is the more tolerable in a *Master*. The other is *preposterousnesse*, which *Salomon* saw the *Earth* did groane for. *Hadrian* sent his *inferiour servant* a boxe on the eare, for walking but betweene two *Senators*. As I would not serve, to be admitted to nothing, but to high commands: So I think, who-so'ere is rudely *malepart*, blemishes the discretion of himselfe, and his *Lord*. As there ought to be equality, because *nature* has made it: so there ought to be a difference, because *Fortune* has set it. Yet cannot the distance of their *Fortunes* be so much, as their neerenesse, in being *Men*. No *Fate* can fright away that likenesse. The other we have found in *motion*, in *variance*; even to rare and inverted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuse his *Servant*; for 'tis possible, he may fall below him: Let not the *Servant* neglect his *Master*; for he may be cast to a meaner condition. Let the *Servant* deserve, and the *Master* recompence: and if they would both be *noble*; the best way is, for those

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those that be subject, to forget their *services*; and for those that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their *generous worthinesse*; the *world* shall strew praises in both their *Paths*. If the *servant* suppose his *lot* be *hard*, let him think, that *service* is nothing but the *free-man* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himself well.



VIII.

Of Reprehension.

TO Reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of *Friendship*. Who is it, that will either *not merit a checke*, or *endure one*? Yet wherein can a *Friend* more unfold his *love*, than in preventing *dangers*, before their birth: or, in reducing a man to *safety*, which is travelling in the way to *Ruine*? I grant, the manner of the *Application*, may turne the *benefit* into an *injury*: and then it both strengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giver*. *Correction* is never in vaine. *Vice* is a *myrie deepnesse*: if thou strivest to help one out, and dost not; thy stirring him, sinkes him in the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chain. When thou chidest thy *wandering Friend*, doe it secretly; in season; in love: Not in the care of a popular *convention*: For many times the presence of a *Multitude*, makes a man take up an unjust *defence*, rather than fall, in a just *shame*. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked *Sunne*: nor does the *wound* but rankle more,

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which is vanned by the publike *Ayre*. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the *Vulgar* his *Confessor*: for they are the most uncharitable *tell-tales* that the burthened *Earth* doth suffer. They understand nothing, but the *dreggs* of *Actions*: and with spattering those abroad, they besmeare a deserving *Fame*. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a *Proclamation*. Open *Rebukes* are for *Magistrates*, and *Courts of Justice*: for *Stelled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the thronged *Hall*. Private, are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offenders *blushes*, are blinde, and deafe, and dumbe. We should doe by them as *Ioseph* thought to have done by *Mary*, seeke to cover *blemishes*, with *secrecie*. Publike *Reproofe*, is like striking of a *Deere* in the *Herd*, it not only wounds him, to the losse of inabling *blood*: but betrayes him to the *Hound*, his *Enemy*: and makes him, by his *fellows*, be pusht out of company. Even concealement of a fault, argues some *Charity* to the *Delinquent*: and when wee tell him of it in secret, it shewes, we wish he should amend, before the *World* come to know his amisse. Next, it ought to bee in *season*, neither when the *Braine* is misted, with arising *fumes*: nor when the *minde* is madded, with un-reined *passions*. Certainly, he is *drunke* himselfe, that prophanes *Reason* so, as to urge it to a *drunken man*. Nature unloosed in a flying speed, cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere Nati
Flere vetat? non hoc ulla monenda loco est.*

Hee's mad, that dries a *Mother's* eyes full tyde
At her *Sonnes* grave. There'tis no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the *smootheſt Poet*. To admonish a man in the height of his *paſſion*; is, to call a *Souldier* to *Councell*, in the mid't, in the heate of a *Battaile*. Let the *Combat* slacke, and then, thou maiſt expect a hearing. All *Paſſions* are like *rapid Torrents*: they swell the more, for meeting with a *Damme* in their *violence*. He that will heare nothing in the rage and rore of his *anger*, will, after a pause, inquire of you. Seeme you to *forget him*; and he will the sooner *remember himſelfe*. For it often fals out, that the end of *Paſſion*, is the beginning of *Repentance*. Then will it be easie to draw backe a retiring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with lesse labour, when it hath both a *wind* and *Tide* to drive it. A word seasonably given, like a *Rudder*, sometimes steeres a man quite into another *Course*. When the *Macedonian Philip* was capring in the view of his *Captives*: Saies *Demades*,---Since *Fortune* has made you like *Agamemnon*, why will you shew your selfe like *Thersites*? And this chang'd him to another Man. A blow bestow'd in the striking time, is better then ten, delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in *Time*, which whoſoever findes, may promise to himſelfe *ſucceſſe*. As in all things, so in this, especially, if hee doe it as hee ought, *In love*. It is not good to bee too *tetricall* and *virulent*. *Kinde words* make *rough actions* plausible. The bitterneſſe of *Reprehenſion*, is insweetned with the pleasingneſſe of *Compellations*. If ever *Flattery* might be lawfull,

heere is a *Cause*, that would give it admission. To
 be *plaine*, argues *Honesty*: but to be *pleasing*, argues
discretion. Sores are not to be anguish't with a ru-
 sticke pressure; but gently stroaked, with a *Ladies*
hand. Physicians fire not their eyes at *Patients*: but
 calmly minister to their *diseases*. Let it be so done,
 as the offender may see *affection* without *arrogancy*.
 Who blowes out *Candles* with too strong a breath,
 does but make them stinke, and blowes them light
 againe. To avoyde this, it was ordain'd among the
Lacedemonians, That every *Transgressor* should bee,
 as it were, his owne *Beadle*: for, his punishment
 was, to compasse an *Altar*, singing an *Invective* made
 against himselfe. It is not consonant, that a mem-
 ber so un-boned as the *tongue* is, should smart it
 with an *Iron-lash*. Every man that *advise*th, assumes
 as it were, a *transcendency* over the other; which if it
 be not allayed with *protestations*, and some selfe-
 including *termes*, growes hatefull: that even the
reprehension, is many times the greater fault of the
 two. It will be good therefore, not to make the *com-*
plaint our own, but to lay it upon some others; that
 not knowing his grounded *Vertues*, will, according
 to this, be apt to judge of all his *actions*. Nor can
 he be a competent *Iudge* of anothers *crime*, that is
 guilty of the like himselfe. 'Tis unworthily done,
 to *condemne* that in others, which wee would not
 have but *pardoned* in our selves. When *Diogenes* fell
 in the *Schoole* of the *Stoicks*; He answers his *deriders*
 with this *Question*: *why doe you laugh at me for fal-*
ling backward, when you your selves doe retrograde your
lives? He is not fit to cure a *dimmed sight*, that looks
 upon

upon another with a *beamed eye*. *Freed*, we may free others. And, if we please them with *praising* some of their *vertues*, they will with much more *ease*, be brought to know their *Vices*. *Shame* will not let them be *angry* with them, that so equally *deale* both the *Rod*, and *Laurell*. If he be much our *Superior*; 'tis good to do it sometimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *David*: So, let him by *collection*, give himselfe the *Censure*. If he be an *Equall*, let it appeare, *affection*, and the truth of *friendship* urging it. If it be our *Inferiour*, let it seeme our *care*, and *desire* to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew *Humilitie*, and *Love*. Though I finde a little *gluster* for the present, I am *confident*, I shall meet with *Thanks* afterward. And in my *absence*, his reverend report, following me. If not: The best way to lose a *friend*; is by *seeking*, by my *love*, to *save* him. 'Tis best for others, that they *hate* me for *vice*; but if I must be *hated*, 'tis best for my selfe, that they *hate* mee for my *goodnesse*. For, then am I mine owne *Antidote*, against all the *poysen*, they can *spit* upon me.



IX.

Of Time's continuall speed.

I N all the *Actions* that a *Man* performes, some part of his *life* passeth. We *dyew* with doing that, for which onely, our *sliding* *life* was granted. Nay, though we doe nothing, *Time* keepes his constant *pace*, and flies as fast in *idlenesse*, as in *employment*.

Whether we play, or labour, or sleepe, or dance, or study, the Sunne posteth, and the Sand runnes. An houre of *Vice* is as long as an houre of *Vertue*. But, the difference which followes upon good actions, is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminisheth our time heere, yet it laies up a pleasure for *Eternity*: and will recompence what it taketh away, with a plentiful returne at last. When we trade with *Vertue*, we doe but buy pleasure with expence of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time, as an exchange. Or as a man sowes his Corne, he is content to wait it a while, that he may, at the Haruest, receiue it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we doe heere, doe not onely rob us of so much time; but also be-speake a torment for hereafter: and that in such a life, as the greatest pleasure we could there be crown'd withall, would be the very act of dying. The one, Treasures up a pleasure in a lasting life: The other, provides vs torture in a death eternall. Man, as soone as he was made, had two great Suitors, for his life and soule: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both travail'd the world with traines, harbingers, and large attendance: *Vertue* had before her, Truth, running naked, valiant, but unelegant: then labour, cold, hunger, thirst, care, vigilance; and these but poorly arrayed, and she in plaine, though cleane attire. But looking neere, shee was of such a selfe-perfection; that she might very well embleme, whatsoever omnipotency could make most rare. Modest she was: and so lovely; That whosoever look't but stedfastly upon her, could not, but insoule himselfe in her. After her, followed Content, full of Jewels, Coyne, Perfumes,

Perfumes, and all the *massy riches* of the World. Then *Joy*, with *Masquers*, *Mirth*, *Reuelling*, and all *Essentiall pleasures*. Next *Honour*, with all the ancient *Orders of Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and *Crownes Imperiall*. Lastly, *Glory*, shaking such a *brightnesse* from her *Sunny Tresses*, that I haue heard, no man could ever come so neere, as to *describe* her truly. And behind all these, came *Eternity*, casting a *Ring* about them; which like a strong *inchantment*, made them for ever the same. Thus *Vertue*. *Vice* thus: Before her, First went *Lying*, a *smooth, painted huswife*: clad all in *Changeable*, but under her *garments*, full of *Scabbes*, and ugly *Ulcers*. Shee spoke *pleasingly*, and promised, whatsoever could be *wisht for*, in behalfe of her *Mistress*, *Vice*. Vpon her, *Wit* waited: a conceited *Fellow*, and one that much tooke *Man* with his pretty *Trickes* and *Gambals*. Next *Sloth*, and *Luxury*, so full; that they were after *choaked* with their owne *fat*. Then (because shee could not haue the true ones, for, they follow *Vertue*) she gets *Impostors*, to personate *Content*, *Joy*, *Honour*, in all their *wealth* and *Royalties*: After these, she comes her self, *sumptuously apparell'd*, but a *nasty surfett'd Slut*; whereby, if any *kist* her, they were sure by her *breath* to *perish*. After her, followed on a *suddaine*, like *enemies* in *ambush*, *gilt*, *horror*, *shame*, *losse*, *want*, *sorrow*, *torment*. These *charm'd* with *Eternities Ring*, as the other. And thus they wooed *fond Man*; who taken with the *subtill coozenages* of *Vice*, yeelded to *lye* with her: where he had his *nature* so *impoyson'd*, that his *seed* was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption*, even to this day,

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day, is still *Conduited* to his undone *Posterity*. It may be *Virgil* knew of such a Story, when he writ,

*Quisquis enim duros casus virtutis amore
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque, decusque parabit :
Atqui desidiam, luxumque sequetur inertem ;
Dum fugit oppositos, incauta mente, labores,
Turpis inopsque simul, miserabile transiget ævum.*

Man that Love-conquers *Virtues* thorny wayes,
Reares to himselfe a fame-tombe, for his praise.
But he that *Lust*, and Leadén *Sloth* doth prize,
While heedlesse he, opposed *Labour* flies ;
All, foule and poore, most miserably, dies.

'Tis true, they both spend us *time* alike : nay many times, *honest industry* spends a man more, then the ungirthed *Solaces*, of a sensuall *Libertine* : unlesse they be pursued with *inordinatenesse*, then they destroy the *present*, shorten the *future*, and hasten *paine*. Why should I wish to *pass* away this *life* ill, which to those that are ill, is the *best*? If I must daily *lessen* it, it shall be by that, which shall joy mee with a future *Incomm*. *Time* is like a *Ship* which never *Anchors* : while I am *aboord*, I had better doe those things, that may advantage mee at my *Landing*, than *prattise* such, as shall cause my *commitment*, when I come to the *Shore*. Whatsoever I doe, I would *thinke* what will *become* of it, when it is done. If good, I will goe on to *finish* it. If bad, I will either leave off, where I am, or not undertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *unthrif*, sels away the *Inheritance*,

tance, while 'tis but in Reversion : But Vertue, husbanding all things well, is a Purchaser. Heare but the witty Spaniards Distich.

*Ampliat etatis spatium sibi, vir bonus, hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.*

He that his former wel-led life injoyes,
Lives twice : so gives addition to his dayes.



X.

Of Violence and eagernesſe.

THe too eager purſuit of a thing, hinders the injoyment. For, it makes men take indiret wayes, which, though they prosper ſometimes, are bleſſed never. The Covetous, becauſe he is madde upon riches, practiſeth injurious Courſes, which God curſing, bring him to a ſpeedy poverty. Oppreſſion will bring a Conſumption upon thy gáines. *Wealth* ſnatch't up by unjuſt and injurious wayes, like a rotten ſheepe, will infect thy healthfull flocke. We thinke by wrong to hide our ſelves from want, when 'tis that onely, which unavoydeably pulſ it on us. Like Theeves, that Hooking for cloathes in the darke, they draw the Owner, which takes, and then imprifons them. He that longs for Heaven, with ſuch impatience, as he will kill himſelfe, that hee may bee there the ſooner, may by that art, bee excluded thence; and lye gnawing of his teeth, in Hell. Nay, though we

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we be in the *right way*, our *haste* will make our *stay* the longer; Hee, that rides all upon the *driving Spur*, tyres his horse ere his *journey* ends: so is there the *later*, for making such *un-wanted speed*. He is like a giddy *messenger*, that runnes away without his *errand*: so dispatches lesse for his *nimblenesse*. When God hath laid out Man a Way, in vaine hee seekes a neere one. Wee see the things wee aime at, as Travellers doe townes in *hilly Countries*; we judge them neere, at the eyes end; because, we see not the *valleys*, and the *brooke* in them, that *interpose*. So, thinking to take shorter *courses*, wee are led about, through *Ignorance*, and *incredulity*. Surely, GOD that made disposing Nature, knowes her better, then imperfect man. And he that is once perswaded of this, will rather stay the *leasure* of the *Deity*, then follow the *chase* of his owne *delusions*. We goe surest, when we poast not in a *precipitation*. Sudden risings, have seldome sound foundations. Wee might sweate lesse, and *availe* more. How have I seene a *Beefe-brain'd fellow* (that hath onely had *impudence* enough to shew himselfe a *foole*) thrust into *discourses* of *wit*, thinking to get *esteeme*; when, all that he hath *purchased*, hath beene onely, the *hisse* of the *wise*, and a *just derision* from the *abler judgements*. Nor will it bee lesse *toylesome*, then wee have already found it, *incommodious*. What *jealous* and *envious furies*, gnaw the *burning brest* of the *ambitious foole*? What *feares* and *cares* affright the *starting sleepes* of the *covetous*? Of which if any happen, they crush him, ten times heavier, then they would doe the *minde* of the *well-temper'd-man*. All that affect things

things over-violently, doe over-violently grieve in the disappointment. Which is yet occasioned, by that, the too-much earnestnesse. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue easily, though I doe it assiduously. And if I can, the hands diligence shall goe without the leaping bounds of the heart. So if it happen well, I shall have more content: as comming lesse expected. Those joyes claspe us with a friendlier arme, that steale upon us, when we looke not for them. If it fall out ill, my mind not being set on't, will teach me patience in the sadning want. I will coozen paine, with carelesnesse; and plump my joyes by letting them surprize me. As, I would not neglect a sudden good opportunity; so I would not fury my selfe in the search.



XI.

Of the tryall of Faith and Friendship.

Faith and Friendship, are seldome truly tried, but in extremes. To finde friends, when wee have no need of them, and to want them, when wee have, are both alike easie, and common. In Prosperity, who will not professe, to love a man? In Adversitie, how few will shew that they doe it, indeed? When wee are happy, in the Spring-tide of Abundance, and the rising Flood of Plenty, then, the World will be our servant: then, all men flocke about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but
shifteth,

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shiftesth, to another stand: Then, men looke upon us, at a distance: and stiffen themselves, as if they were in Armour; lest, (if they should comply us) they should get a wound, in the cloze. Adversity is like Penelope's night; which undoes all that ever the day did weave. 'Tis a misery, that the knowledge of such a blessednesse, as a friend is, can hardly be without some sad misfortune. For we can never throughly try him, but in the kicke of malignant Chance. And till we have try'd him, our knowledge can be call'd, but by the name of Hope. What a pittifull plight is poore dust-temper'd Man in, when hee can neither bee truely happy without a friend; nor yet know him to be a true friend, without his being unhappy? Our Fortunes, and our selves, are things so closely link'd, that wee know not, which is the cause of the love, that we find. When these two shall part, we may then discern to which of them affection will make wing: When they are cou'd together, wee know not, which is in pursuit. When they rise and breake, we shall then see, which is aymed at. I confesse he is happy, that findes a true Friend in extremity: but hee is happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus the tryall of friendship, is by finding, what others will doe for us. But the tryall of faith, is, by finding what we will doe for God. To trust him for estate, when we have the evidences in our Iron Chest, is easie; and not thanke-worthy. But to depend upon him, for what we cannot see; As 'tis more hard for man to doe; So 'tis more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that act, wee make confession of his Deity.

Wee

Wee know not in the *flowes* of our *contentednesse*, what we our selves are; or, how we could neglect our selves, to follow *God*, commanding us. All men will be *Peters*, in their *bragging tongue*: and most men wil be *Peters*, in their *base denyall*. But few men will be *Peters*, in their *quicke repentance*. When we are *well*, we swear we will not leave him, in our greatest *sicknesse*: but when our *sicknesse* comes, we forget our *vowes*, and *stay*. When wee meet with *blowes*, that will force us, either to let goe our hold of *God*, or our selves; then wee see to which, our *soules* will cleave the fastest. And, of this *triall*, excellent is the *use*, we may make. If wee finde our *Faith* upon the *Test*, firme; it will bee unto us, a perpetuall *banquet*. If we find it *dastardly starting aside*, knowing the *weaknesse*, we may strive to *finew* it, with a stronger *nerve*. So that it ever is, either the assurance of our *happinesse*, or the way, whereby we may finde it. Without this *confidence* in a *Power* that is alwayes able to ayde us, wee *wander*, both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelity* is the cause of all our *woes*, the *ground* of all our *sinnes*. Not trusting *God*, wee discontent our selves with *fears* and *solicitations*: and to cure these, wee runne into *prohibited pathes*. *Vnworthy earthen worne*! that canst thinke *God* of so un-noble a *nature*, as that he will suffer such to *want*, as with a *dutifull endeavour* doe depend upon him. It is not usuall with *Man*, to be so base. And canst thou beleeeve, that that *most heroical* and *omnipotent infinitenes* of his, will abridge a *Follower* of such poore *toyes*, as the *accurements* of this life are? Can a *Deity* be *inhumane*?

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Or can he that graspes the un-emptied *provisions* of the *world* in his hand, be a niggard to his *sonnes*, unlesse he sees it for their *good* and *benefit*? Nay, could'st thou that reade'st this (whatsoever thou art) if thou had'st but a *Sareptan Widowes Cruse of Gold*, could'st thou let a diligent and affectionate *Servant*, that everwaited on thee, want necessities? Could'st thou endure to see him shamed in disgracing *ragges*; nip't to a benumming, with the *Iciethumbers* of *winter*; complaining, for want of *sustenance*; or neglected in the times of *sicknesse*? I appeale to thy inward and more *noble acknowledgement*; I know, thou could'st not. O *perverse thought*, of *per-verted man*! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou can'st want such things as these, from so unbounded a *bounty* as his is? Serve him, and but *beleeve*; and upon my *soule*, he will never faile thee, for what is most *convenient*. O my *God*! My *Refuge*, my *Altar*, and my *soules Anchor*: I begge that I may but *serve* thee, and *depend upon* thee: I need not begge *supply*: To the other two, thou givest that without asking. Thou knowest, for my selfe, my *soules* wishes are not for a *vast abundance*. If ever I should wish a *plenty*; it should be for my *friends*, not me. I care not to *abound* in *abounding*: and I am perswaded, I shall never want; not necessities, not *conventences*. Let me finde my *heart* dutifull, and my *faith* upon triall stedfast: and I am sure these will bee *ground* enough for sufficient *happinesse*, while I live here.

That



XII.

That a wise man may gaine by any company.

AS there is no *Booke* so poorely furnished, out of which a man may not gather something, for his *benefit*: so is there no *company* so savagely bad, but a wise man may from it learne something to make himself better. *Vice* is of such a roady complexion, that she cannot chuse but teach the soule to hate: So lothsome, when shee's seene in her owne ugly dresse: that, like a man falne in a pit before us, she gives us warning to avoid the danger. So admirably hath God disposed of the wayes of man; that even the sight of vice in others, is like a *Warning-Arrow*, shot, for us to take heed. When she thinks by publishing of her selfe, to procure a *traine*; God, by his secret working, makes her turne her weapons against her selfe: and strongly pleade for her Adversary, *Vertue*. Of which take *Balaam* for a type: who intending to curse the *Israelites*, had enforced blessings, put in his dissenting tongue. We are wrought to good by contraries. Foule acts, keepe *Vertue* from the charmes of *Vice*. Sayes *Horace*,

— Thus my best *Father* taught
Me, to flye *Vice*; by nothing those were naught.
When he would charge me thrive, and sparing be,
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:
See'st not how ill young *Albus* lives? how low
Poore *Barrus*? Sure, a weighty *Item*, how

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One spent his *meanes*. And when he meant to strike
A hate to *whores*; To *Seftan* be not like.

—— thus me a child
He with his Precepts fashion'd. ——

—— *Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi, ipse parasset:
Nonne vides, Albi ut malè vivat filius? utque
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. At turpi meretricis amore
Quum deterreret, Seftani diffimilis sis.*
—— *Sic me
Formabat puerum dictis.* ——

I confesse, I doe not learne to correct faults in my
selfe, by any thing more, than by seeing how un-
comely they appeare in others. Who can but think
what a *nastie Beast* he is in his *drunkennesse*, that hath
seene how noysome it hath made another? How
like a *watred Sop*, spunged, even to the cracking of a
skin? Who will not abhor a *cholericke passion*, and a
sawcypride in himselfe; that sees how *ridiculous* and
contemptible they render those, that are infested
with them? Why should I be so befottedly blind,
as to beleeve, others should not spie those *vices* in
me, which I can see, when they doe *disclose* in them?
Vertue and *Vice*, whensoever they come to act, are
both *margin'd* with a pointing finger, but in the in-
tent, the difference is much: when 'tis set against
Vertue, it betakens then respect and worth: but against
Vice,

Vice, 'tis set in scorne, and for *aversion*. Though the *bad man* be the worse, for having *Vice* in his eye: yet the *good man* is the better, for all that he sees, is ill. 'Tis certaine, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (unlesse it be in matters wholly religious) can bee the absolute guides of the true wise man. 'Tis onely a *knowing*, and a *practicall judgement* of his owne, that can direct him in the *maze of life*: in the *bustle of the World*: in the *twitches* and the *twirles of Fate*. The other may helpe us something in the *generall*: but cannot be sufficient in *particulars*. Mans life is like a *State*, stil casuall in the *future*. No man can leave his *successor* rules for *severals*; because he knowes not how the *times* will be. He that lives alwaies by *Booke-rules*, shall shew himselfe *affected*, and a *Foole*. I will doe that which I see comely (so it be not dishonest) rather than what a *grave Philosopher* commands me to the contrary. I will take, what I see is fitly good, from *any*: but I think there was never any one man, that liv'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things, I may goe beyond him. Wee feed not the *body*, with the food of one *dish* onely: nor does the *sedulous Bee*, thyme all her thighs from one *Flowers* single virtues. Shee takes the best from *many*: and together, she makes them serve: not without working that to *Honey*, which the *putrid Spider* would convert to *payson*. Thus should the wise man doe. But even by this, he may better learne to love the good, than avoid that which is *offensive*. Those that are throughly arted in *Navigation*, doe as well know the *Coasts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flawes*, the

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sands, the *Shallowes*, and the *Rackes*; as the *secure depths*, in the most *unperillous Channell*. So, I thinke, those that are *perfect men*, (I speake of *perfection* since the *fall*) must as well know *bad*, that they may *abhorre* it; as the *good*, that they may *embrace*. And this *knowledge* wee can neither have so *cheape*, or so *certaine*, as by seeing it in others, with a *pittifull dislike*. Surely, we shall know *Vertue* the better, by seeing that, which is not *shee*. If we could passe the *world*, without meeting *Vice*: then, the knowledge of *Vertue* onely were sufficient. But 'tis not possible to live, and not encounter her. *Vice* is as a *God* in this *world*: whither can we goe, to flie it? It hath an *ubiquity*, and *ruleth* too. I wish no man to know it, either by *use*, or by *intrusion*: but being unwittingly cast upon it, let him observe, for his owne more safe direction. Thou art *happy*, when thou mak'st another mans *Vices* steps for thee, to climbe to *Heaven* by. The wise *Physician* makes the *poyson* medicinable. Even the *mud* of the *world*, by the *industrious Hollander*, is turned to an usefull *fuell*. If I light on good company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirme me in my like old. If I light on *bad*, I will, by considering their dull *staines*, either correct those *faults* I have, or shunne those that I might have. As the *Mariner* that hath *sea-roome*, can make any *wind* serve, to set him forward, in his wished *voyage*: so a wise man may take advantage from any company, to set himselfe forward to *Vertues Region*. *Vice* is subtil, and weaving, for her owne preferment: Why should not *Vertue* be plotting for hers? It requires as much *policy*

to grow good, as great. There is an *innocentia* providence, as well as the slynesse of a *vulpine* craft. There are *vices* to be displac'd; that would stop us, in the way of our *Rise*. There are *parties* to be made on our side; good *Mementoes*, to uphold us when we are declining, through the private *lists* of our *unjust maligners*. There is a *King* to bee pleased; that may protect us against the *shocke* of the *envious Plebeians*: the reigning *Humours* of the *Time*, that pleade *custome*, and not *reason*. We must have *Intelligencers* abroad, to learne what practices, *Sinnes* (our *Enemies*) have on foot against us: and beware what *Suites* we entertaine, lest wee dishonour our selves in their grant. Every good man is a *Lieger* here for *Heaven*: and hee must be wise and circumspect, to vaine the sleeke *navations* of those, that would undoe him. And, as those that are so for the Kingdomes of *Earth*, will gaine something from all *Societies* that they fall upon: So, those that are for this *higher Empire*, may gather something beneficiall, from all that they shall converse with; either for *prevention*, or *confirmation*: either to *strengthen themselves*, or *confound their opposers*.



XIII.

Of Mans unwillingnesse to dye.

WHat should make us all so unwilling to dye, when yet we know, till death, wee cannot

be accounted *happy*? Is it the sweetnesse wee finde in this *lifes solaces*? Is there pleasure in the *lustuous blood*? Is it the *horror* of the *paine*, that doth in *Death* affright us? Or, is it our *fear*, and doubt of what shall become of us after? Or, is it the *guilt* of our mis-guided *soules*, already condemning us, by the pre-apprehension of a *future punishment*? If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I should thinke there were something more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, than yet we doe imagine. But, I find one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can bee willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly leave *this world*, as the wise man, being old, can forbear the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth seeme no more than a *blood-letting*: and these, I find, are of the sort of men, which we generally doe esteeme for wise. — Every man, in the *Play* of this *world*, besides an *Actor*, is a *spectator* too: when 'tis *new begun* with him, (that is, in his *youth*) it promiseth so much, that he is loth to *leave* it: when it growes to the middle, the *Act* of *virilitie*, then he sees the *Scenes* grow thicke, and fill, hee would gladly understand the *end*: but, when that drawes neere, and he findes what that will be; he is then content to *depart*, and leave his *roome* to *succeeders*. Nay, many times, while before this, he considers, that 'tis all as it were *delusion*, and a *dream*; and passeth away, as the *consumed dew*: or as the sound of a *Bell* that is *rung*: He then growes weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *dislike* of it selfe. Oh the unsettled *conceit* of *Man*! that seeking after *quiet*, findes his *unrest* the more: that knowes

knowes neither what *he is*, nor what *hee shall bee*! We are like men benighted in a *wilderneſſe*: wee wander in the tread of ſeverall *paths*: wee try one, and preſently find another is more *likely*: we follow that, and meet with more, that *croſſe* it: and while we are diſtracted about theſe *various wayes*, the fierce *Beaſt, Death*, devoures us. I find two ſorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of *Death*. One lives in a *full joy* here: he ſings, and revels, and pleaſants his ſpleene, as if his *Harveſt* were perpetuall; and the whole *worlds* face faſhion'd, to a *poſture*, laughing upon him. And this man would doe any thing, rather than *dye*: where-by he tels us (though his tongue expreſſe it not) that *he expects a worſe eſtate hereafter*. Another lives hardly here, with a heavie *heart*, furrowing of a mournfull *face*: as if, like the *Beaſt*, he were yeaned into the *world*, onely to act a *ſad mans* part, and *dye*: And this *man* ſeekes *Death*, and miſſes him, intimating, that he *expects a better condition by Death*: for 'tis ſure, *Natura ſemper in meliorẽ tendit*: Nature ever aimes at better; nor would ſhe wiſh a change, if ſhe did not thinke it a benefit. Now, what doe theſe *two* tell us? but that there is both a *miſery* and a *joy* attending *Man*, when hee is vaniſht hence. The like is ſhevved by the *good man*, and the *bad*: one avoiding what the other woult wiſh; at leaſt not *refuſe*, upon offer. For, the *good man* I muſt reckon with the *wiſe*; as one that equally can *dye*, or *live*. He knowes, while he is here, *God* will proteſt him; and when he goes hence, *God* wil receive him. I borrow it from the *Father*: *Non ita vixi, ut me*
D 4 *vixiſſe*

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vixisse pudeat : nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum. I have not so liv'd, as I should be ashamed : nor feare I to dye, for God is mercifull. Certainly, we are never at quiet, in any thing long, till wee have conquered the feare of death. Every spectacle of Mortality terrifies. Every casuall danger affrights us. Into what a dumpe, did the sight of Cyrus Tombe, strike the most noble Alexander ? It comes, like an arrest of Treason in a Iollity : blasts us, like a Lightning-flash, and like a Ring put into our Noses, checks us in the friskes and Lavaltoes, of our dancing blood. Feare of death, kils us often, when Death it selfe, can doe it but once. I love therefore, the saying of the dying Emperour Iulian, He that would not dye when he must, and hee that would dye when hee must not, are both of them Cowards alike. That which we know we must doe, once ; why should we be afraid to doe it at any time ? What wee cannot doe till our time comes, why should wee seeke to doe it before ? I like the man that can dye willingly, whensoever God will have him dye ; and that can live as willingly, whensoever God would have him not to dye. To feare Death much, argues an evill man ; at best a man that is weak. How brave did Socrates appeare, when he told the Athenians, they could doe nothing ; but what Nature hath ordain'd, before them, condemne him to dye ? How unmovedly did he take his poyson ? as if he had beene drinking of a Glory to the Deity. Into what a trepidation of the soule, does feare decline the Coward ? How it drownes the head in the intrembled bosome ? But the Spanish Tragicke tells us,

He

He that smiling can gaze on
 styx, and blacke-wav'd *Acheron* ;
 That dares brave his ruine ; he
 To *Kings*, to *Gods*, shall equall be.

Qui vultus Acherontis atri,
Qui Styga tristem, non tristis videt,
Audetque vitæ ponere finem,
Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.

'Tis a *Fathers* sentence, *Nihil est in Morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vita commisit* : Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. Hee that hath liv'd well, will be seldome unwilling to dye. Death is much facilitated, by the vertues of a well-led-life. To say the good man feares not God, I thinke may be good Divinity. Faith approaches Heaven with confidence. *Aristippus* told the *Saylors*, that wondred why hee was not, as well as they, afraid in the stormes, that the oddes was much : for, they feared the torments due to a wicked life : and he expected the rewards of a good one. *Vice* drawes Death with a horrid looke, with a whip, and flames and terrours. It was cold comfort *Diogenes* gave a lend Liver : that banisht, complain'd hee should dye in a forraine soyle. Be of good cheere, man, whatsoever thou art, the way to Hell is the same. I confesse, take a man, as Nature has made him, and there is some reason why hee should feare Death : because he knowes not what it will doe with him. What he findes here, hee sees, and knowes ; what he shall find after death, hee knoweth not. And no man,

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man, but would rather continue in a moderate delight, which he knowes: then indure paine, to bee delivered to *incertainties*. I would *live*, till God would have me *dye*: and then, I would *doe it* without either *fear* or *grudging*. It were a shame for me, being a *Christian*, and beleeving *Heaven*, to be *afraid* of removing from *Earth*. In *resolving* thus, I shall *triumph* over other *casualties*. All things that wee *fear* here, wee *fear* as *steps*, that descend us toward our *Graves*, towards *infamy*, and *deprivation*. When wee get the *Victory* over this great *terror*; all the small ones, are *conquered* in it. Great *Cities* once *expugned*, the *Dorpes*, and *Villages*, will soone come in of *themselves*.



XIII.

Of the worship of Admiration.

WHatsoever is *rare*, and *passionate*, carries the *soule* to the thought of *Eternitie*. And, by *contemplation*, gives it some *glympses* of more absolute *perfection*, than here 'tis *capable* of. When I see the *Royaltie* of a *State-show*, at some *unwonted solemnity*, my thoughts *present* me something, more *royall* than this. When I see the most *enchanting* beauties, that *Earth* can shew me; I yet thinke, there is something farre more *glorious*: me thinkes I see a kinde of higher *perfection*, peeping through the *frailty* of a *face*. When I heare the *ravishing straines* of a *sweet-tuned voyce*, married to the *warbles* of the
Artfull

Artfull instrument: I apprehend by this, a higher *Diapason*: and doe almost beleve, I heare a little *Deity* whispering, through the *porry substance* of the *tongue*. But, this I can but *gripe* after. I can neither *finde*, nor *say*, what it is. When I reade a *rarely sententious man*, I admire him, to my owne *impatieney*. I cannot reade some part of *Seneca*, above two leaves together. Hee raises my *soule* to a *contemplation*, which sets me a *thinking*, on more, than I can *imagine*. So I am forced to cast him by, and *subside* to an *admiration*. Such effects workes *Poetry*, when it lookes to *towering Vertues*. It gives up a man to *raptures*; and *inradiates* the *soule*, with such high *apprehensions*: that all the *Glories*, which this *world* hath, hereby appeare, *contemptible*. Of which the *soft-soul'd Ovid* gives a touch, when hee complains the want.

*Impetus ille Sacer, qui vatum Pectora nutrit,
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

That *sacred vigor*, which had wont, alone,
To flame the *Poets noble brest*, is gone.

But this is, when these *excellencies* incline to *gravitie*, and *serionsnesse*. For otherwise, light ayres turn us into *sprightfull Actions*, which breath away in a loose *laughter*, not leaving halfe that *impression* behind them, which *serious considerations* doe. As if *mirth* were the *excellency* for the *body*, and *meditation* for the *soule*. As if one were, for the *contentment* of this *life*: and the other, eying to that of the *life*.

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life to come. All Indeavours aspire to Eminencie; All Eminencies, doe beget an Admiration. And, this makes me beleeeve, that contemplative Admiration, is a large part of the worship of the Deity. 'Tis an adoration, purely, of the Spirit; a more sublime bowing of the soule to the Godhead. And this is it, which that Homer of Philosophers avowed, could bring a man to perfect happinesse, if to his Contemplation, he joyned a constant Imitation of God; in Justice, wisdom, Holinesse. Nothing can carry us so neere to God, and Heaven, as this. The minde can walke, beyond the sight of the eye; and (though in a cloud) can lift us into Heaven, while wee live. Meditation is the soules Prospective Glasse; whereby, in her long remove shee discerneth God, as if hee were neerer hand. I perswade no man to make it his whole life's businesse. We have bodies, as well as soules. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those States are likely to flourish, where execution followes sound advisements: so is Man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; Action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive, and embrious. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more faire: but Action to Leah, which was the more fruitfull. I will neither alwayes be busie, and doing: nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet, that which some would call Idlenesse, I will call the sweetest part of my life: and, that is, my Thinking. Surely, God made so many varieties in his Creatures, as well for the inward soule,

soule, as the outward senses; though he made them primarily, for his owne *Free-will*, and *Glory*. He was a *Monk* of an honest age, that being asked how he could indure that life, without the pleasure of *Books*, answered: The *Nature* of the *Creatures* was his *Library*; wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon *Gods deepe Oracles*.

XV.

Of Fame.

[T may seeme strange, that the whole world of men, should be carried on with an earnest desire of a noble fame, and memory after their deaths: when yet we know it is not *Materiall*, to our well, or ill being, what censures passe upon us. The tongues of the living, availe nothing, to the good, or hurt, of those that lye in their graves. They can neither adde to their pleasure, nor yet diminish their torment, if they finde any. My account must passe upon mine owne actions, not upon the report of others. In vaine men labourd, to approve themselves to goodnesse, if the *Palaces* which *Vertue* reares, could be unbuilt, by the taxes of a wounding tongue. False-witnesses can never finde admission, where the *God of Heaven* sits judging. There is no *Common Law* in the *New Ierusalem*. There *Truth* will be received, though either *Plaintiffe*, or *Defendant*, speakes it. Here, wee may arricle against a man, by a common fame: and by the frothy buzze of the world, cast away

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way the blood of *Innocents*. But *Heaven* proceeds not after such *incertainties*. The *single man* shall be beleev'd in *truth*, before all the *humming* of *successive Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Advocate*, but *Truth*, shall be admitted? *Fame*, shall there be excluded, as a lying *witnesse*: though here, there is nothing which we doe *possesse*, which we reckon of an *equall value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleasure*, our *lives*, will not all hold weight against it, when this comes in *competition*. Nay, when wee are *circled* round with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *Constant friend*, takes us by the hand, and *cheeres* us, against all our *miseries*. When *Philip* ask'd *Democritus*, if hee did not feare to lose his *head*, hee answer'd no; for if he did, the *Athenians* would give him one *immortall*. He should be *Statued*, in the *treasurie* of *eternall fame*. See if it were not *Ovids comforter*, in his *banishment*.

— Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis, ingeniiq; bonis.

En ego cum patria caream, vobisq; domoq; :

Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuerunt mihi :

Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorq; fruorq; :

Cæsar in hoc potuit Iuris habere nihil.

Quilibet hanc sevo vitam mihi finiet ense :

Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.

— All that we hold will dye,
But our brave thoughts, and *Ingenuity*.
Even I that want my country, house, and friend:
From whom is ravisht, all that *Fate* can rend;
Possesse

Possesse yet my owne *Genius*, and enjoy
 That which is more, than *Cesar* can destroy.
 Each *Groome* may kill me: but whensoever I die,
 My *Fame* shall live to mate *Eternity*.

Plutarch tells us of a poore *Indian*, that would rather endure a dooming to death, than shoot before *Alexander*, when he had discontinued; lest by shooting ill, hee should marre the *Fame*, hee had gotten. Doubtlesse, even in this, *Man* is ordered by a power above him; which hath instilled in the mindes of all *Men*, an ardent appetition, of a lasting *Fame*. Desire of *Glory*, is the last garment, that, even wise men, lay aside. For this, you may trust *Tacitus*, *E-tiam sapientibus, Cupido gloria, novissima exiit*. Not, that it betters himself, being gone: but that it stirres up those that follow him, to an earnest endeavour of Noble Actions; which is the onely meanes, to winne the *Fame* wee wish for. *Themistocles*, that streamed out his youth, in wine, and *Venerie*, and was sodainely changed, to a vertuous, and valiant man, told one, that ask'd what did so strangely change him: that The *Trophie* of *Miltiades*, would not let him sleepe. *Tamberlaine* made it his practice, to reade often the *Heroike* deeds, of his own *Progenitors*: not as boasting in them: but as glorious examples propounded, to inflame his *Vertues*. Surely, nothing awakes our sleeping vertues, like the Noble *Acts* of our *Predecessors*. They are flaming *Beacons*, that *Fame*, and *Time*, have set on *Hills*, to call us to a defence of *Vertue*; whensoever *Vice* invades the *Common-wealth* of *Man*. Who can indure to skulke away his life in
 an

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an idle corner, when he has meanes, and finds, how *Fame* has blowne about *deserving-names*. *Worth* begets in weake and base mindes, *Envie*: but in those that are *magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Romane* vertue, made *Romane* vertues, *lasting*. Brave men never dye; but like the *Phoenix*: From whose *preserved asbes*, one, or other, still doth spring up, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader* make? *Brutus* and *Brutus*, bred many constant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confesse, I finde more eagerly pursued by the *Heathen*, than by the *Christians* of these times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *soule* to us: A strong *Reason*, to perswade to *worthinesse*. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them *sacrifice* their lives to that, which they *esteem'd* above their *lives*; their *Fame*. *Christians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledge*, causes them to give but a *secondary* respect to *Fame*; there being no *reason*, why we should neglect that, whereon all our future *happinesse* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and empty *ayre*. *Vertue* were a kinde of *misery*, if *Fame* onely, were all the *Garland*, that did *crowne* her. *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toyles* of industrious *Man*. This followes him but on *Earth*, in *Heaven* is laid up, a more *Noble*, more *Essentiall* recompence. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that springs from good *Actions*, I must thinke, he that loves that, loveth also, that which causes it *worthines*. In others; I will honour the *Fame*, for the *deserving deedes* which

which caused it. In my selfe, I will respect the *Actions*, that may merit it. And, though for my owne benefit, I will not much seeke it: yet, I shall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others; that they may goe beyond me: I will, if I can, tread the *Path* which leades to't. If I finde it, I shall thinke it a blessing: if not, my endeavour will bee enough, for discharging my selfe within; though I misse it. God is not bound to reward me any way: if hee accepts mee, I may count it a *Mercy*. The other I will not looke for. I like him, that does things that deserve a *Fame*, without either search; or caring for it. *Christ*, after many miraculous cures, injoynd his patients silence: perhaps to check the world, for the too-too violent quest, of this vacuum. For a meane Man to thirst for a mighty *Fame*, is a kind of fond *Ambition*. Can wee thinke a *Mouse* can cast a shadow, like an *Elephant*? Can the *Sparrow* looke for a traine like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*; and such as for their parts, are the *Glories* of *Humanity*. Good ones may crowne the private. The same fire may be in the waxen *Taper*, which is in the staved *Torch*, but 'tis not equall either in quantity, or advancement. Let the world speake well of mee, and I will never care, though it does not speake much. Checke thy selfe, thou *Ayremonger*: that with a madding thought, thus chasest fleeting shadows. Love substances, and rest thy selfe content, with what *Boetius* tells thee,

Quicumque solam, mente precipiti, petit

Summumque credit, Gloriam:

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*Latè patentes, ætheris cernat plagas,
 Arcumque terrarum situm.
 Brevem replere non valentis ambitum,
 Pudebit aucti nominis.*

He that thirsts for Glories prize,
 Thinking that, the top of all:
 Let him view th'expanded skies,
 And the Earths contracted Ball.
 Hee'l be ashamed then, that the name he wan,
 Fils not the short walk, of one healthful man.



XVI.

Of the choice of Religion.

Variety, in any thing, distracteth the mind; and leaves it waving in a dubious trouble: and then, how easie is it to sway the minde to either side? But, among all the diversities that wee meet with, none trouble us more, than those that are of Religion. 'Tis rare to finde two Kingdomes one; as if every Nation had (if not a God, yet at least) a way to God by it selfe. This stumbles the unsettled soule: that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of erring, sticks to none: so dies, ere he does that, for which he was made to live: the service of the true Almighty. We are borne as Men set downe in the midd'ft of a wood; circled round with severall voyces calling us. At first, wee see not, which will lead us the right way out; so divided in our selves,

we

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we sit still, and follow none: remaining *blind* in a flat *Atheisme*, which strikes deep at the *foundation*, both of our *owne*, and the whole *worlds happinesse*. 'Tis true, if we let our *dimmed understanding* search in these *varieties* (which yet is the onely *meanes*, that we have in our selves, to doe it with) we shall certainly lose our selves in their *windings*; there being in every of them something to *beleerve*, above that *reason* which leades us to the *search*. Reason gives us the *Anatomic* of things, and *illustrates* with a great deale of *plainenesse*, all the *wayes* that she goes: but her *line* is too short, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. Religion carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Soveraignty*, awes the *inquisitive tongue* of *Nature*: and when she would sometimes *murmur* privately, she will not let her *speake*. Reason, like a mild *Prince*, is content to shew his *Subjects* the causes of his *commands*, and *rule*. Religion, with a higher *straine* of *Majesty*, bids doe it, without inquiring further than the *bare command*: which, without doubt, is a *meanes* of procuring mighty *reverence*. What we know not, we *reverently admire*; what we doe know, is in some sort *subject* to the triumphs of the *Soule*, that hath discovered it. And, this not knowing, makes us not able to *judge*. Every one tells us, his *owne* is the truest: and there is none, I thinke, but hath beene *seal'd* with the *blood* of some. Nor can I see, how wee may more than *probably*, prove any: they beeing all set in such *heights*, as they are not *subject* to the *demonstrations* of Reason. And as wee may easier say what a *soule* is not, then what it is,

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so wee may more easily disprove a *Religion*, for
false, than prove it, for one that is *true*: There
 being in the *World*, farre more *error*, than *Truth*.
 Yet is there besides, another *miser*, neere as great
 as this: and that is, that wee cannot bee our owne
Chusers: but must take it upon *trust*, from others.
 Are we not oft, before wee can discern the *true*,
 brought up and grounded in the *false*, sucking in
Hereſie, with our milke in *childhood*? Nay, when
 we come to yeeres of *abler judgement*, wherein the
minde is growne up compleat *Man*: wee examine
 not the soundneſſe, but retaine it meerely, because
 our *Fathers* taught it us. What a lamentable
weakeneſſe is this in *Man*, that he should build his
Eternall welfare, on the *Approbation*, of perhaps a
 weake, and ignorant *Parent*? Oh! why is our
neglect the most, in that, wherein our care should
 be *greatest*? How few are there which fulfill that
Precept of trying all things, and taking the *best*? Af-
 ſuredly, though *Faith* be above *Reason*, yet is there
 a *Reason* to be given of our *Faith*. Hee is a *Foole*
 that beleeves he knowes neither what, nor why.
 Among all the *Diverſities of Religion*, that the world
 holds, I thinke, it may stand with most safety, to
 take that, which makes most for Gods *Glory*, and
 Mans *quiet*. I confesse, in all the *Treatises of Religi-*
on that I ever saw, I find none that I should so soon
 follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I never
 found so sound a *Foundation*, so sure a *direction* for
Religion, as the *Song of the Angels* at the *Birth of*
Christ: *Glory be to God on high*. There is the *Honour*,
 the *reverend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the
Adoration,

Adoration, which we ought to give him. On earth peace. This is the effect of the former: working in the hearts of Men, whereby the World appeares in his noblest beauty, being an entire chaine of inter-mutual amity. And good will toward men. This is Gods mercy, to reconcile Man to himselfe, after his fearefull dissection of his Maker. Search all Religions the world thorow, and you will finde none that ascribes so much to God, Nor that constitutes so firme a love among men, as does the establisht Doctrine of the Protestant Church among us. All other either detract from God: Or infringe the Peace of Men. The Jewes in their Talmud say, before God made this, hee made many other Worlds, and marr'd them againe: to keepe himselfe from Idlenesse. The Turkes in their Alchoran bring him in, discoursing with the Angels, and they telling him, of things which before hee knew not: and after, they make him swear by Mahomets Pen, and Lines; and by Figges, and Olives. The Papists portray him as an old Man: and by this meanes, disdeifie him, derogating also from his Royalty, by their odious interposing of merit. And for the Society of men; what bloody Tenents doe they all hold? as, That hee deserves not the name of Rabbi, that hates not his enemy to the death: That 'tis no sinne to revenge injuries: That 'tis meritorious to kill a Hereticke, with whom no Faith is to be kept: Even to the ungluing of the whole Worlds Frame; Contexted onely, by Commerce, and Contracts. What abhorred barbarismes did Selymus leave in Precept, to his Successor Solyman? which though I am not

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certaine they were ratified, by their *Musties*; I am sure, are practized by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire*. By this *Taste*, learne to detest them all.

Ne putet esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem:

Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.

Iura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo super sit

Æmulus, haud turbent religione animum.

Hæc ratio est, quæ sola queat, regale tueri

Nomen, & expertem refuit esse metum.

Thinke not thy kinreds *murther* ill, 'tis none:

By thy *slaine Brothers*, to secure thy *Throne*.

Law, Faith, Religion, while no *rivals* aime

Thy *ruine*, may be practiz'd, else they maim.

This is the way, how *kingly names* may be

Insaf, and from *distractive terrors* free.

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond *opinions* have they held of their *Gods*? reviling with unseemely *threats*, when their *affaires* have thwarted them. As if allowing them the *name*, they would conserve the *Numen* to themselves. In their *sacrifices*, how *Butcherly* cruell? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appease the *wrath* of an offended *Deity*. The *Religion* which we now professe, establisheth all in another *straine*. What makes more for *Gods Glory*? what makes more for the *mutuall love* of *Man*, than, The *Gospel*? All our *abilities* of good, we offer to *God*, as the *Fountaine* from whence they *streame*. Can the
day

day be light, and that light not come from the Sun? Can a Clocke goe, without a weight to move it, or a Keeper to set it? As for *Man*: it teaches him to tread on *Cottons*, milds his wilder temper: and learnes him in his patience, to affect his enemies. And for that which doth partake on both: it makes *Iust God*, a friend to *unjust Man*, without being *unjust*, either to himselfe, or *Man*. Sure it could bee no other, than the invention of a *Deity*, to find out a way, how *Man*, that had justly made himselfe unhappy, should, with a full satisfaction to exactest justice, be made againe most happy. I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his Religion upon others words: but once resolved in it, 'tis dangerous to neglect, where we know we doe owe a Service.

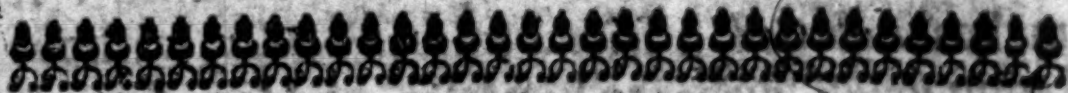
*Dii multa neglecta dederunt,
Hesperia mala Lufinosa.*

God neglected, plenteously
Plagued mournfull Italy.

And this, before *Horace* his time; when *God* is neglected of *Man*, *Man* shall bee contemned of *God*. When *Man* abridgeth *God* of his honour; *God* will shorten *Man* of his happinesse. It cannot but be best, to give all to him, of whom whatsoever wee have, we hold. I beleeve it safest to take that Religion, which most magnifies *God*, and makes most, for the peaceable conversation of *Men*. For, as wee cannot ascribe too much to him, to whom wee owe more

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than we can ascribe: so I thinke the most splendid estate of *Man*, is that, which comes neereſt to his firſt *Creation*: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleaſant *embracements of mutuall love*, and *concord*.



XVII.

Of Petitions and Denyals.

Denyals in Suites, are *Reprehensions*, to him that asketh. We seeme thereby to tell him, that he craves that, which is not *convenient*; so erres from that *station*, he should rest in. In our *demands*, we uncover our owne *desires*; in the answers wee receive, we gather how we are *affected*. Beware what thou *askest*: and beware what thou *denyest*. For if *discretion* guide thee not, there is a great deal of *danger* in both. We often, by one request, open the *windows* of our *heart* wider, than all the *indeavours* of our *observers* can. 'Tis like giving of a man our *hand* in the *darke*; which directs him better where wee are, than either our *voyce*, or his owne *search* may. If wee give *repulses*, wee are presently held in *suspicion*; and inſearched for the cause: which, if it bee found trenching on *discourtesie*; *Love* dyes, and *Revenge* springs from the *ashes*. To a *Friend* therefore, a man never ought to give a rough *deniall*: but alwaies, either to grant him his *request*, or an able *Reason* why we *condescend* not; by no means suffering him to goe away *unsatisfied*:

For

For that, ever leaves fire, to kindle a *succeeding jarre*. Deny not a just suit; nor prefer thou one, that is *unjust*. Either to a wise man, stamps unkindnesse in the *memory*. I confesse, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*, so 'tis *harsh*, to be *denied*. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg *injurious* favours, nor bee *importunate*: and when thou bee'st to receive of such, grant not too much on a yeelding friend: though thou maist have thy wish for the *present*, thou shalt perhaps be a *loser* in the *sequell*. Those that are readily *dawnted* upon a *repulse*, I would wish first to try by *circumstances*, what may bee the speed of their *suite*. 'Tis easier to beare collected unkindnesse, than that which wee meet in *affronts*: the one wee may wrap to death in a still *silence*: the other we must, for *honours* sake, take notice on. For this cause, 'twill be best, never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability* of obtaining. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest, petit*: When we aske what is not likely to be had, before we aske, we give our selves the *denyall*. Ill Questions are the *mints* for *worser Answers*. Our *refusall* is deservedly, while our *demands* are either *unfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought we to bee offended with any but our selves, when wee have in such *request*, transgressed the bounds of *modesty*: though in some I have knowne the *denyall* of one *Favour*, drowning the memory of many fore-performed ones. To thinke ill of any man, for not giving me that, which he need not, is *injustice*: but for that, to blot out former *benefits*, is *Extreme ingratitude*. The
good

good mans thanks for old favours, live, even in the blowes of injury. Why should a disfronted unkindnesse make me ingrate for wonted benefits? I like not those dispositions, that can either make unkindnesse, and remember them: or unmake favours, and forget them. For all the favours I receive, I will be thankfull, though I meet with a stop. The failing of one, shall not make mee neglectfull of many: no, not though I finde upbraiding: which yet hath this effect, that it makes that an injury, which was before a benefit. Why should I, for the abortion of one childe kill all the elder issue? Those favours that I can doe, I will not doe for thanks, but for Noblenesse, for Love; and that with a free expression. Grumbling with a benefit, like a hoarse voyce, marres the musicke of the Song: Yet, as I will doe none for thanks; so I will receive none without paying them. For Petitions to others, I will never put up undecent ones; nor will I, if I faile in those, either vexe my selfe, or distaste too much the denyer. Why should I thinke he does me an injury, when hee onely but keepes his owne? I like *Pedaretus* his mirth well, who when hee could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and said, *He was heartily glad, that the Republique had three hundred better men than himselfe.* I will never importune too much upon unwilling mindes: nor will I bee slow in yeelding, what I meane to give. For the first, with *Ovid*,

*Et pudet, & metuo, semperque eademque precari,
Ne subeant animo tadia iusta tuo.*

I shall

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I shall both feare and shame, too oft to pray,
Lest urged mindes to just disdain give way:

For the other, I am confident, *Ausonius* gives
good counsell, with perswading reasons:

*Si bene quid facias, facias citò: nam citò factum
Gratum erit: ingratum gratia tarda facit:*

Dispatch thy purpos'd good: quicke courteous deeds
Cause thanks: slow favour, men unthankfull breeds.



XVIII.

Of Povertie.

THe Poverty of the poore man, is the least part of
his misery. In all the stormes of Fortune, hee is
the first that must stand the shoocke of extremity.
Poore men are perpetuall Sentinels, watching in the
depth of night, against the incessant assaults of
want; while the rich lye stowed in secure repeses: and
compass'd with a large abundance. If the Land bee
ruffled with a bloodlesse Famine; are not the poore
the first that sacrifice their lives to Hunger? If warre
thunders in the trembling Countries lap, are not the
poore those that are exposed to the Enemies Sword
and outrage? If the Plague, like a loaded sponge, flies,
sprinkling poyson thorow a populous Kingdome: the
poore are the fruit that are shaken from the bur-
then'd Tree: while the rich, furnish with the helps
of

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of *Fortune*, have meanes to winde out themselves, and turne these sad indurances on the *poore*, that cannot avoid them. Like salt *marshes*, that lie low: they are sure, whensoever the *Sea* of this World rages, to bee first under, and imbarren'd with a *fretting care*. Who, like the *poore*, are harrowed with *oppression*, ever subject to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightinesse*? Continuall *care* checks the *spirit*: continuall *labour* checks the *body*: and continuall *insultation* both. He is like one rowled in a *Vessell* full of *Pikes*; which way soever hee turnes, he something findes that prickes him. Yet besides all these, there is another *transcendent miserie*: and this is, that it maketh men *contemptible*.

Nil habet infelix, &c.

Vnhappy *want* hath nothing harder in it,
Than that it makes men *scorn'd*.——

As if the *poore Man* were but *Fortunes Dwarf*; made lower than the rest of men, to bee *laughed at*. The *Philosopher* (though hee were the *same minde*, and the *same man*) in his *squallid ragges*, could not finde admission, when *better robes*, procured both an *open doore*, and *Reverence*. Though outward things can adde nothing to our *essentiall worth*: yet, when wee are judged on, by the helpe of others *outward senses*, they much conduce to our *value* or *dis-esteem*. A *Diamond* set in *brasse*, would bee taken for a *Chrysell*, though it bee not so, whereas a
Chrysell

Chrystall set in *Gold*, will by many be thought a *Diamond*. A *poore man* wise, shall be thought a *foole*; though hee have nothing to condemne him, but his being *poore*: The complaint is as old as *Salomon*: The wisdom of the *poore* is despised; and his words not heard. *Poverty* is a gulf, wherein all good parts are swallowed. *Poore men*, though wise, are but like *Sattens* without a glosse; which every man will refuse to looke upon. *Poverty* is a reproach, which clouds the lustre of the purest vertue. It turnes the *wise man* *foole*, to humour him that is a *foole*. Good parts in *poverty*, shew like *beauty* after sicknesse; pallid and pulingly deadish. And if all these calamities bee but attendants, what may we judge that she is in her selfe? Vndoubtedly, whatsoever we preach of *Contentednesse* in want; no precepts can so gaine upon *Nature*, as to make her a *non-sensitive*. 'Tis impossible to finde content in gnawing penury. Lacke of things necessary, like a heaue load, and an ill saddle, is perpetually wringing of the backe that beares it. Extreme *poverty* one calls a *Lantherne*, that lights us to all *miseries*. And without doubt, when 'tis urgent and importunate, it is ever chafing, upon the very heart of nature. What pleasure can he have in life, whose whole life is griped by some or other *misfortune*? Living no time free, but that wherein he does not live, his sleepe. His minde is ever at jame, either with desire, feare, care, or sorrow: his appetite unappeasedly craving supply of food, for his body: which is either nummed with cold, in idleness, or stew'd in sweat with labour: nor can it be, but it will imbase even the purest metall in Man:

it will *Alchimy* the *Gold* of *Vertue*, and mixe it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those *course wayes*, which another estate would scorne: nay, it will not suffer the *soule* to exercise that *generous freedome*, which equall *nature* has given it; but haies it to such low *undecencies*, as pull *disdaine* upon it. *Counsell* and *discretion*, either quite leave a man; or else are so limited, by unresistable necessity, as they lose the *brightnesse* that they use to shine withall.

*Crede mihi, miseros prudentia prima reliquit,
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.*

Beleeve it, *wisdome* leaves the man distrest:
With *wealth*, both *wit* and *Counsell* quits the brest.

Certainely, *extreme poverty*, is worse than *abundance*. We may be good in *Plenty*, if we will: in biting *Penury* we cannot, though we would. In one, the *danger* is *casuall*: in the other, 'tis *necessitating*. The *best* is that which *partakes* of both, and *consists* of *neither*. He that hath too little, wants *feathers* to fly withall: He that hath too much, is but *combred* with too large a *Tale*. If a flood of *wealth* could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a *Sea*: But it can neither lengthen our *lives*, nor enrich us after the *end*. I am pleased with that *Epigram*, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his grave:

*Effigiem, Rex Cræse, tuam, ditissime regum,
Vidit apud manes Diogenes Cynicus:*

Constitit;

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*Constitit; utque procul, solito majore cachinno
Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi divitiæ
Nunc profunt, Regum Rex & ditissime, cum sis
Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior?
Nam quæcunque habui, tecum fero, cum nihil ipse
Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, feras opibus.*

When the Tubb'd Cynicke went to Hell, and there
Found the pale Ghost of golden Cræsus bare,
He stops, and geering till he shugges againe,
Sayes; O thou richest King of Kings, what gaine
Have all thy large heaps brought thee, since I spy
Thee here alone, and poorer now than I?
For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,
Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little use does he make the *mines* of this
same opulent man? Surely, *Estates* be then best,
when they are likest *minds* that be worst: I meane,
neither *hot*, nor *cold*: neither distended with too
much, nor narrowly pent, with too *little*: yet nee-
rer to a *plenty* than *want*. Wee may be at ease in a
Roome *larger* than our selves: in a Roome that is
lesse, we cannot. Wee need not use *more* than *will*
serve: but we cannot use *lesse*. Wee see all things
grow *violent*, and *struggle*, when wee would impri-
son them in any thing *lesse* than themselves. *Fire*,
shut up, is furious. *Exhalations* inclouded, breake
out with *Thunder*. *Water*, compressed, spurteth
thorow the stretched *strainer*. 'Tis harder to
contract *many* *graines* into *one*, then to cause ma-
ny spring out of *one*. Where the *channell* is too
little

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little for the *Flood*, who can wonder at the *overflowing*.

Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus.

He is lesse guilty, that offends for want;

was the charity of *Petronius Arbitr*. There is not in the *world*, such another object of *pitty*, as the *pinched State*; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants* *braves*, and *contempt*. Questionlesse, I will rather with *charity* helpe him that is *miserable*, as I *may be*: than despise him that is *poore*, as I *would not be*. They have *flinty* and *steelled hearts*, that can adde *calamities* to him, that is already but one *intirer Masse*.



XIX.

Of the evill in man from himselfe, and occasions.

'T Is not so much *want of good*, as *excesse of ill*, that makes man *post* to *lewdnesse*. I beleeve there are *sparkes* enow in the *soule*, to *flame* a man, to the *morall life of vertue*: but that they are *quenched* by the *putrid foggs of corruption*. As *fruits of hotter Countries*, *trans-earth'd* in *colder Climates*, have *vigour* enough in themselves to be *fructuous*, according to their *nature*: but that they are *hindred*, by the *chilling nips* of the *ayre*, and the *soyle*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *Soule* hath the *reliqu'd*

Impressa's

Impressa's of divine Vertue still so left within her, as she would mount her selfe to the *Tower of Noblenesse*, but that shee is depressed, by an unpassable *Thicket* of hindrances: The *frailties* of the *Body*, the *current* of the *World*, and the *Armies* of *Enemies*, that continually warre against *goodnesse*, are ever checking the *production* of those *motions*, she is pregnant with. When we runne into *new crimes*, how we schoole our selves when the *Act* is over? as if *Conscience* had still so much *lustice* left, as it would be upright in *sentencing* even against it selfe. Nay, many times, to gratulate the *Company*, we are faine to force our selves to *unworthinesse*. *Ill actions* runne against the graine of the *undefiled soule*: and, even while we are a doing them, our *hearts* chide our *hands* and *tongues*, for transgressing. There are few, that are bad at the first, meerely, out of their love to *vice*. There is a *Noblenesse* in the *minde* of *man*, which of it selfe, intitles it, to the hatred of what is *ill*. Who is it, that is so *bottomlesly ill*, as to love *vice*, because it is *vice*? Yet we find, there are some so *good*, as to love *goodnesse* purely, for *goodnesse* sake. Nay, *vice* it selfe is loved, but for the *seeming-good* that it carries with it. Even the first *sinne*, though it were (as *Saint Augustine* sayes) originally from the *soule*: yet it was by a *wilfull-blindnesse*, committed, out of respect to a *good*, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the *bodies contagion*, which makes the *Soule* leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing 'tis *spotlesse* and *immaculate*: and where we see, there be meanes to second the *progressions* of it: it flies to a glorious height; scorning

F

scorning and wearie of the muddie declining weight of the *body*. And when wee have performed any *honourable Action*, how it *cheeres* and *lightens* it selfe, and *man*? As if it had no *true joy*, but in such things, as transcending the sence of the *druggie flesh*, tended to the *blaze*, and aspiring flame of *Vertue*: nay, then, as if she had dispatched the intent of her *creation*, she rests full, in her owne approvement, without the weake *worlds* reedy under-propping. *Man* has no such comfort, as to be conscious to himselfe, of the noble deeds of *Vertue*. They set him almost in the Throne of a *Deitie*; ascend him to an *unmovednesse*; and take away from him those blacke feares, that would speake him still to be but *fragile man*. 'Tis the sicke and diseased soule, that drives us into unlimited *passions*. Take her as she is in her selfe, not dimm'd and thickned, with the mists of *corporalitie*; then is she a *beauty*, displayed in a full and divine *sweetnesse*.

Amat, sapit, rectè facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.

(right.

When man obeies his *mind*, he's *wise*, loves, and does

But this is not to be understood at large. For, saies the same *Comedian*, *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it onely manifest it selfe, in it selfe: but even over the *body* too: and that so farre, that it even converts it to a *spirituality*: making it indefatigable in *travailes*, in *toyles*, in *vigilancies*; insensible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

Omnia

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*Omnia deficiunt, animu tamen omnia vincit;
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit:*

Sayes the grand *Love-Master*.

Though all things want; all things the mind subdues
And can new strength in fainting *Flesh* infuse.

When we find it seconded with the prevalent incitations of literature and sweet Morality: how courageous, how comfortable, how towering is she? *Socrates* calls Nature, the Reason of an honest man: as if man, following her, had found a square, whereby to direct his life. The soule that takes a delight in Lewdnesse, is gain'd upon by Custom: and after an undoing, dulling practice takes a joy in that, which at first did daunt with terreur. The first Acts of Sinne, are for the most part trembling, fearefull, and full of the blush. 'Tis the iteration of evil, that gives forehead to the foule offender. 'Tis easie to know a beginning swearer: he cannot mouth it, like the practised man. Hee oathes it, as a cowardly Fencer playes; who as soone as he hath offered a blow, shrinks backe: as if his heart suffered a kind of violence by his tongue: yet had rather take a step in Vice, than bee left behinde for not being in fashion. And, though a man be plunged in wickednesse, yet would he be glad to be thought good. Which may strongly argue the Intentions of the Soule to be good; though unable to maturate that seed that is in it. Nay, and that like a kinde of Captive, shee is carried by corruption, through bogges, and Desarts, that at first she feares

to tread upon. Sinne at first does a little startle the blood. Vice carries horror in her considered looke, though we finde a short plausibility, in the present imbraces. There is no man, but in his soule dislikes a new vice, before he acts it. And this distaste is so generall, that when Custome has dull'd the sence; yet the minde shames to transmit it selfe to the tongue; as knowing, hee which holds Tenents against Natures Principles, shall, by shewing a quick wit, lose his honest name. Goodnesse is not so quite extinct in man, but that she still flashes out a glimmering light, in Moralitie. Though Vice in some soules, have got the start on her: yet shee makes every mans tongue fight for Vices extirpation. Hee that maintaines vice lawfull, shall have mankinde his enemy. 'Tis gaine, not love to Treason, that makes man fall a Traitor. A noble deede does beare a spurre in it selfe. They are bad workes, that neede rewards to crane them up withall. I beleeeve, if we examine Nature, those things that have a pleasure in their performance, are bad but by mis-use; not simply so in themselves. Eating, drinking, mirth, are ill, but in the manner, or the measure; not at all in the matter. Mans wisdom consists not in the not-using, but in the well-using of what the world affords him. How to use, is the most weighty lesson of man. And of this we faile, for want of seconding the seedes that bee in the soule: The thornes doe first choake them; and then, they dwindle, for lacke of watering. Two things I will strongly labour for: To remove Annoyance; and, To cherish the growth of budding Vertue. Hee spends his time well, that strives to
reduce

reduce *Nature* to her first perfection. Like a true friend, shee wishes well to *man*, but is growne so poore, and false into such decay, as indeed she is not able. I will help her what I can in the way; though of my selfe, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in *spirituall things*, not able to begin. As man has not that free power in himselfe, which first hee had: so I am farre from thinking him so dull, to be a patient meereley: it was not in the first Fall, *flaine*, but irrecoverably lamed: debilitated, not annihilated. But whether this be true or no, I think it cannot be ill, of whatsoever good we doe, to give our *God* the glory on't.



XX.

Of Preaching.

THe exceſſe which is in the defect of Preaching, has made the *Pulpit* slighted: I meane, the much bad *Oratory* we finde it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me, how men can Preach so little, and so long: so long a time, and so little matter: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vaine *Tautologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princesse* as *Divinity* is, should be presented to the *People* in the sordid rags of the tongue: nor that he which speakes from the *Father of Languages*, should deliver his *Embassage* in an ill one. A man can never speake too well, where he speakes not too obscure. Long and distended *Clauses*, are both tedious to the eare, and

difficult for their retaining. A *sentēce* wel couch'd, takes both the *sense* and the *understanding*. I love not those *Cart-rope speeches*, that are longer then the memory of man can fathome. I see not, but that *Divinity*, put into apt *significants*, might ravish as well as *Poetry*. The waighty *lines* men finde upon the *Stage*, I am perswaded, have beene the *lures*, to draw away the *Pulpit-followers*. We complaine of drowzinesse at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled length, leades vs on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selues. If wee saw *Divinity* acted, the *gesture* and *variety* would as much invigilate. But it is too high to bee personated by *Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *eare* and the *eye*; and through his latter *sense*, the *Soule* drinks deeper draughts. Things acted, possesse vs more, and are too more retaineable, then the *passable tones* of the *tongue*. Besides, heere wee meete with more compassed *Language*: The *Dulcia sermonis*, molded into curious *Phrase*; Though 'tis to be lamented, such *wits* are not set to the right *tune*, and conformed to *Divinity*; who without doubt, well deckt, will cast a farre more radiant *lustre*, then those *obscene scurrilities*, that the *Stage* presents us with, though oe'd and spangled in their *gawdiest tyre*. At a *Sermon* well dress'd, what *understander* can haue a motion to *sleepe*? *Divinity* well ordered, casts forth a *Baite*, which angles the *Soule* into the *eare*: and how can that cloze; when such a guest sits in it? They are *Sermons* but of baser metall, which leade the eyes to slumber. And should we heare a *continued Oration*, upon such a subiect as
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the *Stage* treats on, in such words as wee heare some *Sermons*; I am confident, it would not only be farre more tedious, but *nauseous* and *contemptfull*. The most advantage they have of other places, is, in their good *Lines* and *Action*. For 'tis certaine, *Cicero* and *Roscius* are most compleate, when they both make but one Man. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that *Action* was the chiefeft part of an *Orator*. Surely, the *Oration* is most powerfull, where the *Tongue* is diffusive and speakes in a *natiue decency*, even in every *limme*. A good *Orator* should pierce the *care*, allure the *eye*, and invade the *minde* of his *hearer*. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: *Fit words are better then fine ones*: I like not those that are *in-judiciously made*; but such as be *expressively significant*: that leade the *minde* to something, beside the naked *terme*. And he that speakes thus, must not looke to speake thus every day. A *kemb'd Oration* will cost both *sweate*, and the *rubbing of the braine*. And *kemb'd* I wish it, not *frizzled*, nor *curl'd*. *Divinity* should not *lasciuiate*. *Un-wormewoded Iests* I like well; but they are fitter for the *Tauerne*, then the *Majesty of a Temple*. *Christ* taught the *People* with *Authoritie*. *Gravitie* becomes the *Pulpit*. *Demosthenes* confest he became an *Orator*, by spending more *Oyle* then *wine*. This is too fluid an *Element* to beget *substantials*. *Wit*, procur'd by *wine*, is, for the most part, like the *sparkelings* in the *Cup*, when 'tis filling: they *briske* it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the *valour* of some men; that before their *Studies*, dare ascend the *Pulpit*; and do there take more

F 4

paines,

paines, then they have done in their *Library*. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes *three houres*, but to weary the People into *leepe*. And this makes some such fugitive *Divines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Text*. *Words* are not *all*, nor *matter* is not *all*, nor *gesture*: yet, together, they are. 'Tis much moving in an *Orator*, when the *Soule* seemes to speake, as well as the *tongue*. Saint *Augustine*, sayes *Tully*, was admired more for his *tongue*, then his *minde*; *Aristotle* more for his *minde*, then his *tongue*: but *Plato* for both. And surely, nothing deckes an *Oration* more, then a *Iudgement* able well to conceive, and utter. I know, *God* hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wise: yet I see not but in all times, a washed *Language* hath much prevailed. And even the *Scriptures*, (though I know not the *Hebren*) yet I beleieve they are penn'd in a *tongue* of deepe expression: whercin, almost every word, hath a *Metaphoricall* sense, which does illustrate by some *allusion*. How *politically* is *Moses*, in his *Pentateuch*? How *philosophically*, *Iob*? How *massie* and *sententious* is *Salomon* in his *Proverbs*? how *quaint*, and *flamingly-amorous* in the *Canticles*? how *grave* and *solemne* in his *Ecclesiastes*? that in the *world*, there is not such another dissection of the *world* as it. How were the *Jewes* astonied at *Christ* *Doctrines*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Barre* in *disputation* how *subtile*? And he that reades the *Fathers*, shall find them, as if written with a *crisped pen*. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a *Philosopher* or a *Poet*, come in and waite, and give a

Trencher

Trencher at this *Banquet*. *Saint Paul* is president for it. I wish no man to be too darke, and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasantly-plaine, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a totall neglect of his hearers. Some *Stomacks* rise at sweet meats. Hee prodigals a *Mine of Excellencie*, that lavishes a terse *Oration* to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himself may move his tongue in vaine, if hee has none to heare him, but a *Non-intelligent*. They that speak to *Children*, assume a pretty lipping. *Birds* are caught by the counterfeit of their owne shrill notes. There is a *Magicke* in the *Tongue*, can charme the wilde *Mans* *Motions*. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, wherewith a wise man rides the *Monster* of the world, the *People*. Hee that heares, has onely those affections that thy tongue will give him.

Thou maist give smiles, or teares, which joyes doe blot:
Or wrath to Judges, which themselves have not.

You may see it in *Lucans* words:

Plor, si flere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus.

Et te dante, capit Iudex quum non habet iram.

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as *Divinitie* is, should fall into a *sluttish* handling. Sure, though other interposures doe eclipse her; yet this is a principall. I never yet knew a good *Tongue*, that wanted eares to heare it. I will honour her, in her plaine trimme: but I will wish to meet her in her gracefull jewels: not that they give addition to her.

her goodnesse: but that shee is more perswasive in working on the soule it meets with. When I meet with *worth* which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that *Art*, which is a meanes to heighten liking. *Confessions* that are *cordiall*, are not the worse, but the better for being guilded.



XXI.

Of reconciling Enemies.

TIs much safer to *reconcile* an *Enemy*, then to *conquer* him. *Victory* deprives him of his *power*; but *Reconciliation*, of his *will*: and there is lesse danger in a *Will* which *will not hurt*, then in a *power*, which *cannot*. The *power* is not so apt to tempt the *will*, as the *will* is studious to finde out *meanes*. Besides, an *Enemie* is a *perpetuall Spie*, upon thy *Actions*; a *watch*, to obserue thy *failes*, and thy *excursions*. All which, in the time of his *Captivity*, he treasures up, against the *day of advantage*, for the confounding of him that hath beene his *Detainer*. When he is free from thy *power*, his *malice* makes him *nimble-eyed*: apt to note a *fault*, and publish it: and with a *strained Construction*, to deprave those things, that thy *intents* haue told thy *soule* are *honest*. Like the *Crocodile*, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art downe, he insidiates thy *in-trapped life*; and with the warmest blood of thy *life*, fattens his insulting *Enuie*. Thy *wayes* he strewes with *Serpents* and *invenomings*. Thy *vices* he sets, like
Pauls,

Pauls, on high: for the gaze of the world, and the scatter'd City: Thy *Vertues*, like *Saint Faiths*, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainly, tis a misery to haue an *Enemy*, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound upon *Proofes*, they will doe it yet upon *likelihoods*: and so by degrees, and slye wayes, corrupt the faire temper of our *Reputations*. In which, this *disadvantage* cannot be helped; that the *Multitude* will sooner beleue them then our selues. For *affirmations* are apter to win beliefe, then *Negatiues* to vncredit them. It was a *Spanne* of *Machiauell*, that a slander once raised, will scarce ever dye, or faile of finding some, that will allow it both a harbour, and trust. The baggage world desireth of her selfe to scarre the face, that is fairer then she: and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leapes, and flies to the imbracement of the thing shee wished for: where, with a sharpe-set appetite, she quarries on the prey she meets withall. When *Seneca* asked the Question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum?* *Seneca* answers; *Alter homo*. Our *Enemies* studies are the plots of our ruine: nor is any thing left un-attempted, which may induce our damage. And many times, the danger is the more, because we see it not. If our *Enemy* be *Noble*, he will beare himselfe valiantly, and scorne to give us an *advantage* against him: though his owne iudicious forwardnesse, may put us to the worse, let his worth perswade thee to an attonement. He that can be a worthy *Enemy*; will, reconcil'd, be a worthier *Friend*. He that in a iust cause, can valiantly fight against thee; can in a like cause, fight as valiantly for thee.

thee. If he be *unworthy*, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but *stilling of a scandalous tongue*; even that will be worth thy labour. Use him as a *Friend* in outward *fairenesse*: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-assume his *Armes*. He that is a *base foe*, wil hardly be but false in *friendship*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are ever working, to blow up our untainted *names*. They spit a *poysen*, that will *freckle the beauty of a good report*: & that *fame* which is *white and pure*, they spot with the *puddled sprays of the tongue*: For, they cannot but sometimes *speake as they thinke*; and this *S. Gregory* will perswade us to beleeeve; That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat*: *All men thinke their Enemies ill*. If it may bee done with *honor*, I shall thinke it a worke of good discretion, to regaine a *violent Adversary*. But to do it so, as it puls a *poorenesse* on a mans selfe; though it be *safe*, is worse then to be conquer'd in a *manfull contestation*. *Friendship* is not commendable, when it rises from *dishonourable Treaties*. But hee that upon good termes, refuses a *Reconcilement*; may bee *stubborne*, but not *valiant*, nor *wise*. Whosoever thou are, that wilfully continuest an *Enemy*, thou teachest him to doe thee a *mischiefe* if he can. I will thinke that endeavour spent to purpose, that either *makes a Friend*, or *unmakes an Enemy*. In the one, a *Treasure* is wonne; in the other, a *Siege* is raised. When one said, He was a *wise King*, that was *kind* to his friends, and *sharpe* to his *Enemies*: Sayes another, He is *wiser*, that can *retaine his Friends in their loue*, and *make his Enemies like them*.



XXII.

Of our sense of absent Good.

SVrely, the *mad worme* hath wilded all *Humanity*; we sweat for what we lose, before we know we have it. Wee ever *dote* most on things, when they are *wanting*: Before we *posseſſe* them, we *chase* them with an eager runne: When wee *have* them, wee *sight* them: When they are *gone*, wee sinke under the wring of *sorrow*, for their *losse*. *Infatuated estate of Man*! That the injoyment of a pleasure, must diminish it: That perpetuall use must make it, like a *Piramide*, lessening it selfe by degrees, till it growes at last to a *punctum*, to a nothing. With what undelayable heate, does the *lime-twig'd Lover* court a *deserving Beauty*? Which, when hee obtaines, is farre short of that content it promised him: Yet, hee againe no sooner *loses* it, but hee *over-esteemes* it, to an *hyperbolicall summe*. *Presence* drownes, or mightily cooles *contentment*: and *Absence* seemes to be a *torture*, that afflicts most, when most *stretched*. *Want* teaches us the *worth* of things more truly. How sweet a thing seemes *liberty*, to one immur'd in a *Case of walls*? How deare a *jewell* is *health* to him that tumbles in *distempered blood*? Is it so, that *Pleasure*, which is an *ayery constitution*, cannot be grasped by a *reall body*? Or doe wee so empty ourselves in the *fruition*, that we doe in it, powre out our *appetites* also? Or is *content* such a slender

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flender tittle, that 'tis nothing but the *present now*; fled sooner than enjoy'd? Like the report of a loud-tongu'd Gunne, ceas'd as soone as heard: without any thing to shew it has beene, save remembrance onely. We desire long, and please our selves with hope. Wee enjoy and lose together: and then wee see what we have forgone, and grieve. I have knowne many, that have lov'd their dead friends better, than ever they did in their life time. There is (if I have given you the right sense) a like complaint in the *sinewie Lyricke*.

They that strive to chase away
Slaughters and intestine Warre:
That would have dumbe Statues say,
These their Cities Fathers are:
Let them their owne wilde lusts tame,
They shall not live, till dead. (O Fate!)
We envious, hate safe Vertues name,
She dead, we sigh our widdowed state.

*O quisquis voluit impias
Cedes, & rabiem tollere civicam:
Si querit, Pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refranare licentiam,
Clarus postgenitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quarimus invidi.*

We adore the blessings that we are depriv'd of.
An estate squander'd in a wanton waste, shewes better
in

in the *misse*, than while we had the use on't. Possession blunts the thought and apprehension. Thinking is properest to that, which is *absent*. We enjoy the present: but we think on *future things*, or passed. When *benefits* are lost, the *minde* has time to recount the severall *worths*: Which, after a considerate search; she finds to be many more, than the *unexamining possession* told her of. Wee see more, in the *discomposure* of a *watch*, than we can, when 'tis set together. 'Tis a true one: *Blessings* appeare not, till they be *vanisht*. The *Comedian* was then *serious*, when he writ,

*Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,
Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.*

Fond men, till we have lost the goods we had,
We understand not what their values were.

'Tis Folly to neglect the *present*; and then, to grieve that we have *neglected*. Surely, he does best, that is *carefull* to preserve the *blessings* he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their *leaves*, to let them goe without *sorrowing*, or *over-summing* them. Vaine are those *lamentations* that have no better fruit, than the *displeasing* of the *soule*, that ownes them. I would adde a thirteenth *reall labour*, to the *faigned twelve*: or doe any thing, that lyes in *noble man*, to pleasure or preserve the *life* of a *friend*. But dead once, all that *teares* can doe, is only to shew the *world* our *weaknesse*. I speake but my selfe a *foole*, to doe that which *Reason* tels me is

unrea-

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unreasonable. It was the Philosophers Dictate, That hee which laments the death of a Man, laments, that that man was a man. I count it a deed-royall, in the kingly David, who began to warme his joyes againe, when the infants blood was cold: As if the breath which the child lost, had disclouded his indarkned heart. I will apply my selfe to the present; to preserve it; to injoy it. But, never be passionate for the losse of that, which I cannot keepe; nor can regaine. When I have a blessing, I will respect it, I will love it, as ardently as any man. And when 'tis gone, I confesse, I would grieve as little. And this I thinke I may well doe, yet owe a deare respect, to the memory of that I lost.



XXIII.

That no man can be good to all.

INever yet knew any man so *bad*, but some have thought him *honest*; and afforded him *love*. Nor ever any so *good*, but some have thought him *vile*: and *hated* him. Few are so *stigmaticall*, as that they are not *honest* to some. And few againe are so *just*, as that they seeme not to some *unequall*: either the *Ignorance*, the *Envie*, or the *partiality*, of those that *Iudge*, doe constitute a *various man*. Nor, can a man in himselfe, *alwayes appeare alike*, to all. In some, *Nature* hath invested a disparity. In some, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Judgement*. And in some, *Accident* is the cause of disposing us to *love*, or *hate*.

Or

Or, if not these, the variation of the *bodies humours*. Or, perhaps not any of these. The *soule* is often led by secret *motions*, and *loves*, shee knowes not why. There are impulsive *privacies*, which urge us to a liking, even against the *Parliamental Acts* of the two houses, *Reason*, and the *Common Sense*. As if there were some *hidden beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*, than all that the eye can see. And this too, more powerfull at one time, than another. Vndiscovered influences please us now, with what wee would sometimes contemne. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcomm'd me with a free expression of love, and courtesies: and another time hath left me unsaluted at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have beene certaine of his sound affection: and have found this, not an intended neglect; but an indisposednesse, or, a minde, seriously busied within. Occasion reines the motions of the stirring minde. Like men that walke in their sleepes, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how. I know, there is a generation, that doe thus, out of pride: and in strangers I confesse, I know not how to distinguish. For there is no disposition, but hath a varnished vizer, as well as an unpencill'd face. Some people coozen the world: are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the world is coozened: beleeving them ill, when they are not. Vnlesse it hath beene some few of a Family, I have knowne the whole *Molehill of Pismires* (the World) in an error. For, though Report once vented, like a stone cast into a Pond, begets circle upon circle, till it meets with the bank, that bounds it: yet Fame often plaies the Curre, and opens, when

the springs no game. Censures will not hold out weight,
that have life onely from the spungie Cels of the
common braine. Why should I definitively censure a-
ny man, whom I know but superficially? as if I were
a God, to see the inward soule. Nature, Art, Report,
may all faile: Yea, oftentimes probabilities. There
is no certainty to discover Man by, but Time, and
Conversation. Every man may be said in some sort,
to have two soules; one, the internall minde; the o-
ther, even the outward ayre of the face, and bodies
gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they
differ? I have known a wise looke, hide a foole within:
and a merry face, inhold a discontented soule. Cleanthes
might well have fail'd in his judgement, had not ac-
cident have helped him, to the obscured truth. He
would undertake to reade the minde in the bodie.
Some to try his skill, brought him a luxurious fellow,
that in his youth, had beene expos'd to toyle: seeing
his face tann'd, and his hands lether'd with a
hardened skinne, hee was at a stand. Whereup-
on departing, the man sneezed, and Cleanthes
sayes, Now I know the man; hee is effeminate.
For great labourers rarely sneez. Judgement is
apt to erre, when it passeth upon things we know
not. Every man keepes his minde, if hee lists,
in a Labyrinth. The heart of Man, to Man, is
a roome inscrutable. Into which, Nature has
made no certaine window, but as himselfe shall
please to open. One man shewes himselfe to mee,
to an other, hee is shut up. No man can either like
all, or be liked of all. God doth not please all. Nay,
I thinke, it may stand with Divinity, as men are, to
say,

say, hee cannot. *Man* is infinitely more *impotent*. I will speake of every man as I finde. If I heare he hath beene ill to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemne him*, till I heare his owne *Apologie*.

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquum est.*

Who judgement gives, and will but one side heare,
Though he judge right, is no good *Iusticer*.

The *Nature* of many men is *abstruse*: and not to be espied, at an *Instant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing*, that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not too farre beleieve reports from others: So I will never *confuse* any man, whom I know not *internally*; nor ever those, but *sparing*, and with *modestie*.



XXIII.

That Man ought to bee extensively good.

I Finde in the *Creation*, the first blessing God gave *Man*, was, *Be fruitfull and multiply*. And this, I finde imposed by a *precept*, not a *promise*. It being a thing so necessary, as God would not leave it, but almost in an *impulsive quality*. And withall to shew us that (even from the beginning) *mans happinesse* should consist, in obeying Gods commands. All men love to live in *posterity*. *Barrennesse* is a *Curse*; and

makes men unwilling to dye. *Men*, rather than they will want insuing *memory*, will bee spoken by the *handed Statute*: Or by the *long-lasting* of some *insensate Monument*. When bragging *Cambyses* would compare himselfe with his father *Cyrus*, and some of his *flatterers* told him, hee did excell him: Stay, sayes *Cræsus*; you are not yet his *equall*; for hee left a *sonne* behind him. As if hee were an *imperfect Prince* that leaveth an *unhelmed State*. When *Philip* viewed his yong sonne *Alexander*, hee said, He could then be content to dye. *Conceit* of a surviving name, sweetens *Deaths* *alloed Potion*. 'Tis for this, we so love those that are to *preserve* us in extended *successions*. There was something more in it, than the naked geere, when *Cæsar* (seeing strangers at *Rome*, with *whelpes* and *Monkies* in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the *children*, that the *women* of those *Lands* brought forth. For hee thought such *respectfull love*, was due to none, but a selfe-extracted *Off-spring*. Nor, is this onely in the *baser part* of *Man*, the *body*: but even in the *sagacious Soule*. The first Act *God* requires of a *Convert*, is, *Be fruitfull*. The good mans *goodnesse*, lies not hid in himselfe alone: hee is still strengthening of his *weaker Brother*. How soone would the *World* and *Christianity* faile, if there were not *propagation* both of it and *man*? Good *workes*, and good *instructions*, are the *generative acts* of the *soule*: Out of which spring new *posterity* to the *Church*, and *Gospel*. And I am perswaded, to bee a meanes of bringing more to *Heaven*, is an inseparable desire of a *soule*, that is rightly *stated*. Good men, wish all that they *con-*
verse.

verse withall in goodnesse, to bee like themselves. How ungratefull hee *flincks* away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a glory to Heaven? How barren a tree he is, that *lives*, and *spreads*, and *cumbers* the ground, yet leaves not one *seed*, not one good work to generate another, after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave something, answering their *proportion*, their *kindes*. They be *dead*, and *withered* graines of Corne, out of which, there will not one *Eare* spring. The *Physician* that hath a *Soveraigne Receipt*, and dyeth unrevealing it, robbes the world of many *blessings*, which might multiply after his death: Leaving this *Collection*, a truth to all *Survivers*: that he did good to others, but to doe himselfe a greater: Which, how contrary it is to *Christianity*, and the *Nature of explicative Love*; I appeale to those mindes where *Grace* hath sowne more *Charity*. *Vertue* is distributive, and had rather pleasure many with a *selfe-injury*, than bury *benefits* that might pleasure a multitude. I doubt whether ever he will finde the way to Heaven, that desires to goe thither alone. They are envious *Favourites*, that wish their *Kings* to have no *Loyall Subjects*, but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable. *Inlightned soules* cannot but disperse their *rayes*. I will, if I can, doe something for others, and heaven; not to deserve by it; but to expresse my *selfe*, and my *thanks*. Though I cannot doe what I would, I will labour to doe what I can.

X XV.

Of the horror sinne leaves behind.

NO willing sinne was ever in the Act displeasing. Yet, is it not sooner past, than distastfull: though pleasure merries the Sences for a while: yet horror after vultures the unconsuming heart; and those which carry the most pleasing tastes, fit us with the largest reluctations. Nothing so soone, can worke so strange a change: Now, in the height of delight, Now in the depth of horror. Damned Satan! that with Orphean ayres, and dextrous warbles, lead'st us to the Flames of Hell: and then, with a contempt deridest us. Like a cunning Curtizan, that dallies the Ruffian to undoe himselfe: and then payes him with a scere, and scorne. Or, as some men will doe to a desired beauty, vow, and promise that, in the heat of passion, which they never mind to stand unto. Herein onely is the difference: Gratitude, and good nature, may sometimes make them penitent, and seeke some way to satisfie: whereas, hee that yeelds to the wooing Devill, does but more augment his tyranny. For, when wee meete with ignoble spirits, the more obedience, is a cause of the worse use. How often, and how infinitely are wee abused? with what Masques and Triumphs are wee led to destruction? Foolish, besotted, degenerate Man! that having so often experimented his juggling, wilt yet beleeeve his fictions, and his turfed Mines:

Mines : as if hee had not many wayes to one *destroying end* : or could bring thee any *pleasure*, and in it not ayme at thine *overthrow*. Knowest thou not that he sowes his *Tares by night* ; and in his *Baits*, hides all hee knowes may hurt thee ? Are not all those *delights* he brings us, like *Trappes* we set for *Vermine*, *charitable*, but to kill ? Does he not first pitch his *Toiles*, and then *traine* us about to *inshare* us ? Hee shewes us nothing but a *tempting face* : where hee hath counterfeited *Natures excellencie*, and all the *graces* of a *modest countenance* : while, whatsoever is *infective*, is veiled over with the *exactest dresse* of *comelinesse*. When our *soules* thirst after *pleasure*, we are call'd as *Beasts* with *fodder*, to the *slaughter-house* : or as *Boyes* catch *Horses* with *provender* in their hands to *ride* them. *All actions* are *perpetuall perturbations* : the *punishment* that followes, is farre more *grievous*, than the *performance* was *delightfull* : and the *guilt* is worse than the *punishment*.

Est que pati pœnam, quàm meruisse, minus.

The most smart is, to thinke we have deserv'd it.

I'll give you the *Story* : A *Pythagorean* bought a paire of *shoes* upon *trust* : the *shoomaker* dyes : the *Philosopher* is glad, and thinkes them *gaines* : but a while after, his *conscience* twitches him, & becomes a *perpetuall chider* : hee repaires to the *house* of the *dead*, casts in his *money*, with these words ; *There, take thy due, thou livest to mee, though dead to all beside.*

Certainely, *ill gotten gaires* are farre worse, than losses with preserved *honesty*. These grieve but once, the other are continually *grating* upon our quiet. He *diminishes* his own contentment, that would adde to it, by *unlawfulnesse*; looking onely on the *beginning*, hee thinkes not to what end, the end *extendeth*. 'Tis indiscretion that is *Hare-sighted*.

O Demea, istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modò est Videre, sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt prospicere.

I tell thee, *Demea*, *Wisedome* lookes as well, To things to come, as those that present are.

This *difference*th a wise man and a foole: The first, begins in the end; the other ends in the beginning. I will take a part of both, and fixe one eye on the *Act*, another on the consequence. So if I spie the *Devill* be shrowded in the following traine, I will shut the doore against the pleasure it selfe, though it comes like a Lord, under a pretence of honouring me.



XXVI.

Of Man's imperfection.

OF my selfe, what can I doe without the hazzard of erring? Nay, what can I thinke? Nay, what can I not doe, or not thinke? even my best *businessse*, and my best *vacancy*, are workes of offence and error. Uncomfortable constitution of man; that canst not but be
bad,

bad, both in action, and forbearance. Corruption mixeth with our purest devotions: and not to performe them, is neglect. When we thinke not of God at all, we are impious, and ungratefull: when we doe, we are not able to thinke aright. Imperfection swaies in all the weake dispatches of the palsied soule. If the Devill be absent, our own frailties are his tempting Deputies. If those forbear, the Meretricious world claps our cheekes, and fond's us to a coozening faile. So, which way soever we turne, we are sure to be bitten with the one, or the other head of this Cerberus. To what can wee intend our selves, wherein there is not a Devill to intrap us? If we pray, how he casts in wandering thoughts, or by our eyes, steales away our hearts, to some other object than God! If we heare, he hath the same policy, & prejudicates our opinion with the Man, or part of his doctrine. If we reade, he perswades us to let Reason judge, as well as Faith: So, measuring by a false Rule, hee would make us beleeve, Divinity is much short of what it shews for. If we doe good workes, he would poyson them, with Pharaisme, and make us, by overvaluing, lose them. If we doe ill, he encourages us to a continuance: and at last accuses us. If nothing, wee neglect the good wee should doe. If we sleepe, he comes in dreames, and wantoneth the ill-inclining soule. If wee wake, wee mis-spend our time; or, at best, doe good, not well. So, by bad circumstances, poyson a well intended principall. Even Actions of necessity, we dispatch notwithstanding a staine; we drinke to excesse: and the drowning of the braine. Wee eat, not to satisfie Nature, but to overcharge her; and to venerate the unbridled spirits

rits. As a *Mill wheele* is continually turn'd round, and ever drenched with a new *streame*: so are wee alwaies hurried with successions of *various sinnes*. Like *Arrows* shot in mighty *windes*, wee wander from the *bow* that sent us. Sometimes wee thinke we doe things well: but when they are past, we are sensible of the *transgression*. Wee progresse in the waies of *Vice*, and are constant in *nothing*, but *perpetuall* offending. You may see the thoughts of the whipping *Satyrist*, how divine they are:

Mobilis, & varia est ferme natura malorum:
Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,
Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis
Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos fixa, & mutari nescia: nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio? —

Nature is motive in the quest of ill:
 Stated in mischief: all our ablest skill
 Cannot know *right* from *wrong*, till *wrong* be done:
 Fixt *Nature*, will to condemn'd customes runne
 Vnchangedly: Who to his *sinnes* can set
 A certaine end? When hath he ever met
 Blushes once from his hardned forehead throwne?
 Who is it *sinnes*, and is content with one?

Surely there will not a *man* be found, that is able
 to answer to these *quere's*. Their *soules* have *ceeled*
 eyes,

eyes, that can see nothing but perfection, in their own labours. It is not to any man given, absolutely to be *absolute*. I will not be too forward in censuring the workes of others; nor will I ever doe any, that I will not submit to judgement, and correction: yet so, as I will be able to give a reason, why I have order'd them, as the world sees.



XXVII.

Of curiositie in Knowledge.

Nothing wraps a Man in such a myst of errors, as his owne curiosity, in searching things beyond him. How happily doe they live, that know nothing, but what is necessary? Our knowledge doth but shew us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny, is but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the effect: but cannot gesse at the cause. Learning is like a River, whose head being farre in the Land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed: but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider banke: not without pleasure, and delightfull winding; while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves it selfe in the unfathom'd Ocean; There you see more water; but no shore, no end of that liquid, fluid vastnesse. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallowes of her revelations. Wee may trace her, to her second causes; but beyond them, wee meet with nothing but

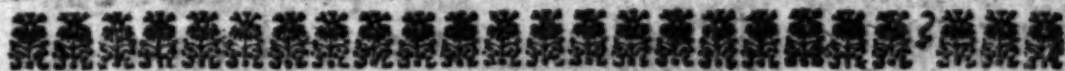
but the *puzzle* of the *soule*, and the *dazle* of the *minds dim eyes*. While we speake of things that are, that we may *dissect*, and have *power*, and meanes to finde the *causes*, there is some *pleasure*, some *certain- tie*. But, when we come to *Metaphysicks*, to long *buried Antiquitie*, and unto *unreveald Divinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is *deeper* than the short reach of the *line of Man*. Much may be gained by *studious inqui- sition*; but more will ever rest, which *Man* cannot *discover*. I wonder at those, that will assume a *know- ledge* of all; they are *unwisely ashamed of an ignorance*, which is not *disgraceful*; 'tis no *shame* for man not to know that, which is not in his *possibility*. We fill the *World* with *cruell brawles*, in the *obstinate defence* of that, whereof wee might with more *honour*, con- fesse our selves to be *ignorant*. One will tell us, our *Saviours disputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moses body*. A third, in what place *Paradise* stood: and where is *locall Hell*. Some will know *Heaven* as perfectly, as if they had been *hur- ried* about in every *Spheare*; and I think they may. Former Writers would have the *Zones* inhabi- table; we find them by *experience*, temperate. Saint *Augustine* would by no meanes indure the *Anti- podes*: we are now of nothing more certain. Every *Age* both *confutes* old *errors*, and begets new. Yet still are we more *intangled*, and the further we goe, the neerer we approach a *Sunne* that *blinds* us. Hee that went furthest in these things, we find ending with a *censure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis questionable, whether the *progresse of Learning* hath done more hurt, or good, whether the *Schooles* have

have not made more *Questions* than they have decided; where have wee such peaceable, and flourishing *Common-wealths*, as wee have found among those, which have not so much, as had the *knowledge of Letters*? Surely, these fruitlesse and *enigmatique Questions*, are bones the *Devill* hath cast among us, that while we strive for a vaine *Conquest*, in these *Toyes*, we forget the *Prize* we should run for. The *Husbandman* that looks not beyond the *Plough*, and the *Sythe*, is in much more quiet, than the divided *braine*, of the *Statist*, or the *Scholler*. Who will not approve the judgement of our *Moderne Epigrammatists*.

*Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati,
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.*

If I may judge, they onely happy show,
Which doe or nothing, or else all things know.

In things whereof I may be certaine, I will labour to be instructed. But, when I come where *reason* loseth her selfe, I will be content with retiring *admiration*. Why should I racke my *braines*, for unprofitable *impossibilities*? Though I cannot know how much is hid, I may soone judge what may be discovered.



XXVIII.

Of being over-valued.

TIs an inconvenience for a *Man* to be counted *wiser* than ordinary. If hee be a *Superior*, it keepes him

RESOLVES.

him from discerning what his *inferiours* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing judgement, makes them to *dissemble* themselves; and fits them with a care, not onely to hide their *defects*, but to shew him onely, the best of themselves. Like ill complexion'd women, that would faine be mistaken for faire; they paint most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skarre*; especially, when they are to *incounter* with those, that be naturally *beautifull*. Worth in others, and *defect* in our selves, are two *motives*, that induce us to the *gilding* of our owne *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, and *kerfies* himselfe in his *Holiday clothes*. When the *Gentleman* comes to him, he does *fine up* his *homely house*, and covers his *clayed floore*, with the freshnesse of a *rusby Carpet*: and all is, that he may appeare as above himselfe: while he is to meet with one that is so indeed. If he be an *equall*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politicke man*: and in any matters of *weighy commerce*, they will study how to be more *cautelous* of him, than they would of an *unesteemed man*. So he shall be sure to *conclude* nothing, but upon harder *conditions* for himselfe. Generall *Hames* warne us to advised *contracts*. He that is to play with a *cunning Fencer*, will heed his *wardes*, and advantage more; who, were hee to meet with one *unskilfull*, he would *neglect*, or not *thinke* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to be so. I have seene a rising *Favorite* laid at, to be trod in the *dust*: while the *unnoted man*, hath pass'd with the greater quiet, and *gaine*. Report both makes *Jealousies* where there are

are none, and increaseth those that there are. If hee be an *inferiour*, hee is often a man of *unwelcome society*. He is thought one of *too prying an observation*: and that he *lookes* further into our *actions*, then wee would have him search. For there be few, which doe not sometimes doe such *actions*, as they would not have *discretion* scan. *Integrity* it selfe, would not be awed by a *blabbing Spie*. I know, the *observer* may faile as well as the *other*: but we all know *natures* to be so composed,

Aliena melius ut videant, & judicent, quam sua.

That they see more of others than their owne.

We judge of others, by what they *should be*; of our selves, by what we are. No man has *pre-eminence*, but wishes to preserve it in *unpruned state*; which while an *inferiour* notes of *imperfection*, hee thinkes, doth suffer *detriment*: so he rather seekes to be rid of his *company*, than desires to keepe him, as the *watch of his wayes*. Let me have but so much *wisdom*, as may orderly manage my *selfe*, and my *meanes*; and I shall never care to be *digited*, with a *That is He*. I wish, not to bee esteemed wiser than usuall: They that are so, doe better in *concealing* it, than in telling the *world*. I hold it a greater injury to be *over-valued*, than *under*. For, when they both shall come to the *touch*, the one shall rise with *praise*, while the other shall decline with *shame*. The first hath more *incertain'd honour*; but lesse *safety*: The latter is *humbly secure*; and what is wanting in *renowne*, is made up in a better blessing, *quiet*.
There

There is no *Detraction* worse than to *over-praise* a man: For whilest his *worth* comes short of what *report* doth speake him; his owne *actions* are ever giving the *lye* to his *honour*.



XXIX.

That mis-conceit has ruin'd Man.

OUr owne *Follies* have beene the onely *cause*, to make our lives *uncomfortable*. Our *error* of *opinion*, our cowardly *feare* of the *worlds* *worthlesse* *Censure*, and our *madding* after *un-necessary* *Gold*, have brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it farre more difficult than indeed it is. *Vertue* hath suffered most by those which should *uphold* her: That now we feigne her to be, not what shee is, but what our *fondnesse* makes her, a *Hill* almost *un-ascendable*, by the roughnesse of a *craggy* way. We force *indurance* on our selves, to wave with the wanton *taile* of the *World*: We dare not doe those things that are *lawfull*, lest the *wandering* *World* misconstrue them: As if wee were to looke more to what wee should bee *thought*, than to what we should *resolvedly* be. As if the *Poet* writ *untruth*, when hee tells his *friend*, that,

Vertue, muddy censures *scorning*,

With unstained Honour *shines*:

Without vulgar breath's *suborning*,

Takes the Throne, and Crowne *resignes*.

Virtus

Virtus repulsa nescia sordida,

Intaminatis fulget honoribus :

Nec sumit aut ponit secures

Arbitrio popularis Auræ.

Nor does she live in penurie ; as some have ill imagined: though she lives not in *Palaces*, yet she does in *Paradise* : & there is the Spirit of joy, youthfull in perpetuall life. *Virtue* is a competent fruition of a lawful pleasure; which we may wel use so farre, as it brings not any evill in the sequel. How many have thought it the *Summum bonum* ? *Antisthenes* was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly happy: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a *Socraticque* strength. Shall we thinke *Goodnesse* to be the height of pleasure, in the other world : and shall we be so mad, as to thinke it heer, the sufferance of miserie ? Surely 'twas none of Gods intent, to square man out for sorrowes. In our salutes, in our prayers, we wish and invoke heaven for the happinesse of our friends: & shall we be so unjust, or so uncharitable, as to with-hold it from our selves ? As if we should make it a fashion, to be kind abroad, and discourteous at home. I doe thinke nothing more lawfull, then moderately to satisfie the pleasing desires of Nature; so as they infringe not Religion, hurt not our selves, or the commerce of humane societie. Laughing is a faculty peculiar to Man: yet, as if it were given us for inversion, no Creature lives so miserable, so disconsolate. Why should we deny to use that lawfully, which Nature hath made for pleasure in imployment : *Virtue* hath neither so crabbed a face, nor so austere

a looke, as we make her. 'Tis the *world*, that choaking up the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthfull doe those things live, that follow harmelesse *Nature*? They weigh not what is *past*, are intent of the *present*, and never solicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleased with *convenient food* than *dainty*: and that they eate, not to *distemper*, but to *nourish*, to *satisfie*. They are well arrayed with what *Nature* has given them: and for *rayment*, they are never clad in the *spoiles of others*, but the *Flies*, the *Beasts*, the *Fishes*, may for all them, welcome *Age* in their owne *silkes*, *wools*, and *Scarlets*. They live like *Children*, innocently sporting with their *Mother Nature*: and with a pretty kinde of *harmelesnesse*, they hang upon her *nursing brest*. How rarely find we any *diseased*, but by *ill mans* mis-using them? Otherwise, they are *sound* and *uncomplaining*. And this *blessednesse* they have here above *Man*, that, never seeking to be more then *Nature* meant them, they are much neerer to the *happinesse* of their *first estate*; Wherein this, I confesse, may be some reason: *Man* was curs'd for his *owne sinne*: they, but for the *sinne of Man*: and therefore they decline lesse into *worse*, in this the *crazed age* of the *world*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplier of his owne *Calamities*: & what at first *undid him*, does constantly increase his *woes*, *Search*, and *selfe-presumption*. Hee hath sought meanes to winde himselfe out of *mifery*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. Hee hath left *vertue*, which the *Stoicks* have defined to be *honest Nature*; and is lanced into *by-devices* of his owne *ingiddied braine*:

braine: nor doe I see, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not abolish *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at first fell desperately, yet we reade not of any *Law* hee had to live by, more then the *Instinct* of *Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moses* time. Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to doe *sacrifice*? as if we should almost beleeve, that *Nature* could finde out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once false) was by degrees growne to a height of *prevarication*: Then *God* commanded *Moses*, to give them *rules*, to checke the madding of their *ranging mindes*. Thus, *God* made *Man* righteous: but he sought out *vaine Inventions*: among all which, none hath more befooled him, then the setting up of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* swaying all) they that serve *Vertue*, like those of another *Faction*, are pusht at by those that runne with the *generall streame*. Incogitable calamitie of *Man*; that must make that for the hindges of his life to turne on, which need not in any thing bee conducent to it. I applaud that in the *western Indies*; where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd: whose *Inhabitants* esteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into necessary *vessells*, and that no more, then they would alike of any *inferiour metall*: esteeming more of the *commodiousnesse*, then they did of the thing it selfe. Is it not miserable, that wee should set up such an *idol*, as should destroy our *happinesse*? And that *Christians* should reach *Heathen* to undoe themselves by *covetousnesse*! How happily they liv'd in *Spaine*, till fire made some *mountaines* vomit

Gold! and what miserable *discords* followed after, *Viver* upon *Augustine* doth report. If this were put downe, *Virtue* might then be *Queene* againe. Now, wee cannot serve her as wee ought, without the leave of this *Godling*. Her accessse is more difficult, because wee must goe about to come to her. As when an *Usurper* hath deposed the *rightfull King*: those that would shew their love to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for feare of the *false ones* might. Some things I must doe that I would not: as being one among the rest, that are involved in the *generall necessitie*. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the *Lawes of humanitie*, I will never deny my selfe an honest *solace*, for feare of any *ayery censure*. Why should another mans *injustice* breede my *unkindnes* to my selfe? As for *Gold*, surely the *world* would bee much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the *Fountaine* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Passé*, to travell the *world* by without *begging*. If I have none, I shall have so much the more misery; because *custome* hath plaid the *foole*, in making it *materiall*, when it needed not.



XXX.

Of woman.

Some are so *uncharitable*, as to thinke *all women* *bad*: & others are so *credulous*, as they beleieve they

they *all* are good. Sure : though every man speakes as he findes; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole Sex; which in a *strict examination*, makes more for their honour, then most men have acknowledged. At first, shee was created his *Equall*; onely the difference was in the Sex : otherwise, they both were *Man*. If wee argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man* : so the *man* being put *first*, was *worthier*. I answer, So the *Evening* and *Morning* was the *first* day : yet few will thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Governour*, and so *above* her, I beleieve rather the punishment of her *sinne*, then the *Prerogative* of his *worth* : Had they both stood, it may be thought, shee had never beene in that *subjection* : for then had it beene no *curse*, but a *continuance* of her *former estate* : which had nothing but *blessednesse* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *priority* : But *Chrysostome*, he sayes, does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* then *Mans* : fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble Natures wonders* : both for *conception*, and *fostering* the *produced birth*. And can wee thinke, God would put a *worser soule* into a *better body* ? When *man* was created, 'tis said, God made *man* : but when *woman*, 'tis said, God *builded* her : as if hee had then beene about a *frame* of *rarer Roomes*, and more *exact composition*. And, without doubt, in her *body* shee is much more *wonderfull* : & by this, we may thinke her so in her *minde*. *Philosophie* tels us, Though the *soule* be not caused by the *body*; yet in the generall it followes the *temperament*

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Some are so *uncharitable*, as to thinke *all women* *bad*: & others are so *credulous*, as they beleieve they

they *all* are good. Sure : though every man speakes as he findes ; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole *Sex* ; which in a *strict examination*, makes more for their honour, then most men have acknowledged. At first, shee was created his *Equall* ; onely the difference was in the *Sex* : otherwise, they both were *Man*. If wee argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man* : so the *man* being put *first*, was *worthier*. I answer, So the *Evening* and *Morning* was the *first* day : yet few will thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Governour*, and so *above* her, I beleeve rather the punishment of her *sinne*, then the *Prerogative* of his *worth* : Had they both stood, it may be thought, shee had never beene in that *subjection* : for then had it beene no *curse*, but a *continuance* of her *former estate* : which had nothing but *blesse*dnesse in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *prioritie* : But *Chrysostome*, he sayes, does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* then *Mans* : fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble Natures wonders* : both for *conception*, and *fostering* the *produced birth*. And can wee thinke, *God* would put a *worser soule* into a *better body* ? When *man* was created, 'tis said, *God* made *man* : but when *woman*, 'tis said, *God* *builded* her : as if hee had then beene about a *frame* of *rarer Roomes*, and more *exact composition*. And, without doubt, in her *body* shee is much more *wonderfull* : & by this, we may thinke her so in her *minde*. *Philosophie* tels us, Though the *soule* be not caused by the *body* ; yet in the generall it followes the *tempera-*

ment of it: so the *comeliest out-sides*, are naturally (for the most part) more *vertuous within*. If place can bee any priviledge; we shall finde her built in *Paradise*, when *Man* was made without it. 'Tis certaine, they are by *constitution* colder then the *boyling Man*: so by this, more *temperate*: 'tis heate that transports *Man* to *immoderation* and *furie*: 'tis that, which hurries him to a *savage & libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more *modest*: and *modesty* is the *seate and dwelling place* of *Vertue*. Whence proceed the most *abhorred villanies*, but from a *masculine vnblushing impudence*? What a deale of *sweetnesse* doe we find in a *mild disposition*? When a *woman* growes bold and daring, we dislike her, & say, *shee is too like a man*: yet in our selues, wee magnifie what wee condemne in her. Is not this *iniustice*? *Every man* is so much the better, by how much hee comes neerer to *God*. *Man* in nothing is more like *Him*, then in being *mercifull*. Yet *Woman* is farre more *mercifull* then *Men*. It being a *Sexe*, wherein *Pity* and *compassion* haue dispers'd farre brighter *rayes*. *God* is said to bee *Loue*; and I am sure, euery where *Woman* is spoken of, for transcending in that *qualitie*. It was neuer found, but in *two men* onely, that their loue exceeded that of the *feminine Sex*: and if you obserue them, you shall finde, they were both of *melting dispositions*. I know, when they prone *bad*, they are a sort of the *vilest creatures*: Yet still the same reason giues it: for, *Optima corrupta pessima*: The best things corrupted, become the worst. They are things, whose *soules* are of a more *duetible temper*, then the harder metall of *man*: so may bee made

made both better and worse. The Representations of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* may bee both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not, but at meetings, *Man* may very well view words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great Actions, Naturall heat does more astate the stirring Genius of *Man*. Their easie Natures make them somewhat more unresolute: whereby men have argued them of feare and inconstancie. But men have alwaies held the Parliament, and have enacted their owne wills, without ever hearing them speake: and then, how easie is it to conclude them guiltie? Besides, Education makes more difference betweene men and them, then Nature: and, all their aspersions are lesse noble, for that they are onely from their Enemies, Men. *Dio-genes* snarled bitterly, when walking with another, hee spied two women talking, and said, See, the Viper and the Aspe are changing poyson. The Poet was conceited, that said, After they were made ill, that God made them fearefull, that *Man* might rule them: otherwise they had beene past dealing with. *Catullus* his Conclusion was too generall, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his owne.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle

Quàm mihi: non si se Iupiter ipse petat.

Dicit: sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,

Invento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.

My Mistris swears she'd leave all men for me:
Yea, though that love himselfe should suiter be.

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She sayes : but what *women* sweare to kind
Loves, may be writ in *rapid streames*, and *wind*.

I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what *Sexe* so-
 ever I finde it. And I thinke, in the generall, I shall
 finde it more in *women*, then *Men*; though *weaker*,
 and more *infirmely guarded*. I beleeeve, they are *bet-*
ter, and may bee wrought to bee *worse*. Neither
 shal the *faults* of *many*, make me *uncharitable* to *All*:
 nor the *goodnesse* of *some*, make mee *credulous* of the
rest. Though hitherto, I confesse, I have not found
 more *sweet* and *constant goodnesse* in *Man*, then I have
 found in *Woman*: and yet of *these*, I have not found
 a *number*.



XXXI.

Of the losse of things loved.

NO crosses do so much affect us, as those that be-
 fall us in the things wee love. Wee are more
 grieved to lose *one childe of affection*, then we should
 bee for *many* that wee doe not so neerely care for,
 though *every* of them bee like to us, in respect of
outward relations. The *Soule* takes a *freedome*, to in-
 deare what it *liketh*, without discovering the *reason*
 to *Man*: and when that is taken from her, shee
mournes, as having lost a *sonne*. When the *choice* of
the Affections dyes, a *generall lamentation* followes.
 To some things we so dedicate our selves, that in
 their *parting*, they seeme to take away even the *sub-*
stance.

stance of our soule along : as if wee had laid up the treasure of our lives, in the fraile and moveable hold of another. The soule is fram'd of such an *active nature*, that 'tis impossible but it must assume something to it selfe, to delight in : Wee seldome finde any, without a *peculiar delight* in some *peculiar thing*: though *various*, as their *fancies* leade them. Honour, Warre, Learning, Musicke, doe all finde their severall *rotaries* : who, if they faile in their *soules wishes*, mourne immoderately. David had his Absalom : Hannah's wish was children : Hamans thirst was Honour : Achitophel tooke the glory of his counsell. Who would have thought, that they could, for the misse of these, have expressed such *excessive passions* ? Who would have beleev'd, that one neglect of his Counsell, would have trufs'd up Achitophel in a voluntary Halter ? Wee then begin to be *miserable*, when wee are totally bent on some one *temporall object*. What one *sublunary Centre* is there, which is able to receive the *circles* of the *spreading soule* ? All that wee finde heere, is too narrow, and too little, for the *patent affections* of the minde. If they could affoord us *happinesse*, in their possessions, it were not then such *fondnesse* to inleague our selves with an *undivideable love* : but being they cannot make us *truely happy*, in their *injoying* ; and may make us *miserable* by their *parting* ; it will be best, not to *concentre* all our *rayes* upon them. Into how many *ridiculous passages* doe they precipitate themselves, that dote upon a *rosy face* ? Who looks not upon Dido, with a kinde of *smiling pittie*, if Virgil's Poetry does not injure her with

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with love to *Aeneas*, rather then tell the truth of her hate to *Iarbas*.

*Vritur infelix Dido, totaq; vagatur
Urbe furens: qualis coniecta Cerva sagitta:
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telis, liquitq; volatile ferrum
Nescius: illa fuga sylvas saltusq; peragrat
Diæaos: hæret lateri Lethalis arundo.*

(waies

Scorch't in fierce flames, through Cities severall
Lost *Dido* wanders: like some *Deere* that strays,
And unawares, by some rude *Shepherds Dart*,
In her owne *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearefull heart,
Flies tripping through al *Diæ's* Groves & Plains,
Yet still the deadly *Arrow* stickes, and paines.

But for such high-fed Love as this, *Crates* triple-remedy is the best that I know: either *Fasting* or *Time*: and if both these faile, *A Halter*. And surely hee deserves it, for robbing himselfe of his soule. Certainly, they can never live in quiet, that so vehemently intend a peculiar quest. *Feare* and *suspicion* startle their affrighted mindes: and many times, their over-loving is a cause of their losse: *Moderate care* would make it last the longer. Often handling of the withering *Flowre*, addes not to the continuance, but is a properation of more swift decay. Who loves a *Glasse* so well, as hee will still bee playing with it, breakes that by his *Childishnesse*, which might have beene sound in the *Cellar* or *Case*. But, when in this wee shall lay up all our best

best contentments; what doe we but like foolish Merchants, venture all our estate in a bottome? It is not good to bring our selves into that absolute necessity, that the falling of one aime shold perish us. Who, that cannot swimme well, would with one small thred, hazzard himselfe in the faithlesse and unfounded sea? How pleasantly the wiseman laughs at that, which makes the Lady weepe; The death of her little Dogge? The loving part in her, wanted an object: so play and lapping on it, made her place it there: and that so deeply, that shee must bedew her n'yes at parting with't. How improvident are wee to make that, affliction in the farewell, which while we had, wee knew was not alwaies to stay? nor could (if we so pleas'd not) theeeve the least mite from us. He is unwise, that lets his light spleene clap his manton sides, which knowes it needes must dye, whens'ere the Musicke ceases. I like him, that can both play, and winne, and laugh: and lose, without a chafe, or sighes. Our loves are not alwaies constant: their objects are much more uncertaine; and events more casuall then they. Something I must like and love: but, nothing so violently, as to undoe my selfe with wanting it. If I should ever bee intangled in that snare; I will yet cast the worst, and prepare as well for a parting journey, as cohabitation. And to prevent all, I will bend my love toward that, which can neither bee lost, nor admit of excesse. Nor yet will I ever love a Friend so little, as that he shall not command the All of an honest man.

XXXII.

Of the uncertainty of life.

Miserable Brevitie! more miserable uncertainty of Life! we are sure that we cannot live long: and uncertaine that we shall live at all. And even while I am writing this, I am not sure my Pen shall end the Sentence. Our life is so short, that we cannot in it, contemplate what our selves are: so uncertaine, as we cannot say, we will resolve to doe it. Silence was a full answer in that Philosopher, that being asked, what hee thought of humane life: sayd nothing, turn'd him round, and vanish. Like leaves on Trees, wee are the sport of every puffle that blowes: and with the least gust, may be shaken from our life & nutriment. We travaile, wee study, wee thinke to dissect the World with continuall searches: when while wee are contriving but the neereſt way to't, Age, and consumed yeeres oretake us; and onely Labour payes us the losses of our ill-expended time. Death whiskes about the unthought-full world, and with a Pegasean speede, flies upon unwarie Man; with the kicke of his heele, or the dash of his foote, springing Fountains of the teares of Friends. Iovenall does tell us, how Life wings away:

— Festinat enim decurrere velox
 Flosculus angustæ, miseraque brevissima vitæ
 Portio: dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta, puellas
 Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.

— The

— The short-lyv'd *Floure*, and *Portion*
Of poore, sad *life*, post-hasteth to be gone :
'And while we *drinke*, seeke *women*, *wreaths*, & *earn'd*
Applause, old age steales on us un-discern'd.

If *Nature* had not made *Man* an *active* creature, that
hee should bee delighted in *employment*, nothing
would convince him of more *folly*, then the du-
rance of so me *enterprizes* that he takes in hand: for
they are many times of such a future length, as wee
cannot in reason hope to live till their *conclusion*
comes. We *build*, as if we laid *foundations* for eter-
nity: and the *expeditions* we take in hand, are many
times the length of three or foure *Lives*. How
many *Warriers* have expir'd in their *expugnations*;
leaving their *breath* in the places where they laid
their *siege*? Certainly, he that thinkes of *lifes ca-*
sualties, can neither bee *carelesse*, nor *covetous*. I con-
fesse, we may live to the *Spectacle*, and the *bearing-*
staffe: to the *slooping backe*, to the *snow*, or the *sleeke-*
nesse of the *declining crowne*: but, how few are
there, that can unfold you a *Diary* of so many
leaves? More doe dye in the *Spring* and *Summer* of
their yeares, then live till *Autumne*, or their *growned*
winter. When a man shall exhaust his very *vitali-*
tie, for the hilling up of *fatall Gold*; and shall then
thinke, how a *Haire*, or *Fly* may snatch him in a
moment from it: how it quells his *laborious hope*, &
puts his *posting minde* into a more safe and quiet
pace? Vnlesse we were sure to injoy it, why should
any man straine himselfe, for more then is *conveni-*
ent? I will never care too much, for that I am not
sure

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sure to keepe. Yet, I know, should all men respect but their *owne time*, an *Age* or two would finde the World in *ruine*: so that for such actions, men may pleade their *charity*, that though they live not to enioy those things themselves, they shall yet bee beneficiall to *posterity*. And I rather thinke this an *Instinct* that God hath put in *Man*, for the conservation of things: then an *intended Good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus, as in *propagation*, we are often more beholding to the *pleasure* of our *Parents*, then their desire of having us: so in matters of the *World*, and *fortune*, the aimes of our *Predecessors* for themselves, haue, by the secret worke of *providence*, cast benefits upon us. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins *things lasting*. Though they bee *vanities* to him, because hee knowes not who shall enioy them: yet they will be things well fitted, for some that shall succcede them. They that doe me *good*, and know not of it, are causes of my *benefit*, though I do not owe them my *thanks*: and I will rather *blesse* them, as *instruments*; then *condemne* them, as not *intenders*.



XXXIII.

That good counsell should not be valued by the person.

TO some, there is not a greater vexation, then to bee advised by an *Inferiour*. *Directions* are unwelcome, that come to us by *ascensions*: as if *wealth* only were the full accomplishment of a *soule* within;

within; & could as well infuse an *inward judgemēt*, as procure an *outward respect*. Nay, I have knowne some, that being advised by such, have run into a *worser contradiction*; because they would seeme to learne of one below them: or if they see no other way convenient, they will yet delay the *practice*, till they thinke the *Prompter* has forgot how hee counsel'd them. They will rather flye in a perilous height, then seeme to decline at the voyce of one *beneath them*. *Pittifull!* that wee should rather *mischiefe our selves*, then be content to be *unprided*: For had we but so much *humility*, as to thinke our selues but what we are, *Men*; we might easily believe, another might have *braine* to equall us. He is sicke to the ruine of himselfe, that refuseth a *Cordiall*, because presented in a *Spoone of wood*. That *wisedome* is not *lastingly good*, which stops the *care* with the *tongue*: that will command and *speake all*, without hearing the voyce of another. Even the *Slave* may sometimes light on a way to *inlarge his Master*, when his owne *invention* failes. Nay, there is some reason why wee should be best directed by *men below our State*: For, while a *Superior* is *sudden* and *fearlesse*, an *Inferiour* premeditates the *best*; lest being found *weake*, it might displease, by being too light in the *poize*. *Iob* reckons it a part of his *integrity*, that hee had not refused the *judgement of his servant*. 'Tis good to *command* and *heare* them. Why should wee shame by any *honest meanes*, to meete with *that* which benefits us? In things that be *difficult*, and not of important *secrecie*, I thinke it not amisse to consult with

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with *Inferiours*. He that lyes under the *Tree*, sees more then they that sit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eyes* to looke upward with more ease then downe: So the eye of the *soule* sees better in *ascensions*, and things *meanely raised*. Wee are all with a kinde of *delectation*, carried to the things above us: wee have also better meanes of observing them, while wee are admitted their view, and yet not thought as *spies*. In things beneath us, not being so delighted with them, wee passe them over with neglect, and not-observing. *Servants* are usually our best *Friends*, or our worst *Enemies*: *Neuters* seldome. For, being knowne to be privie to our retired *actions*, and our more continuall conversation; they have the advantage of being beleev'd, before a removed friend. *Friends* have more of the tongue, but *servants* of the hand: and *Actions* for the most part, speake a man more truly then words. *Attendants* are like to the *lockes* that belong to a house: while they are strong and close, they preserve us in safety: but weake or open, wee are left a prey to *theeves*. If they bee such as a *stranger* may picke, or another open with a false key; it is very fit to change them instantly. But if they be well marded, they are then good *gards* of our fame and welfare. 'Tis good, I confesse, to consider how they stand affected: and to handle their *Counsels*, before wee embrace them: they may sometimes at once, both please and *poyson*: *Advice* is as well the wise mans fall, as the *fooles Advancement*: and is often most wounding, when it stroakes us with a *silken hand*. All families are but *diminutives* of a Court; where most men respect
more

more their owne *advancement*, then the *honour* of their *Throned King*. The same thing, that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foule Ladie*, that she looks *lovely*: makes a *base Lord*, soothe up his ill King in *Mischiefe*. They both counsell, rather to *insinuate themselves*, by floating with a *light-lov'd humour*; then to profit the *advised*, and imbetter his *fame*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counsellour*, so shall we better judge of his *counsell*; which yet if wee finde *good*, wee shall doe well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the *good counsell*, even of a *bad man*. Wee thinke not *Gold* the worse, because 'tis brought us in a *bagge of leather*: No more ought wee to contemne *good counsell*, because it is presented us, by a *bad man*, or an *underling*.



XXXIV.

Of Custome in advancing monie.

C*ustome* mis-leades us all: we magnify the *wealthy man*, though his *parts* be never so *poore*; the *poore man* we despise, bee hee never so well otherwise *qualified*. To bee *rich*, is to bee three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To bee *poore*, is to bee made a *pavement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the onely *Coverlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fooles Curtaine*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *world*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speake*, against the native *Genius* of the *groning heart*: It sup-

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ples more then Oyle, or Fomentations : and can
 stiffen beyond the Summer Sunne, or the Winters
 white-bearded cold. In this wee differ from the an-
 cient Heathen ; They made *Iupiter* their chiefe god ;
 and wee have crowned *Pluto*. Hee is *Master* of the
Muses, and can buy their voyces. The *Graces* waite
 on him : *Mercury* is his *Messenger* : *Mars* comes to
 him for his pay : *Venus* is his *Prostitute* : Hee can
 make *Vesta* breake her vow : Hee can have *Bacchus*
 be merry with him ; and *Ceres* feast him, when hee
 lyes : He is the sicke mans *Esculapius* : and the *Pallas*
 of an empty braine : nor can *Cupid* cause love, but by
 his golden-headed Arrow. Money is a generall Man :
 and without doubt, excellently parted. *Petronius*
 describes his Qualities :

*Quisquis habet nummos, securo naviget aura :
 Fortunamque suo temperet arbitrio.*

Vxorem ducat Danaen, ipsumque licebit

Acrisium jubeat credere, quod Danaen :

Carmina componat, declamet, concrepat omnes

Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.

Iurisconsultum, paret, non paret : habeto ;

Atque esto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo :

Multa loquor : quid vis nummis presentibus opta,

Et veniet : clausum possidet arca Iovem.

The moneyed-man can safely saile all Seas ;

And make his Fortune as himselfe shall please.

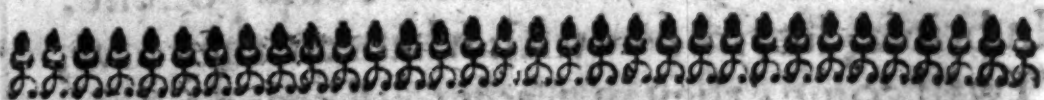
Hee can wed Danae, and command that now

Acrisius selfe that fatall match allow.

He can declaime, chide, censure, *verses* write;
 And doe *all things*, better then *Cato* might.
 He knowes the *Law*, and rules it: hath and is
 Whole *Servius*, and what *Labeo* could possesse.
 In briebe; let *rich men* wish whats'ere they love,
 'Twill come; they in a *lockt Chest* keepe a *love*.

The *Time* is come about, whereof *Diogenes* prophesied; when he gave the reason why hee would bee buried *groveling*; wee have made the *Earths* *bottome* powerfull to the *loftie Skies*: *Gold*, that lay buried in the *buttocke* of the *world*; is now made the *head*, and *Ruler* of the *People*: putting all under it, wee have made it extensive, as the *Spanish ambition*: and in the meane, have undeservedly put *worth* below it. *worth* without *wealth*, is like an *able servant* out of *employment*; hee is fit for all *businesses*, but wants wherewith to put himselfe into any: hee hath good *Materials*, for a *foundation*: but misseth wherewith to reare the *walls* of his *fame*. For, though indeed, *riches* cannot make a man *worthy*, they can shew him to the *world*, when hee is so: But when wee thinke him *wise*, for his *wealth alone*, wee appeare content, to bee *mis-led* with the *Multitude*. To the *Rich*, I confesse, we owe something; but to the *wise man*, most: To *this*, for himselfe, and his *innate worthinesse*: to the *other*, as being *casually happy*, in things that of themselves are *blessings*; but never so much, as to make *Vertue* *mercenary*; or a *flatterer* of *Vice*. *worth* without *wealth*, beside the *native Noblenesse*, ha's this in it; That it may be a way of getting the *wealth* which

is wanting: But as for *wealth* without *worth*, I count it nothing but a *rich Saddle*, for the *State* to ride an *Asse* withall.



XXXV.

That Sinne is more craftie then violent.

BEfore wee *sinne*, the *Divell* shewes his *policie*; when we have *sinned*, his *basenesse*: he makes us first revile our *Father*: and then steps up, to witnesse how we have *blasphem'd*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faults* which had not beene, but for his owne *inticement*. Hee was never such a *Souldier*, as hee is a *Politician*: Hee blowes up more by one *Mine*, then hee can kill by *tenne assaults*: Hee prevayles most by *Treaty*, and *facetious waxes*. *Presents* and *Parlies* winne him more than the *cruell wound*, or the *dragge* of the *compulsive hand*. All *sinne* is rather *subtill*, than *valiant*. The *Divell* is a *coward*; and will, with thy *resisting*, flye thee: nor dare hee shew himselfe in a *noted good mans* company: if hee does, he comes in *seeming-vertues*; and the garments of *belied Truth*. *Vice* stands abash't at the glorious *Majestie* of a good confirmed *Soule*. *Cato's* presence stopt the practices of the *Romans* brutish *Floralia's*. *Satan* beganne first with *hesitations*, and his fly-couch'd *Oratorie*: and ever since, hee continues in *wiles*, in *stratagems*, and the *fetches* of a *toyling braine*; rather *perswading* us to *sinne*, then *urging* us: and when we have done it, hee seldome
lers

lets us see our folly, till we be plunged in some deep extremity: then he writes it in *capitall Letters*, and carries it as a *Pageant* at a *Show*, before us. What could have made *David* so heartlesse, when *Absalom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented *sinnes*? when hee fled, and wept, and fled againe? It appeares a wonder, that *Shimei* should raile at a King to his face: and unpunisht, brave him, and his Hoast of *souldiers*, casting *stones*, and spitting taunts, while he stood incompassed with his *Nobles*. Surely, it had beene impossible, but that *David* was full of the horror of his *sinnes*, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, hee acted but the *Devils* part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. Calamity, in the sight of *worthinesse*, prompts the hand, and opens the purse, to relieve. 'Tis a *Helish disposition*, that watcheth how to give a blow to the man that is already reeling. When wee are in danger, hee galls us with what wee have done: and on our *sicke beds*, shewes us all our *sinnes* in *multiplying Glasses*. He first drawes us into *hated Treason*: and when we are taken, and brought to the *Barre*, hee is both our *accuser*, and *condemning witnesse*. His *close policy*, is now turn'd to declared *basenesse*: nor is it a wonder: for *unworthinesse* is ever the end of *unhonest Deceit*: yet sure this *Coozenage* is the more condemned, for that it is so *ruinous*, and so *ease*. Who is it but may *coozen*, if he minds to be a *Villaine*? How poore and inhumane was the craft of *Cleomenes*, that concluding a *League* for seven dayes, in the *night* assaulted the secure *enemy*? alledging, The *nights* were not excluded from *slaughter*.

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Nothing is so like to *Satan*, as a *Knave* furnisht with *dishonest fraud*: the best way to avoyd him, is to disdain the *League*. I will rather labour for *valour*, at the first, to resist him; than after *yeelding*, to endavour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the *Devill*, or his *Machiavill*. For though the *Devill* be the more secret *Enemy*, yet the base *Politician* is the more familiar: and is indeed but a *Devill* in *Hose* and *Doublet*, fram'd so, in an acquainted *shape*, to advantage his *deceit* the more.



XXXVI.

Of Discontents.

THE discontented *Man* is a *Watch*, over-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false. *Griefe* is like *Inke* powred into *Water*, that fills the whole *Fountaine* full of *blackenesse* and *disuse*. Like *mist*, it spoyles the *burnish* of the *silver minde*. It casts the *Soule* into the *shade*, and fills it more with consideration of the *unhappinesse*, than thought of the *remedy*. Nay, it is so busied in the *mischiefe*, as there is neither roome, nor time for the wayes that should give us *release*. It does dissociate *Man*, and sends him with *Beasts*, to the lonelinessse of *unpathed Desarts*, which was by *Nature* made a *Creature* *companionable*. Nor is it the *minde* alone, that is thus mudded; but even the *body* is disfaired: it thickens the *complexion*, and dyes it into an *unpleasing swarthyneesse*.

thinnesse: the eye is dimme, in the discoloured face; and the whole man becomes as if stoned in stone & earth. But, above all, those *discontents* sting deepest, that are such as may not with safety be communicated: For, then the soule pines away, and starves, for want of counsell, that should feed and cherish it. Concealed sorrowes, are like the vapours, that being shut up, occasion *Earth-quakes*; as if the world were plagued with a fit of the *Collicke*. That man is truly miserable, that cannot but keepe his miseries; and yet must not unfold them. As in the body, whatsoever is taken in, that is distastfull, & continues there unvoyded, does daily *impostume*, and gather, till at last it kills, or at least *indangers* to extremity: so is it in the minde, *Sorrowes* entertain'd, and smother'd, doe collect still, and still habituate it so, that all good disposition gives way to a harsh morosity. Vexations, when they daily billow upon the minde, they froward even the sweetest soule, and from a dainty affabilitie, turne it into spleen and testinesse. It is good to doe with these, as *Iocasta* did with *Oedipus*, cast them out in their infancie, and lame them in their feet: or, for more safety kill them, to a not-reviving. Why should wee hug a poisoned Arrow so closely in our wounded bosomes? Neither griefes nor joyes, were ever ordained for secrecie. It is against Nature, that we should so long goe with child with our conceptions; especially when they are such, as are ever striving, to quit the ejecting wombe.

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*Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atq; cor aestuat intus,
Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.*

Untold griefes choake, cynder the Heart : and by
Restraint, their burning forces multiply.

I thinke, no man but would willingly tell them,
if eyther shame of the cause, or distrust of the friend,
did not bridle his expressions. Either of these in-
taile a mans mind to misery. Every sorrow is a short
convulsion; but he that makes it a close prisoner, is
like a Papist, that keepes Good Friday all the yeere;
hee is ever whipping, and inflicting penance on him-
selfe, when hee needs not. The sad man is an Hypo-
crite: for he seemes wise, and is not. As the eye fixt
upon one object, sees other things but by halves
and glancings: so, the soule intent on this accident,
cannot discern on other contingencies. Sad objects,
even for worldly things, I know are sometimes pro-
fitable: but yet, like willowes, if wee set them
deepe, or let them stand too long, they will grow
trees, and over-spread, when wee intended them but
for staves, to uphold. Sorrow is a dull passion, and
deads the activenesse of the minde. Mee thinkes
Crates shew'd a braver Spirit, when hee danc'd and
laugh'd in his threed-bare Cloake, and his wallet at
his backe, which was all his wealth: than Alexan-
der, when heewept, that hee had not such a huge
Beast, as the Empire of the world to governe. Hee
contemned, what this other did cry for. If I must
have sorrow, I will never be so in love with it, as to
keep it to my selfe alone: nor wil I ever so affect com-
pany, as to live where vexations shall daily salute me.

Of



XXXVII.

Of Natures recompensing wrongs.

THere be few *bodily imperfections*, but the *beautie of the minde* can cover, or *countervaille*, even to their *not-seeming*. For, that which is *unsightly* in the *body*, though it be our *misfortune*, yet it is not our *fault*. No man had ever power to *order Nature* in his *owne composure*: what we have there, is such as we could neither give our *selves*, nor refuse when it was *bequeathed* us: but, what we finde in the *Soule*, is either the *blurre of the Man*; or the *blössome* for which we praise him: because a *minde well qualifi- ed*, is oft beholding to the *industrie* of the *carefull Man*: and that againe which is mudded with a *vi- cious iniquation*, is so, by the *vilenesse* of a *wilfull selfe-neglect*. Hence, when our *soule* findes a *rare- nesse* in a *tuned soule*, we fixe so much on that, as we become *charitable* to the *disproportion'd Body*, which wee finde containing it: and many times, the *failes of the one*, are *foyles*, to set off the *other*, with the greater *grace* and *lustre*. The *minds excel- lencie* can *salve* the *reall blemishes* of the *bodie*. In a *man deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, wee use first to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *vertues*, that transcend them: which be as it were, *things set off* with more *glory*, by the *pitty* and defect of the *o- ther*. 'Tis fit the *mind* should be most magnified; which I suppose to be the reason, why *Poets* have ascribed

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ascribed more to *Cupid*, the *Sonne*, than to *Venus*, the *Mother*: because *Cupid* strikes the *minde*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* sayes, *Minerva* cur'd *Vlysses* of his wrinkles and balnesse; not that she tooke them away by *supplements*, or the *deceiving fucus*: but that hee was so applauded, for the acute-nesse of an ingenious *minde*, that men spared to object unto him his deformity: and if it shall chance to be remembred, it will bee allayed with the adjunct of the other's worth. It was said of *bald*, *hooke-nos'd*, *crooke-footed Galba*, only that his wit dwelt ill. *worth* then does us the best service, when it both hides the faults of *Nature*, and brings us into estimation. Wee often see blemished bodies, rare in mentall excellencies: which is an admirable instinct of nature, that being conscious of her owne defects, and not able to absterge them, she uses diversion, and drawes the consideration of the beholders, to those parts, wherein shee is more confident of her qualifications. I doe thinke; for worth in many men, we are more beholding to the defects of *Nature*, than their owne inclinary Love. And certainly, for converse among men, beautifull persons have lesse need of the mindes commending Qualities. Beauty in it selfe, is such a silent Orator, as ever is pleading for respect and liking: and by the eyes of others, is ever sending to their hearts for love. Yet, even this hath this inconvenience in it: that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the minde with Noblenesse. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the minde is ill. The modest sweetnesse of a Lillied face, makes men perswade the heart unto immodesty: Had not *Dinah* had

had so good a one, she had come home *unravished*.
Unlovely features have more liberty to be good with-
 all, because they are freer from *solicitations*. There
 is a kinde of *continuell Combate*, betweene *Vertue*,
 and *Proportions pleasingnesse*. Though it bee not a
Curse; yet 'tis many times an *unhappinesse* to bee
faire.

Lucretia's fate warns us to wish no *face*
 Like hers; *Virginia* would bequeath her grace
 To Lute-backt *Rutila*, in exchange: for still,
 The fairest Children doe their Parents fill
 With greatest care; so seldome *modestie*
 Is found to dwell with *Beautie*.——

—— *Vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem*
Ipsa habuit; cuperet Rutila Virginia gibbum
Accipere atq; suam Rutila dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregii miseros, trepidosq; parentes
Semper habet: rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitia.——

The words be *Juvenals*. Above all therefore, I ap-
 plaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is
 the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *soule* are
 met, in the *familiar robe* of *Comelinesse*: and hee is
 the more to be affected, because we may beleeve,
 he hath taken up his *goodnesse*, rather upon *love* to it,
 than upon *sinister ends*. They are *rightly vertuous*,
 that are so, without *incitation*: nor can it but ar-
 gue, *vertue* is then strong, when it lives *upright*,
 in the prease of *many Temptations*. And, as these
 are

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are the best in others eyes, so are they most composed in themselves. For heere Reason and the senses kisse; disporting themselves, with mutuall speculations: whereas those men, whose mindes and bodies differ, are like two that are married together, and love not: they have ever secret reluctations, and doe not part for any other reason, but because they cannot.



XXXVIII.

Of Truth, and bitternesse in jests.

IT is not good for a man to be too tart in his jests. Bitternesse is for serious Potions; nor for Healths of merriment, and the jollities of a mirthfull Feast. An offensive man is the Devils Bellows, wherewith hee blowes up contentions and jarres. But among all passages of this nature, I finde none more galling than an offensive Truth. For thereby we runne into two great errors. One is, wee childe that in a loose laughter, which should be grave, and favour both of love and pittie. So we rub him with a poyson'd oyle, which spreads the more, for being put in such a fleeting suppleness. The other is, wee descend to particulars, and by that meanes, draw the whole company to witnesse his disgrace we breake it on. The Souldier is not noble, that makes himself sport, with the wounds of his owne companion. Whosoever will jest, should be like him that flourishes at a Show: hee may turne his weapon any way, but not aime more

more at one, then at another. In this case, things like *Truth*, are better then *Truth it selfe*. Nor is it lesse ill then unsafe, to fling about this mormewood of the braine: some noses are too tender to endure the strength of the smell. And though there be many, like *tyled houses*, that can admit a falling sparke, unwarm'd: yet some againe, are cover'd with such light, dry *Straw*, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your *troubled eares*: and when the *house* is on fire, it is no disputing with how small a matter it came: it will quickly proceede to mischief. *Exitus Iræ, furor*: Anger is but a step from *Rage*, and that is wilde fire, which will not be extinguished. I know, *wise men* are not too nimble at an *injury*. For, as with fire, the *light stuffe*, and *rubbish*, kindles sooner then the *solid*, and more *compact*: so Anger sooner inflames a *Foole*, then a man composed in his *resolutions*. But we are not sure alwayes to meete *discreet ones*: nor can we hope it, while wee our selves are otherwise in giving the *occasion*. *Fooles* are the greater number: *Wise men* are like *Timber-trees* in a *wood*, here and there one: and though they bee most acceptable, to *men wise*, like themselves, yet have they never more need of *wisdome*, then when they converse with the *ringing elboes*: who, like *corrupt Ayre*, require many *Antidotes*, to keepe us from being infected: But when wee grow *bitter* to a *wise man*, wee are then *worst*: For, hee sees further into the *disgrace*, and is able to harne us more. *Laughter* should *dimple the cheeke*, not *furrow the brow* into *ruggednesse*. The *birth* is then *prodigious*, when

Mischiefe

Mischiefe is the child of *Mirth*. All should have liberty to laugh at a *jest*: but if it throwes a disgrace upon one, like the cracke of a *string*, it makes a *stop* in the *Musicke*. *Flouts* we may see proceed from an *inward contempt*; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a *generous mind* than *scorne*. *Nature* at first makes us all *equall*; wee are differenc'd but by *accident*, and *outwards*. And I thinke 'tis a *Jealousie*, that she hath infus'd in *Man*, for the maintaining of her owne *Honour* against externall *causes*. And though all have not wit to reject the *Arrow*: yet most have memory to retaine the *offence*; which they will be content to owe a while, that they may repay it, both with more *advantage*, and *ease*. 'Tis but an *unhappy wit*, that stirs up *Enemies* against the owner. A man may spit out his *friend* from his *tongue*; or laugh him into an *Enemy*. *Gall* in *mirth* is an *ill mixture*; & sometimes *truth* is *bitternesse*. I would wish any man to bee *pleasingly merry*: but let him beware, hee bring not *Truth* on the *stage*, like a *Wanton*, with an edged *weapon*.



XXXIX.

Of apprehension in wrongs.

WE make our selves more *injuries* then are offered us: they many times passe for *wrongs* in our owne *thoughts*, that were never meant so, by the *heart* of him that speaketh. The *apprehension of wrong*, hurts more, then the sharpest part of

of the *wrong* done. So, by falsly making of our selves *patients* of *wrong*, we become the true and first *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *discourtesie*, to dive into a mans *minde*, beyond his owne *Comment*: nor to stirre upon a doubtfull *indignitie*, without it: unlesse wee have *proofes*, that carry *weight* and *conviction* with them. *Words* doe sometimes fly from the *tongue*, that the *heart* did neither *hatch* nor *harbour*. While wee thinke to *revenge* an *injury*, we many times *beginne one*: and after that, repent our *miskonceptions*. In things that may have a *double sence*, 'tis good to thinke, the *better* was intended: so shall wee still both keepe our *friends*, and *quietnesse*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent*; yet is it sometimes better to *dissemble* it, then play the *waspe*, and strive to returne a *sting*. A *wise mans glory* is, in passing by an *offence*: and this was *Salomons Philosophie*. A *Foole* strooke *Cato* in the *Bath*; and when hee was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it: For, sayes *Seneca*, *Melius putavit non agnoscere, quàm ignoscere*. Hee would not come so neere *Revenge*, as to acknowledge that hee had beene *wronged*. *Light injuries* are made *none*, by a not-regarding; which, with a *pursuing revenge*, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a *generous spirit*, to returne a *punishment* for every *abuse*. Some are such, as they require nothing but *contempt* to kill them. The *cudgell* is not of use, when the *beast* but onely *barkes*. Though much *sufferance* bee a *stupiditie*; yet a little is of good esteeme. Wee heare of many that are disturbed with a *light offence*, and wee commend them for it: because,

because, that which we call *remedy*, slides into *disease*; and makes *that* live to *mischiefe* us, which else would *dye*, with giving life to *safety*. Yet, I know not what *selfe-partiality*, makes us thinke our selves behind hand, if wee offer not repayment in the *same coine* wee received it. Of which, if they may stand for *reasons*, I thinke, I may give you two. One is the *sudden apprehension of the minde*, which will endure any thing with more patience, then a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits* of the *ayre*, it conveyed a *stab* to the *atheriall soule*. Another is, because living among *many*, wee would justify our selves, to avoyd their *contempt*; and these being most such, as are not able to *judge*; wee rather satisfie them by *externall actions*, then relye upon a *judicious verdict*, which gives us in for nobler, by *contemning* it. Howsoever we may prize the revengefull man for *spirit*; yet without doubt, 'tis *Princely* to *disdaine a wrong*: who, when *Embassadours* have offered *undecencies*, use not to *chide*, but to deny them *audience*: as if *silence* were the way *Royall*, to reject a *wrong*. He enjoyes a *brave composednesse*, that seates himselfe, above the flight of the *injurious clam*. Nor does he by this shew his *weaknesse*, but his *wisedome*. For, *Qui leviter saviunt, sapiunt magis: The wisest rage the least*. I love the man that is *modestly valiant*: that stirres not till he must needs; and then to purpose. A *continued patience* I commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodnesse*. For though *God beares much*, yet hee will not beare *alwayes*.

when



X L.

When vice is most dangerous.

WHen *Vice* is got to the *midst*, it is hard to stay her, till shee comes to the *end*. Give a hot *Horse* his head at first, and hee will surely runne away with you. Who can stop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, till hee hath a little discharg'd his *passion*, either by *intemperate speech*, or *blowes*? in vaine we preach a *patience*, presently after the fence of the *losse*. What a stir it askes, to get a man from the *Taverne*, when hee is but *halfe drunke*! *Desire* is dispersed into every *veine*, that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiscible*. And this dyes not in the way, but by *discharge*, or *recesse*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worst. In the *beginning*, hee may forbear: in the *end*, hee will leave alone: in the *middest*, he cannot but goe on to worse; nor will he, in that heate, admit of any thing, that may teach him to desist. *Rage* is no *friend* to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not safe to offer even the *best advice*. Bee counfeld by the *Roman Ovid*:

Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede furori;

Difficiles aditus impetus omnis habet.

Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,

Pugnat, in adversas ire natator aquas.

When rage runnes swiftly, step aside and see
How hard th'approaches of fierce *Fury* bee.

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When *dangers* may be shun'd, I reckon him
Unwise, that yet against the streame will swim.

We are so blinded in the *heate of the Chase*, that we
beate back all *preservatives*: or make them meanes
to make our *vices* more. That I may keepe my
selfe from the *end*, I will ever leave off in the *begin-
ning*. Whatsoever *Precepts* strict *Stoicisme* would
give us, for the calming of *untemper'd passion*, 'tis
certaine, there is none like *running away*. *Prevention*
is the *best bridle*. I commend the *Policy* of *Satyrus*,
of whom *Aristotle* hath this Story; That being a
Pleader, and knowing himselfe *chollericke*, and in
that *whirre* of the *minde*, apt to rush upon foule
transgression, hee used to stop his eares with *waxe*,
lest the sense of ill *Language*, should cause his *fierce*
blood seethe in his *distended skinne*. It is in *Man* to
avoyd the *occasion*; but not the *inconvenience*, when
hee hath admitted it. Who can retyre in the *im-
petuous girds* of the *Soule*? Let a *Giant* knocke, while
the doore is shut, hee may with ease be still kept
out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a *limme*
of himselfe: then is there no course left, to keepe
out the intirer *bulke*.

XLI.

That all things are restrained.

I Cannot thinke of any *thing*, that hath not some
enemy, or some *Antagonist*, to restraine it, when
it

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it growes to *excesse*. The whole world is kept in order by *discord*, and every part of it, is but a more particular *composed iarre*. Not a *Man*, not a *beast*, not a *creature*, but have something to ballast their *lightnesse*. One *scale* is not alwaies in *depression*, nor the other lifted ever *high*, but the alternate wave of the *beame*, keepes it ever in the *play* of motion. From the *Pismire* on the *tufted hill*, to the *Monarch* in the *raised Throne*, nothing but hath somewhat to *awe* it. Wee are all here like *birds* that *Boyes* let flye in strings: when wee *mount* too *high*, wee have that which puls us *downe* againe. What man is it which lives so *happily*, which feares not something, that would sadden his *soule* if it fell? nor is there any whom *Calamity* doth so much *tristitiate*, as that he never sees the *flashes* of some warming joy. *Beasts* with *beasts* are terrified and delighted. *Man* with *Man* is *awed* and defended. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *upheld*. And in all these, it makes greatly for the *Makers* glory, that such an admirable *Harmony* should be produced out of such an *infinite discord*. The world is both a perpetuall *warre*, and a *wedding*. *Heraclitus* call'd *Discord* and *Concord* the universall *Parents*. And to raile on *Discord* (sayes the Father of the *Poets*) is to speake ill of *Nature*. As in *Musicke* sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet never one *long*, nor never all at *once*: So sometimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, sometime another; sometimes one *Element* is violent, now another; yet never was the whole world under one *long*, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Every

string has his *use*, and his *tune*, and his *turne*. When the *Affyrians* fell, the *Persians* rose. When the *Persians* fell, the *Gracians* rose. The losse of one *Man*, is the gaine of another. 'Tis *vicissitude* that maintaines the *world*. As in infinite *circles* about one *Centre*, there is the same *Method*, though not the same *measure*: So, in the smallest *creature* that is, there is an *Epitome* of a *Monarchy*, of a *World*, which hath in it selfe *Convulsions*, *Arescations*, *Enlargements*, *Erections*: which, like props keepe it *up-right*, which way soever it *leans*. Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of *Nature*, which yet hee doth not *relinquish*; but *dispose*. The *world* is composed of foure *Elements*, and those bee contraries. The yeere is quartered into different *seasons*. The body both consists, and is nourished by *contraries*. How divers, even in effect, are the *birds* and the *beasts* that *feede us*? and how divers againe are those things that *feede them*? how many severall qualities have the *plants* that they *browse* upon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd *sallad* doe they make? The *minde* too is a *mixture* of *disparities*: *Ioy*, *sorrow*, *hope*, *feare*, *hate*, and the like. Neither are those things *pleasing*, which flow to us, in the *smoothnesse* of a free *prostitution*. A gentle *resistance* heightens the desires of the *seeker*. A friendly *warre*, doth indulciate the insuing *cloze*. 'Tis *variety* that hits the *humours* of both sides. 'Tis the *imbecillity* of declining *Age*, that commits man prisoner to a *sedentary* settlednesse. That which is the vigor of his *life*, is, *ranging*, *Heate* and *cold*, *drinesse* and *moysture*, *quarrell* & *agree* within.

within him. In all which, he is but the great *worlds Breviary*. Why may we not thinke the *world* like a *Masquing Battell*, which *God* commanded to bee made for his owne content in viewing it? Wherein even a *dying Fly* may lecture out the *Worlds mortalitye*. Surely, wee deceive our selves, to thinke on *earth*, continued *joyes* would please. 'Tis a way that crosses that which *Nature* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be glutted with perpetual *Iollities*: were the *body* tyed to one *dish* alwaies, (though of the most exquisite *delicate*, that it could make choyse of) yet after a small time, it would complaine of *loathing* and *satiety*. And so would the *soule*, if it did ever *epicure* it selfe in *joy*. *Discontents* are sometimes the better part of our *life*. I know not well which is the more *usefull*; *joy* I may chuse for *pleasure*, but *adversities* are the best for *profit*. And sometimes these doe so farre help me, as I should without them, want much of the *joy* I have.



XLII.

Of Dissimulation.

Dissimulation in *Vice*, is like the *braine* in *Man*. All the *Sences* have recourse to that, yet is it much controverted, whether that at all be *sensitive*, or no: So, all *vices* fall into *dissimulation*, yet is it in a *dispute*, whether that in it selfe be a *vice*, or no. Sure, men would never act *Vice* so freely, if they thought not they could escape the *shame* on't by *dissembling*.

RESOLVES.

Vice hath such a loathed looke with her, that shee desires to be ever *masqued*. *Deceit* is a *dress*e that shee does continually weare. And howsoever the *worlds* corrupted *course* may make us sometimes use it; even this will *condemne* it, that it is not of use, but either when we doe ill our *selves*; or meet with ill from others. *Men* are divided about the question; some disclaime *all*, some admit too *much*, and some have hit the *Meane*. And surely, as the *world* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honest policy*. The *heart* is not so farre from the *tongue*, but that there may be a *reservation*; though not a *contradiction* betweene them. All *policy* is but *circumstantiall dissembling*; pretending one thing, intending another. Some will so farre allow it, as they admit of an absolute *recess*e from a word already passed, and say, that *Faith* is but a *Merchants*, or *Mechanicke* vertue. And so they make it higher, by making it a regall *vice*. There is an order that out-goeth *Machiavell*: or else he is *honest*er than his wont, where he confesses, *Vsus fraudis in ceteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis*. That fraud which in warre is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable. 'Tis certaine there is a prerogative in *Princes*, which may legitimate something in their *Negotiations*, which is not allowable in a private person. But even the grant of this *liberty*, hath encouraged them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Lewis* the eleventh of *France*, would wish his *Sonne* to learne no more *Latine*, than what should teach him to be a *dissembling Ruler*. The *plaine Heart* in *Court*, is but grow ne

growne a better word for a *Foole*. Great men have occasions both more, and of more weight, and such as require contrivings, that goe not the ordinary way; lest being traced, they be countermined, and fall to ruine. The ancient Romans did (I thinke) miscall it, *Industry*. And when it was against an enemy, or a bad man, they needs would have it commendable. And yet the Prisoner that got from Hannibal, by eluding his oath, was by the Senate (as Livie tels us) apprehended and sent backe againe. They practiz'd more than some of them taught; though in this deed, there was a greater cause of performance, because there was a voluntary trust reposed. Contrary to the opinion of Plato, that allowed a lye lawfull, either to save a Citizen, or deceive an enemy. There is a sort, that the Poet bids us coozen.

*Fallite fallentes, ex magna parte profanum
Sunt genus: in laqueos quos posuere, cadent.*

Coozen the Coozeners, commonly they be Profane: let their owne snare their ruine be.

But sure wee goe too farre, when our coozenage breeds their mischief. I know not well whether I may goe along with *Lipsius*; *Fraus triplex: prima levis, ut dissimulatio, & diffidentia; hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tollero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, & injustitia: istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyrs* distinction of good and bad: Good, as the Nurse with the child, or the

Vice hath such a loathed looke with her, that shee desires to be ever *masqued*. *Deceit* is a *dress* that shee does continually weare. And howsoever the *Worlds* corrupted course may make us sometimes use it; even this will *condemne* it, that it is not of use, but either when we doe ill our *selves*; or meet with ill from others. *Men* are divided about the question; some disclaime *all*, some admit too much, and some have hit the *Meane*. And surely, as the *world* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honest policy*. The heart is not so farre from the tongue, but that there may be a *reservation*; though not a *contradiction* betweene them. All *policy* is but *circumstantiall dissembling*; pretending one thing, intending another. Some will so farre allow it, as they admit of an absolute *recess* from a word already passed, and say, that *Faith* is but a *Merchants*, or *Mechanicke* vertue. And so they make it higher, by making it a regall *vice*. There is an order that out-goeth *Machiavell*: or else he is *honest*er than his wont, where he confesses, *Vsus fraudis in ceteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis*. That fraud which in warre is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable. 'Tis certaine there is a *prerogative* in *Princes*, which may *legitimate* something in their *Negotiations*, which is not allowable in a *private* person. But even the grant of this *liberty*, hath encouraged them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Lewis* the eleventh of *France*, would wish his *Sonne* to learne no more *Latine*, than what should teach him to be a *dissembling Ruler*. The *plaine Heart* in *Court*, is but grow ne

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Physician with his *Patient*, for his *healths* sake: *bad*, when tis any way author of *harme*. Certainly, the use of it any way is as great a *fault*, as an *imperfection*: and carries a kinde of *diffidence* of *God* along with it. I beleeve if *Man* had not *falne*, hee should never need have us'd it: and as he is now, I thinke no *Man* can live without it. The best way to *avoyd* it, is to *avoyd* much *businessse* and *Vice*. For if *men* defend not in some sort, as others offend; while you maintaine one *breach*, you leave another unmann'd; and for *Vice*, shee ever thinkes in this *darke*, to hide her abhorred *foulnessse*. If I must use it, it shall be onely so, as I will neyther by it, dishonour *Religion*, nor bee a cause of hurt to my *Neighbour*.



XLIII.

Of Censure.

TIs the *easiest* part to *censure*, or to *contradict* a *truth*. For *truth* is but one, and seeming *truths* are many: and few *workes* are performed without *errours*. No man can write fixe lines, but there may be something, one may *carpe* at, if hee be disposed to *cavill*. *Opinions* are as *various*, as *false*. *Judgement* is from every *tongue*, a *severall*. *Men* thinke by *censuring* to be *accounted* wise; but in my *conceit*, there is nothing layes forth more of the *Foole*. For this you may ever *observe*; they that know least, *censure* most. And this I beleeve to bee a *reason*, why
men

men of *precise lives*, are often *rash* in this *extravagancie*. Their *retyrednesse* keeps them ignorant, in the *course of businesse*; if they weighed the *imperfections* of *humanity*, they would breathe lesse *condemnation*. *Ignorance* gives *disparagement*, a lower tongue than *Knowledge* does. *wise men* had rather know than tell. Frequent *dispraises* are at best, but the *faults* of *uncharitable wit*. Any *Clowne* may see the *Furrow* is but *crooked*, but where is the *Man* that can *plow* me a *straight* one? The best *workes* are but a kind of *Miscellany*; the cleanest *Corne* will not be without some *soile*. No, not after often *winnowing*. There is a *tincture* of *corruption*, that dyes even all *Mortalitie*. I would wish men in *workes* of others, to *examine* two things before they *judge*. Whether it be more *good*, than *ill*: And whether they themselves could at first have perform'd it better. If it be most *good*, wee doe *amisse*, for some *errours* to *condemne* the *whole*. Who will cast away the whole *body* of the *Beast*, because it inheld both *guts*, and *ordure*? As man is not judged *good* or *bad*, for one *action*, or the fewest *number*; but as hee is most in *generall*: So, in *workes*, wee should weigh the *generality*, and according to that, *censure*. If it be rather *good* than *ill*, I thinke hee deserves some *praise*, for raising *Nature* above her ordinary *flight*. Nothing in this *world* can be framed so entirely *perfect*, but that it shall have in it, some *delinquencies*, to argue more were in the *comprisor*. If it were not so, it were not from *Nature*, but the immediate *Deity*. The next, if wee had never seene that *frame*, whether or no, wee thinke wee could have *mended* it.

it. To *espy* the *inconveniencies* of a house built, is *ea-*
sie, but to lay the *plot* at first, *well*; is matter of
 more *pate*, and speaks the *praise* of a good *Contriver*. The *crooked lines* helpe better to shew the
streight. *Iudgement* is more certaine by the *eye*, than
 in the *fancy*, surer in things *done*, than in those that
 are but in *cogitation*. If we finde our selves able to
 correct a *Coppy*, and not to produce an *Originall*,
 yet dare to *deprave*; we shew more *Criticisme*, than
Ability. Seeing wee should rather magnifie him,
 that hath gone beyond us; then *condemne* his *worth*
 for a few *failes*. *Selfe-examination* will make our
judgements charitable. 'Tis from where there is
 no *judgement*, that the heaviest *judgement* comes. If
 wee must needs *censure*, 'tis good to doe it as *Suetonius*
 writes of the twelve *Cæsars*; tell both their
vertues, and their *vices* unpartially: and leave the
 upshot to *collection* of the *private minde*. So shall
 we learne by hearing of the *faults*, to avoyd them:
 and by knowing the *vertues*, practize the like. O-
 therwise, wee should rather *praise* a man for a little
good, than brand him for his more of *ill*. Wee are
 full of *faults* by *Nature*, we are *good*, not without our
care and *industry*.



XLIV.

Of wisdom and Science.

Science by much is short of *wisdom*. Nay, so
 farre, as I thinke, you shall scarce finde a more
 Foole,

Foole, then sometimes a meeke *Scholler*. Hee will speake *Greeke* to an *Ostler*, and *Latine* familiarly, to women that understand it not. *Knowledge* is the treasure of the mind; But *Discretion* is the key: without which, it lies dead, in the dulnesse of a fruitlesse rest. The *practique* part of *Wisedome*, is the best. A native *ingenuity*, is beyond the watchings of industrious study. *Wisedome* is no *Inheritance*, no not to the greatest *Clerkes*. Men write, commonly more formally then they *practise*: and they *conuersing* onely among *bookes*, are put into *affectation*, and *pedantisme*. He that is built of the *Presse*, and the *Pen*, shall be sure to make himselte *ridiculous*. *Company* and *Conversation* are the best *Instructors* for a *Noble* behauour. And this is not found in a *melancholy* study alone. What is written is most from *Imagination*, and *Fancy*. And how ayery must they needs be, that are *Congeriated* wholly, on the fumes, perhaps, of *distempered braines*? For if they haue not *iudgement*, by their *Learning*, to amend their *conversations*, they may well want *iudgement* to chuse the worthiest *Authors*. I grant they know much: and I thinke any man may doe so, that hath but *memory*, and bestowes some time in a *Library*. There is a *flowing noblenesse*, that some men bee graced with, which farre out-shines the notions of a *timed Student*. And without the vaine *purles* of *Rhetorique*, some men speake more excellently, even from *Natures owne iudiciousnesse*, then can the *Scholler* by his quiddit of *Art*. How fond and untuneable are a *Fresh-mans* *bravles*, when wee meete them out of their *Colledge*? with many times a long recited *Sentence*,

tence, quite out of the way. Arguments about nothing; or at best, nicities. As one would be of Martins Religion, another of Luthers, and so quarrell about their Faith. How easie an invention may put false matters into true Syllogismes? So, I see how Seneca laught at them. *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus? in hoc barbam dimisimus? Disputationes istae, utinam tantum non prodesse, nocent. O most childish follies! is it for this wee knit our browes, and stroke our beards? would God these Dispositions onely did not profit us; but they are hurtfull. In discourse, give me a man that speakes reason, rather than Authors: rather sence, than a Syllogisme: rather his owne, than anothers. He that continually quotes others, argues a barrenesse in himselfe, which forces him, to be ever a borrowing. In the one, a man bewrayes judgement; in the other, Reading. And in my opinion, 'tis a greater commendation to say, hee is wise, than well read. So farre I will honour Knowledge, as to thinke, this art of the braine, when it meetes with able Nature in the minde, then onely makes a man compleat. Any Man shall speake the better, where hee knowes, what others have said. And sometimes the conscioussesse of his inward knowledge, gives a confidence to his outward behaviour: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his carriage.*

That

XLV.

That misapplication makes Passion ill.

I Reade it but of one that 'tis said, Hee was a *Man* after Gods own heart. And Him, among all others, I find extremely passionate, and very valiant. Who ever read such bitter Curses, as he prayes may light upon his Enemies? Let Death come hastily upon them: and let them goe quicks to Hell. Let them fall from one wickednesse to another. Let them bee wiped out of the Booke of Life. Let their prayer bee turned into sinne. Certainly, should such imprecations fall from a Moderne tongue, wee should censure them for want of charity: and I thinke we might doe it justly. For God hath not given us Commission to curse his enemies, as he did to David. The Gospell hath set Religion to a sweeter Tune. The Law was given with Thunder, striking Terror in the Hearers. The Gospell with Musicke, Voyces, and Angellike apparitions. The Law came in like warre, threatening ruine to the Land of Man. The Gospell like Peace, in the soft pleasures of uniting weddings. And this may satisfie for his rigour: But if wee looke upon him, in another trimme of the minde: how smooth hee is, and mollifying? how does his soule melt it selfe into his eyes, and his bowels flow, with the full streames of compassion? How fixt hee was to Jonathan? how like a weake and tender woman, hee laments his *Rebell Absalom*, and weepes oftner, then I thinke wee
reade

RESOLVES.

reade of any through the whole *Story* of the *Bible*?
 His *valour*, wee cannot doubt: It is so *eminent* in
 his *killing* of the *Beare* and *Lyon*: in his *Duell* with
 that huge *Polypheme* of the *Philistims*, and his many
 other *Martiall Acts* against them. So that there
 seemes to bee in him, the highest pitch of *contra-*
rying passions: and yet the man from *Gods owne*
Mouth, hath a testimony of a true *approvement*.
 When *passions* are directed to their right *end*, they
 may faile in their *manner*, but not in their *measure*.
 When the *subject* of our *hatred* is *Sinne*, it cannot
 be *too deepe*: When the *object* of our *Love* is *God*, it
 cannot bee *too high*. *Moderation* may become a
fault. To be but *warne*, when *God* commands us to
 be *hot*, is *sinfull*. We belye *Vertue* into the constant
 dulnesse of a *Mediocrity*. I shall never condemne
 the *nature* of those *men*, that are sometimes *violent*:
 but those that know not, when 'tis *fit* to be so. *Val-*
our is then best temper'd, when it can turne out of
 a sterne *Fortitude*, into the milde straines of *Pity*.
 'Tis written to the *honour* of *Tamberlaine*, that con-
 quering the *Muscovites* with expression of a *Prince-*
ly valour, hee falls from the joy of the *victory*, to a
lamentation of the many *casuall Miseries* they en-
 dure, that are tyed to follow the leading of *Ambitious*
Generals. And all this, from the sight of the *field*,
 covered with the *soulelesse man*. Some report of
Caesar, that hee *wept* when hee heard how *Pompey*
 dy'd. Though *Pitty* bee a downy *vertue*, yet shee
 never shines more *brightly* then when shee is clad
 in *steele*. A *Martiall man* *compassionate*, shall con-
 quer both in *Peace* and *Warre*: and by a twofold
 way,

way, get *Victory* with honour. Temperate men have their *passions* so ballanced within them, as they have none of either side in their height and purity. Therefore as they seldome fall into foule acts: so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excelling deeds of Noblenes. I observe in the generall, the most famed men of the world, have had in them both *Courage* and *Compassion*: and oftentimes wet eyes, as well as mounding hands. I would not rob *Temperance* of her royalty. *Fabius* may conquer by delaying, as well as *cæsar*, by expedition. As the casualties of the world are, *Temperance* is a vertue of singular worth: But without doubt, high *Spirits* directed right, will beare away the Bayes, for more glorious actions. These are best to raise *Commonwealths*: but the other are best to rule them after. This, best keepes in order, when the other hath stood the shooke of an innovation; of either, there is excellent use. As I will not over-value the moderate: so I will not too much dis-esteem the violent. An arrow aimed right, is not the worfe for being dranne home. That action is best done, which being good, is done with the vigor of the spirits. What makes zeale so commendable, but the fervency that it carrieth with it?

of
can hold against the cruel



X L V I.

Of the waste and change of Time.

I Look upon the lavish *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pitty* and *Admiration*, That those things men built for the *honour* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten up by the *steely teeth* of *Time*: or else, rest as *monuments*, but of their *Pride*, and *Luxurie*. Great works undertaken for ostentation, misse of their end, and turne to the Authors *shame*: if not; the *transitions* of *Time*, weare out their ingraven *names*, and they last not much longer than *Caligulaes Bridge* over the *Baia*. What is become of the *Mausoleum*, or the *Ship bestriding Colossus*? where is *Marcus Scaurus Theatre*, the *Bituminated wals* of *Babylon*? and how little rests of the *Egyptian Pyramides*? and of these how divers does report give in their *Builders*? some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pity the *toyles* of *Vertue*, when hee shall finde greater *honour* inscribed to loose *Phryne*, then to victorious *Alexander*? who when hee had razed the *walls* of *Thebes*, shee offer'd to re-edifie them, with condition this *Sentence* might but on them bee *inlitter'd*: *Alexander* pull'd them downe; but *Phryne* did rebuild them. From whence, some have jested it into a quarrell for fame, betwixt a *whore* and a *Thiefe*: Doubtlesse, no *Fortifications* can hold, against the cruell *devastations* of *Time*.

I could never yet finde any *estate*, exempted from this *Mutability*. Nay, those which wee would have thought had beene held up with the strongest *pillars of continuance*, have yet suffered the extremest *changes*. The houses of the *dead*, and the *urned bones*, have sometimes met with *rude hands*, that have scattered them. Who would have thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *Tombe*, that the *Turkes* should after *rifle* it, and weare his *bones* for *jewels*? *Change* is the great *Lord* of the *world*; *Time* is his *Agent*, that brings in all things, to suffer his *unstaied Dominion*.

— Ille tot Regum parens,
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flamma indiget,
Ardente Troja. —

— He that had a *Prince* each sonne,
Now finds no *grave*, and *Troy* in flames,
He wants his *Funerall* one.

We are so far from *leaving* any thing certaine to *posterity*, that we cannot bee sure to *injoy* what wee have, while wee live. Wee live sometimes to see more *changes* in our selves, than wee could expect could happen to our *lasting off-spring*: As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate* the *Poet* asks.

Divitis audita est cui non opulencia Cræsi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit.
Ille, Syracusia modo formidatus in urbe,
Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.

RESOLVES.

Who has not heard of *Cæsus* heapes of Gold,
 Yet knowes his *Foe* did him a prisoner hold ?
 He that once aw'd *Sicilias* proud extent,
 By a poore *Art*, could *Famine* scarce prevent,

We all put into the *world*, as men put money into a *Lottery*. Some lose all, and get nothing: Some with nothing, get infinite prize; which perhaps venturing againe, with hope of increase, they lose with griefe, that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that wee can confidently call our owne: or that wee can surely say, wee shall either doe, or avoid. Wee have no power over the present: Much lesse over the future, when we shall be absent, or dissolved. And indeed, if wee consider the *world* right, wee shall finde some reason, for these continuall *Mutations*. If every one had power, to transmit the certaine possession of all his acquisitions, to his owne *Succeeders*, there would bee nothing left, for the *Noble deeds* of new aspirers to purchase: Which would quickly betray the *world*, to an incommunicable dulnesse: and utterly discourage the generous designs of the stirring, and more elementary spirit. As things now are, every man thinkes something may fall to his share: and since it must crowne some indeavours, hee imagines, why not his? Thus by the various treads of *Men*, every action comes to be done, which is requisite for the *Worlds* maintaining. But since nothing heere below is certaine, I will never purchase any thing, with too-great a hazzard. 'Tis *Ambition*, not *wisdome*, that makes *Princes* hazzard their whole estates for an honour meere-

meerely *titular*. If I find that *lost*, which I thought to have *kept*; I will comfort my selfe with this, that I knew the *world* was changeable; and that as God can take away a *lesse good*: so he can, if hee please, conferre me a *greater*.



XLVII.

Of Death.

There is no *Spectacle* more profitable, or more terrible, than the sight of a *dying man*, when he lies expiring his *Soule* on his *death-bed*: to see how the ancient society of the *body* and the *soule* is divelled; and yet to see, how they struggle at the *parting*: being in some doubt what shall *become* of them *after*. The *spirits* shrink inward, and retire to the anguished heart: as if, like *Sons* prest from an *indulgent Father*, they would come for a sad *Vale*, from that which was their *lives maintainer*: while that in the meane time pants with affrighting pangs; and the *hands* and *feet*, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *fashionable clay*: as if *Death* crept in at the *nayles*, and by an *insensible surprize*, suffocated the *inviros'd heart*. To see how the *mind* would faine utter it selfe, when the *Organes* of the *voyce* are so debilitated, that it cannot. To see how the *eye* settles to a fixed *dimnesse*, which a little before, was swift as the *shootes of Lightning*, nimbler than the *thought*, and bright as the *polisht Diamond*: and in which, this *Miracle* was more eminent than in any of the other

parts, That it, being a *materiall earthly body*, should yet be conveyed with *quicker motion*, than the revolutions of an *indefinite soule*. So suddenly bringing the *object to conceits*, that one would thinke, the *apprehension of the heart* were seated in the eye it selfe. To see all his *friends*, like *Conduits*, dropping *teares* about him; while hee neither knowes his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, even the *Physician*, whose whole *life* is nothing but a *study and practice* to continue the *lives of others*: and who is the *Anatomist* of generall *Nature*, is now as one that gazes at a *Comet*, which he can reach with nothing, but his eye alone. To see the *Countenance*, (through which perhaps there shin'd a *lovely majesty*, even to the captiving of *admiring soules*) now altered to a frightfull *palenesse*, and the terrors of a *gastly looke*. To thinke, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdome*, and kept all in awe, with the mooving of a *spongie tongue*, is now become a thing so full of *horroure*, that *children* feare to see it: and must now therefore bee transmitted from all these *enchancing blandishments*, to the darke and hideous *Grave*: Where, in stead of shaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lies imprison'd but in five foot of *Lead*: and is become a *nest of wormes*, a *lumpe of filth*, a *boxe of pallid putrefaction*. There is even the difference of two severall *Worlds*, betwixt a *King* enamel'd with his *Robes* and *Jewels*, sitting in his *Chaire* of adored *State*, and his condition in his *bed of Earth*, which hath made him but a *Case of Crawlers*: and yet all this change, without the losse of any *visible substantiall*:

Since

Since all the *limbes* remaine as they were, without the least signe, either of *dislocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I thinke, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to bee the *Cessation of the Soules functions*: as if it were rather a *restraint*, than a *missive ill*. And if any thing at all bee wanting, 'tis onely colour, motion, heate, and empty ayre. Though indeed, if wee consider this *dissolution*, man by death is absolutely divided and disman'd. That grosse object which is left to the spectators eyes; is now onely a compolure but of the two baser Elements, water, and Earth: that now it is these two only, that seeme to make the body, while the two purer, Fire and Ayre, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an *elementall* and *ascentive Soule*. When thou shalt see also these things happen to one whose conversation had indeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the body put on Deaths sad and ashy countenance, in the dead age of night; when silent darknesse does incompass the dimme light of thy glimering Taper, and thou hearest a *solemne Bell* toled, to tell the world of it; which now, as it were, with this sound, is struck into a *dumb attention*: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to pleasure, and the fugitive toys of life? O what a bubble, what a puffle, what but a winke of life is man! And with what a generall swallow, Death still gapes upon the generall world! When *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What Death was: Hee answered in these severall truths: It is a sleepe eternall; the Bodies dissolution; the rich mans feare; the poore mans wish; an event inevitable; an uncertaine

Journey; a Thiefe that steales away man; Sleepes father; Lifes flight; the departure of the living; and the resolution of all. Who may not from such sights and thoughts as these, learne, if hee will, both humility and lofrinesse? the one, to vilifie the Body, which must once perish in a stenchfull nastinesse; the other to advance the Soule, which lives here but for a higher, and more heavenly ascension? As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the flesh, which I must one day yeeld to the wormes: So I would ever bee studious for such actions, as may appeare the issues of a noble and diviner Soule.



XLVIII.

Of Idlenesse.

THe Idle man is the barrenest piece of Earth in the Orbe. There is no Creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venomous and most ravenous things that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances: and they are ever ingaged in some action, which both profiteth the world, and continues them in their Natures courses. Even the Vegetables, wherein calme Nature dwells, have their turnes and times in fructifying: they leafe, they floure, they seed. Nay, Creatures quite in-animate, are (some) the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerefull face the Golden Sun chariots through the rounding Skie? How perpetuall
is

is the *Maiden Moone*, in her just and horn'd *mutati-
ons*? The *Fire*, how restlesse in his quicke and
catching *flames*? in the *Ayre*, what *transitions*? and
how fluctuous are the *salted waves*? Nor is the *tee-
ming Earth* wearie, after so many thousand yeeres
productions. All which may tutor the *couch-stretched
man*, and raise the *modest red* to shewing thorow
his *un-washt face*. *Idlenesse* is the most corrupting *Fly*,
that can blow in any *humane minde*. That *Ignor-
rance* is the most miserable, which knowes not
what to doe. The *Idle man* is like the *dumbe Iacke* in
a *Virginall*: while all the other dance out a winning
Musicke, this, like a *member out of joynt*, fullens the
whole *Body*, with an ill disturbing *lazinesse*. I doe
not wonder to see some of our *Gentrie* growne
(well-neere) the *lewdest men* of our *Land*: since
they are, most of them, so muffled in a *non-employ-
ment*. 'Tis *action* that does keepe the *Soule* both
sweet and sound: while *lying still* does rot it to an or-
dur'd noysomeneesse. *Augustine* imputes *Esau's* losse
of the *blessing*, partly to his *slothfulnesse*, that had ra-
ther receive *meate*, than seeke it. Surely, *exercise* is
the *fattning food* of the *Soule*, without which, she
growes *lanke*, and *thinly-parted*. That the *Fol-
lowers of Great men* are so much debauched, I be-
leeve to be *want of employment*: For the *soule*, im-
patient of an *absolute recesso*, for want of the whol-
some food of *businessse*, preyes upon the *lewder acti-
ons*. 'Tis true, *men* learne to doe ill, by doing what
is next it, *nothing*. I beleeve, *salomon* meant the
Field of the Sluggard, as well for the *Embleme of his
minde*, as the certaine *Index of his outward state*. As

the one is over-growne with *Thornes* and *Bryers*, so is the other with *vices* and *enormities*. If any wonder how *Egistus* grew adulterate, the exit of the Verse will tell him, ——— *Desidiosus erat*. When one would bragge the *blessings* of the *Romane State*, that since *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* subjected, they might now bee happy, as having nothing to feare: Sayes the best *Scipio*, *We now are most in danger: for while wee want businesse, and have no Eoe to awe us, wee are ready to drowne in the mud of Vice and slothfulnesse*. How bright does the *Soule* grow with *use* and *negotiation*! With what proportioned *sweetnesse* does that *Familie* flourish, where but one *laborious Guide* steereth in an order'd *Course*! When *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten some *coyne*, he shewes it his *Companions*, and tels them, that he now, if he will, can nourish another *Cleanthes*. Beleeve it, *Industry* is never wholly unfruitfull. If it bring not joy with the *incomming profit*, it will yet banish *mischiefe* from thy *busied gates*. There is a kinde of good *Angell* waiting upon *diligence*, that ever carries a *Laurell* in his hand, to crowne her. *Fortune*, they said of old, should not bee pray'd unto, but with hands in *motion*. The *bosom'd fist* beckens the *approach of poverty*, and leaves besides, the *noble head* ungarded: but the *lifted arme* does frighten want, and is ever a *shield* to that *noble director*. How unworthy was that *man of the world*, that nere did ought, but onely liv'd, and dy'd? Though *Epaminondas* was severe, hee was yet exemplary, when he found a *Souldier* sleeping in his *Watch*, and ranne him thorow with his

Sword;

Sword; as if he would bring the two brothers, *Death*
 and *Sleepe*, to a meeting: and when he was blam'd
 for that, as *cruelty*, he sayes, hee did but leave him
 as hee found him, *dead*. It is none of the meanest
 happinesse, to have a *mind* that loves a *vertuous ex-*
ercise: 'Tis daily rising to *blesse*dnesse and *contenta-*
tion. They are *idle Divines*, that are not *heav'n*ed in
 their *lives*, above the *unstudious* man. Every one
 shall smell of that hee is buied in: as those that
 stir among *perfumes* and *spices*, shall, when they are
 gone, have still a gratefull *odour* with them: so they
 that turne the *leaves* of the *worthy writer*, cannot
 but retaine a *smack* of their *long-lyv'd Author*. They
 converse with *Vertues Soule*, which hee that writ,
 did spread upon his *lasting Paper*. Every good line
 addes sinew to the *vertuous minde*: and withall,
 hells that *vice*, which would be *springing* in it. That
 I have liberty to doe any thing, I account it from
 the favouring *Heavens*. That I have a minde some-
 times inclining to use that *liberty* well; I thinke, I
 may, without *ostentation*, bee thankesfull for it, as
 a *bounty* of the *Deity*. Sure, I should be *miserable*,
 if I did not love this *businesse* in my *vacantie*. I am
 glad of that *leasure*, which gives me leasure to im-
 ploy my selfe. If I should not grow better for it, yet
 this benefit, I am sure, would accrue me, I should
 both keepe my selfe from *worse*, and not have time
 to entertaine the *Devill* in. A . . . way to
 . . . because there is a necessity to the
 . . . as they say: and as they say: in the
 . . . while their continuance in that way is but the
 . . . the present way, which now againe
 . . .

RESOLVES.

XLIX.

That all things have a like progression and fall.

There is the same *method* thorow all the *world* in generall. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they stay the least of time; then they *decline* as they rose: onely *mischiefe* beeing more importunate, ruines at once, what *Nature* hath been long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* sung the *fall*.

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo,

Et subito casu, quæ voluere, nunt.

All that *man* holds, hangs but by slender twine,
By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

Man may be kil'd in an instant; he cannot be made to live, but by space of time in *conception*. We are curdled to the fashion of a life, by *time*, and set *successions*; when all againe is *lost*, and in the moment of a minute, *gone*. *Plants, Fishes, Beasts, Birds, Men*, all grow up by *leisurely progressions*: So *Families, Provinces, States, Kingdomes, Empires*, have the same way of rise by steps. About the *height* they must stay a while, because there is a neereneesse to the middle on both sides, as they *rise*, and as they *fall*: otherwise, their continuance in that *top*, is but the very point of *time*, the present *now*, which *now* againe is

is gone. Then they at best descend, but for the most part tumble. And that which is true in the *smallest particulars*, is, by taking a *larger view*, the same in the *distended Bulke*. There were first, *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Common-wealths*, then *Kingdomes*, *Monarchs*, *Empires*: which wee finde, have beene the height of all worldly dignities: And as we finde those *Monarchies* did rise by degrees; so wee finde they have slid againe to decay. There was the *Assyrian*, the *Persian*, the *Grecian*, the *Roman*. And sure, the height of the *Worlds Glory*, was in the dayes of the *Romane Empire*; and the height of that *Empire*, in the dayes of *Augustus*. Peace then gently breathed thorow the *Univerfall*: *Learning* was then in her fullest flourish: no *Age*, either before or since, could present us with so many *towering Ingenuities*. And then, when the whole *World* was most like unto *God*, in the sway of one *Monarch*: when they saluted him by the Title of *Augustus*, and they then, like *God*, began in rule to bee called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the fulnesse of time, wherein *G O D*, the *Saviour of the world*, vouchsafed by taking *Humane nature* upon him, to descend in the *World*. And surely, the consideration of such things as these, are not unworthy our *thoughts*: Though our *Faith* bee not bred, yet is it much confirmed, by observing such like circumstances. But then may wee thinke, how small a time this *Empire* continued in this flourish. Even the next *Emperour*, *Tiberius*, beganne to degenerate; *Caligula* more: *Nero* yet more than hee: till it grew to bee embroyled and dismembred, to

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an absolute division. Since, how has the *Turkes* seized one in the *East*; and the other in the *West*? how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britaine*, *Spaine*? Some have also observed the *Site* of these *Empires*, how the first was neereſt the *East*, the next, a *Degree* further off; and ſo on in diſtant removals, following the courſe of the *Sun*: as if beginning in the *Morning* of the *World*, they would make a larger day, by declining toward the *weſt*, where the *Sunne* goes downe, after his riſing in the *East*. This may ſtand to the *Southerne* and *weſterne Inhabitants* of the *world*; but I know not how to the *Northerne*: for elſe how can that bee ſaid to riſe any where, which reſteth no where, but is perpetuall in the ſpeeke of a circular motion? For the time, it was when the *VVorld* was within a very little, aged 4000. yeeres; which, I beleeve, was much about the *middle Age* of the *VVorld*: though ſeeing there are promiſes that the *latter dayes* ſhall bee ſhortned, wee cannot expect the like extent of time after it, which wee find did goe before it. Nor can we thinke, but that decay, which haſtens in the ruine of all leſſer things, will likewise bee more ſpeedy in this. If all things in the *VVorld* decline faſter by farre, then they do aſcend; why ſhould we not beleeve the *world* to doe ſo too? I know not what certain grounds they have, that dare aſſume to foretel the particular time of the *worlds conflagration*. But ſurely in *reaſon*, and *Nature*, the end cannot bee mightily diſtant. We have ſeene the *Infancie*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all paſt: Nay, wee have ſeene it well ſtept in-

to yeeres, and declination, the most infallible premonitors of a dissolution. Some could beleve it within lesse than this nine and twenty yeers, because as the Flood destroyed the former world, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the first destroying Adam; so the latter world shall be consumed by fire, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the second saving Adam; which is Christ. But I dare not fixe a certainty, where God hath left the world in ignorance. The exact knowledge of all things is in God only. But surely, by collections from Nature and Reason, Man may much helpe himselfe, in likelihood and probabilities. Why hath Man an arguing and premeditating Soule, if not to thinke on the course and causes of things; thereby to magnifie his Creator in them? I will often muse in such like Theames: for, besides the pleasure I shall meet, in knowing further; I shall finde my Soule, by admiration of these wonders, to love both Reason, and the Deity better. As our admiring of things evill, guides us to a secret hate and decession: so, whatsoever we applaud for goodnesse, cannot but cause some raise in our affections.



Of Detraction.

IN some unlucky dispositions, there is such an envious kinde of Pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should bee set forth for excellent:

excellent : so when they heare one *justly praised*; they will either seeke to dismount his *Vertues*; or if they be like a *cleere light*, eminent; they will stab him with a *But of detraction*: as if there were something yet so foule, as did *obnubilate* even his *brightest glory*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot justly *condemne* him, they will leave him in suspected ill, by *silence*. Surely if wee considered *detraction*, to be bred of *envie*, *nestled* onely in *deficient minds*; we should finde, that the applauding of *vertue*, would winne us farre more *honour*, than the seeking slyly to *disparage* it. That would shew we lov'd what wee *commended*, while this tels the *world*, wee grudge at what we want in our selves. Why may we not thinke the *Poet* meant them for *Detractors*, which sprung of the *teeth of Cadmus poysoned Serpent*? I am sure their *ends* may parallell; for they usually murder one another in their *fame*: and where they finde not *spots*, they devise them. It is the *basest Office* Man can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *whipper* of the *worthy man*. If wee doe know *vices* in men, I thinke wee can scarce shew our selves in a *Nobler Vertue*, than in the *charity* of concealing them: so it bee not a *flattery*, perswading to *continuance*. And if it bee in *absence*, even sometime that which is *true*, is most unbeseeming the report of a *Man*. Who will not *condemne* him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *society*, that tells the *private fault* of his friend, to the *publike* and *depraving world*? When *two friends* part, they should locke up one anothers *secrets*, and enterchange their *keyes*. The *honest man* will rather be a *grave* to his neighbours *failes*,

failes, than any way *uncurtaine* them. I care not for his *humour*, that loves to clippe the wings of a *lofty fame*. The Counsell in the *satyre* I doe well approve of.

— *Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendet alio culpante, solutos.
Qui captat risus hominum, famamq; dicacis,
Fingere qui non vis a potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.*

— Who bites his absent Friend,
Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along
With mens loose laughter, and each praters tongue,
That feines what was not, and diseloaks a soule;
Beware him, *Noble Romane*, hee is foule.

And for the most part, he is as dangerous, in another vice as this. Hee that can detract unworthily, when thou canst not answer him, can flatter thee as unworthily, when thou canst not chuse but heare him. 'Tis usuall with him to smooth it in the Chamber, that keepe a rayling tongue for the Hall. And besides all this, it implyes a kinde of cowardice: for who will judge him otherwise, that but then unbuttons his tumour'd brest, when hee findes none to oppose the bignesse of his loakes and tongue? The valiant mans tongue, though it never boasteth vainely, yet is ever the greatest Coward in absence: but the Coward is never valiant but then: and then too, 'tis without his heart, or spirit. There is nothing argues Nature more degenerate, then her se-

cret repining at anothers *transcendency*. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this *folly*, that by this *act*, shee is able lesse to *discerne*. Hee that *pretending vertue*, is busie in the *staines* of men, is like to him that seekes *lost gold* in *ashes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which hee better might have found with *stillnesse*. To *over-commend* a man, I know is not good : but the *Detraктор* wounds *three*, with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed 'tis hard to speake a *man* true, as he is : but howsoever, I would not deprave the fame of the *absent* : 'Tis then a time for *praises*, rather than for *reprehension*. Let *prayse* be voyced to the *spreading Ayre*; but *chidings* whisper'd in the *kissed eare* : Which action teaches us, even while we *chide*, to *love*. If there be *Vertues*, and I am call'd to speake of him that owne them, I will tell them foorth *unpartially*. If there bee *vices* mixt with those, I will be content the *world* shall know them by some *other tongue* than *mine*.



L I.

Against Compulsion.

AS nothing prevails more than *Courtesie* : so *compulsion* often is the way to *lose*. Too much *importunity*, does but teach men how to *deny*. The more wee desire to *gaine*, the more doe others desire that they may not *lose*. *Nature* is ever *jealous* of her owne *supremacie* : and when shee sees that o-
thers

thers would *undertread* it, she calls in all her powers, for *resistance*. Certainly, they worke by a wrong *Engine*, that seeke to gaine their ends by *constraint*. Crosse two *Lovers*, and you knit but their affection stronger. You may *stroake* the *Lyon* into a *bondage*: but you shall sooner *hew him to pieces*, than *beate* him into a *chaine*. The *Foxe* may *praise* the *Crowes* meate from her *Bill*: but cannot with his *swiftnesse* over-take her *wing*. *Easie nature*, and *free liberty*, will steale a man into a *winy excesse*: when *urged healths* doe but shew him the way to *refuse*. The *noblest weapon* wherewith *Man* can conquer, is *Love*, and *gentlest courtesie*. How many have lost their *hopes*, while they have fought to *ra-vish* with too rude a hand? *Nature* is more apt to bee led by the soft motions of the *musicall tongue*, than the rusticke threshings of a *striking arme*. *Love of life*, and *Iollities*, will draw a man to more, than the feare of *death*, and *torments*. No doubt, *Nature* meant *Cesar* for a *Conquerour*, when shee gave him both such *courage*, and such *courtesie*; both which put *Marius* into a *maze*. They which durst speake to him, (hee said) were ignorant of his *greatnesse*; and they which durst not, were so of his *goodnesse*. They are men the best composed, that can bee *resolute*, and *remisse*. For, as fearefull *Natures* are wrought upon, by the sternenesse of a *rough comportment*: so the *valiant* are not gain'd on, but by *gentle affabilitie*, and a shew of *pleasing liberty*. Little *Fishes* are twitched up with the violence of a *sudden pull*; when the like action crackes the *line*, whereon a *great one* hangs.

I have knowne *denials*, that had never been given,
 but for the *earnestnesse* of the *requester*. They teach
 the *petitioned* to be *suspicious*; and *suspition* teaches
 him to *hold* and *fortifie*. Hee that comes with *You*
must have me, is like to prove but a *fruitlesse wooer*.
 Urge a *grant* to some men, and they are *inexorable*;
seeme carelesse, and they will force the thing upon
 you. *Augustus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giving
 him a *second life*, whereas his *death* could at best
 but have remov'd an *Enemy*. Heare but his *exiled*
Poet.

Electitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:

Franges, si vires experiere tuas.

Obsequio tranantur aqua, nec vincere possis.

Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda notes.

Obsequium Tygres que domat, tumidosq; Leones:

Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.

The *Trees* crookt branches, gently bent, grow *right*,
 When as the hands full vigor breaks them quite.
 He safely swimmes, that waves along the *Flood*,
 While crossing streames is neither safe nor good.
Tygers and *Lions*, mildnesse keepes in awe:
 And, gently us'd *Buls* yoakt, in *Ploughs* will draw.

Certainely, the *faire way* is the best, though it bee
 something the further about. 'Tis lesse ill for a
Journey to be long, than *dangerous*. To vex other
 men, I will thinke, is but to tutor them, how they
 should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase
 ought unequally: What is got against *reason*, is for
 the

the most part wonne, by the meeting of a *Foole* and *Knave*. If ought bee sought with *reason*, that may come with *kindnesse*; for then *Reason* in their owne *bosomes*, will become a *pleader* for mee: but I will bee content to lose a little, rather than bee drawne to obtaine by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazzard* wee avoid, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a *slender losse*. *Constraint* is for *extremities*, when all wayes else shall faile. But in the *generall*, *Fairenesse* has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the *desire*; yet this does the like, and purchaseth *love*; when that, only leaves a *loathsome hate* behind it.



LII.

Of Dreames.

Dreames are notable *meanes* of discovering our *Downe inclinations*. The *wise man* learnes to know himselfe as well by the *nights blaeke mantle*; as the *searching beames* of *day*. In *sleepe*, wee have the *naked* and *naturall* thoughts of our *soules*: *outward objects* interpose not, either to *shuffle* in *occassional cogitations*, or *hale out* the *included fancy*. The *minde* is then shut up in the *Burrough* of the *body*; none of the *Cinqueports* of the *Ile of Man*, are then open to in-let any *strange disturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or rise to *Vertue*, wee may by *observation* find in our *dreams*. It was the *wise Zeno*, that said, he could *collect* a man by his *dreames*.

For then, the soule staid in a deepe repose, bewrayed her true affections: which in the busie day, shee would eyther not shew, or not note. It was a custome among the Indians, when their Kings went to their sleepe, to pray with piping exclamations, that they might have happy Dreames; and withall consult well for their Subjects benefit: as if the night had beene a time, wherein they might grow good, and wise. And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping; if hee can order well in the day, what the eye-lesse night presenteth him. Every dreame is not to bee counted of: nor yet are all to bee cast away with contempt. I would neither bee a Stoicke, superstitious in all; nor yet an Epicure, considerate of none. If the Physician may by them judge of the disease of the body, I see not, but the Divine may doe so, concerning the soule. I doubt not but the Genius of the Soule is waking, and motive even in the fastest clasures, of the imprisoning eye lids. But to preface from these thoughts of sleepe, is a wisdom that I woud not reach to. The best use we can make of Dreames, is observation: and by that, our owne correction, or encouragement. For 'tis not doubtable, but that the mind is working, in the duldest depth of sleepe. I am confirmed by Claudian,

Omnia quae sensu voluntur vota diurno,

Tempore nocturno, reddit amica quies.

Venator, defessat ora cum membra reponit,

Imperat, et somnus adhaesit, loquax in ista redit,

Indicibus

Iudicibus lites, auriga somnia currus,

Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.

Purto gaudet amans; permutat navita Merces:

Et vigil elapsas querit avarus opes.

Blandaue largitur frustra sitientibus agris,

Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.

Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,

Artibus assiduus, sollicitare solet.

Day thoughts, transwinged frō th' industrious brest,
All scene re-acted in the nights dumberest.

When the tyr'd Huntsman, his repose begins,
Then flies his mind to woods, and wild beasts Dens.

Judges dreame cases: Champions seeme to run,
With their night coursers, the vain bounds to run.

Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffique minds.
The Miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.

And to the thirsty sicke, some potion cold,
Stiffe flattering sleepe, inanely seemes to hold,

Yea, and in th' age of silent rest, even I
Troubled with Arts deepe musings, nightly lye

Dreames doe sometimes call us to a recognition
of our inclinations, which print the deeper in so
disturbed times. I could wish men to give them their
consideration, but not to allow them their trust,
though sometimes tis easie to picke out a profita-
ble Morall. Antiquity had them in much more re-
verence, and did oft account them propheties, as is
easily found in the sacred volume: and among the
Heathen, nothing was more frequent. Astyages had
two, of his daughter Mandana, the Vine, and her

urine. Calphurnia of her Caesar; Hecuba of Paris; and almost every Prince among them, had his fate shewed in interpreted Dreames. Galen tels of one, that dream'd his thigh was turn'd to stone, when soone after it was strook with a dead Palsie. The aptnesse of the humours to the like effects, might suggest something to the mind, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to preserve health, or amend the life, dreames may, to a wise observer, be of speciall benefit. I would neither depend upon any, to incurte a prejudice, nor yet cast them all away, in a prodigall neglect and scorne. I finde it of one that having long been troubled with the paining spleene: that hee dream't, if he opened a certaine veine, between two of his fingers, he should be cured: which he awaked, did, and mended. But, indeed I would rather beleeeve this, then be drawne to practice after it. These plaine predictions are more rare Foretellings, used to bee lapp'd in more obscure foldes: and now that Art lost, Christianity hath settled us to lesse inquisition; 'tis for a Romane Soothsayer to reade those darker spirits of the night, and tell that still Dictator, his Dreame of copulation with his mother, signified his subjecting of the world to himselfe. 'Tis now so out of use, that I thinke it not to bee recovered. And were it not for the power of the Gospel, in crying downe the vaines of men, it would appeare a wonder, how a Science so pleasing to humanity, should fall so quite to ruine.

LIII.

Of Bounty.

There is such a *Royalty* in the *minde*, as betrays a man to *basenesse*, and to *poverty*. Excesses, for the most part, have but ill *conclusions*. There is a *dunghill mischiefe*, that awaites even the man of the *bounteous soule*: and they that had store of a *native goodnesse*, grow at last to the *practice* of the foulest *villanies*. They are free as the *descending raine*, and powre a plenty on the *generall world*. This *Munificence* consumes them, and brings them to the *miseries* of an *emptied Minde*. Yet in this *fall* of their *melted demeanes*, they grow *ashamed* to be *publikely seene* come short of their wonted *revelling*. So, rather than the world shall see an *alteration*, they leave no *lewdnesse* privately *unpractized*. 'Tis a noted truth of *Tacitus*, *Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supply'd by wickednesse*. *Erarium ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplendum erit*. 'Tis pitty, that which beares the name of *Noble*, should bee parent of such hated *vilenesse*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practice*, rather than let her port decline? *Vaine glory* ends in *lewdnesse*, and *contempt*. The *lavish minde* loves any *indirection* better than to *flag in state*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *soule*, to *strow about the wealth*, and *meanes*: and to *feede* that *dispersive humour*, all wayes shall bee trodden, though they never so much *unworthy* the man.

Surely, wee nick-name this same *flouding man*, when wee call him by the name of *Brave*. His striving to bee like a *God in bounty*, throwes him to the *lowest estate of Man*. 'Tis for none but him that has *all*, to give to *all abundantly*. Where the carrying *streame* is greater, than the bringing one, the *bottome* will bee quickly *waterlesse*; and then what *commendation* is it, to say there is a *plenty* wasted? He has the best *Fame*, that keepes his *estate* unniggardly: The others *fluxe*, is meerely out of *weakenesse*. Hee over-values the *drunken* and *reeling* love of the *vulgar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of *himselfe*, and his *Family*. Hee feares he is not *lov'd*, unlesse that he be *loose* and *scattering*. They are *fooles* that thinke their *minde*s ill woven, unlesse they have *allowance* from the *popular stampe*. The *wise man* is his owne both *world* and *Iudge*; hee gives what hee knowes is fit for his *estate*, and him, without ever caring how the *waving Tumult* takes it. To *weake minde*s, the *People* are the greatest *Parasites*: they *worship* and *knee* them to the spending of a faire *inheritance*: and then they crush them with the *heavie* *load* of *Pitty*. 'Tis the *inconsiderate Man*, that *ravels* out a *spacious Fortune*. Hee never thinketh how the *heape* will *lessen*, because hee *looses*, but by *graines*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that so *showre* away a *large Estate*. Sayes *Democritus*, when hee saw one giving to *all*, and that would want *Nothing* which his *Minde* did *crave*; Mayest thou *perish unpittied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. Hee made his *liberalitie*, like a *whore*, to *court* the *Publique*; when

when indeed shee ought to winne by *Modestie*. For, as the *Harlots* offers, doe but procure the goodmans hate: So when *bounty* proves a *Curtezan*, and offers too undecently, it failes of gaining love, and gets but the dislike of the wise. He does *bounty* injury, that shewes her so much, as he makes her but bee laugh'd at. Who gives or spends too much, must fall, or else desist, with shame. To livewell of a little, is a great deale more honour, than to spend a great deale vainely. To know both when, and what to part withall, is a knowledge that befits a Prince. The best object of bounty, is either necessity or desert. The best motive, thy owne goodnesse: And the limit, is the safety of thy state. For this I will constantly thinke; The best bounty of man, is not to be too bountifull. It is not good to make our kindnesse to others, to bee cruelty to our selves and ours.



LIIII.

Of Mans inconstancie.

NO weathercocke under Heaven, is so variable as inconstant Man. Every breath of wind fannes him to a various shape: As if his minde were so neere a kinne to Ayre, as it must with every motion, bee in a perpetuall change. Like an instrument cunningly plaid on, it does rise, and fall, and alter, and all on a sudden. Wee are Feathers blowne in the bluster of our owne loose passions, and are meere the

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the dalliance of the flying winds. How many in a instant have *murthered* the men they have lov'd? as if accident were the Fate of things, and the Epicure had barked truth. How ardently can wee affect some, even beyond the desire of dying for them, when immediately one sudden *Ebullition* of Choller, shall tender them extremely offensive? Nay, steepe them in our hate, and curses? Behold the hold which Man doth take of man! 'tis lost in a moment, with but the clacking of the tongue, a nod, or frowne, or any such like nothing. We cancell leagues with Friends, make new ones with our Enemies, and breake them ere concluded. Our Favourites with the places alter. And our hate hath wings to alight, and depart. In our dyet, how infinitely does the variation of humours disrellish the ill tasting palate? what to day we raven on, is the rise of the next daies stomacke. In our recreations how inconstantly loving? sometimes affecting the noisefull hound; sometimes the stiller sport of the wing; though ever engaged to a giddy variety. In our apparell how mutable? as if fashion were a god, that needes would bee ador'd in changes. Our whole life is but a greater, and longer child hood. What man living would not dyewith anguish, were he bound to follow another, in all his unsteadfast motions, which though they bee ever turning, yet are never pleasing, but when they proceed from the native freedome of the soule? which argues her change not more out of object, than her selfe, and the humours wherewith shee is compassed. They first flowing to incite Desire, then poured out upon an object, dye in their

their birth, while more succeed them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *skirmish*, come up, discharge, fall off, flye, and reinforce themselves. Onely order is in their proceedings, while *confusion* doth distract the man. Surely, there is nothing argues his imperfection more. For though the Nobler *Elements* be most *Motive*, and the *Earth* least of all, which is yet *basest*: yet are they never mutable, but as the object that they fixe on makes them, nor doe they ever wander from that *qualitie*; wherewith *Nature* did at first invest them. But man, had he no object, hee would change alone; and even to such things as *Nature* did not once intend him. *Mindes* thus temper'd, wee use to call *too light*, as if they were *unequally* mixt, and the two nimble *Elements* had gotten the predominance. Certainly, the best is a noble constancie. For, perfection is immutable. But for things imperfect, change is the way to perfect them. It gets the name of wilfulnesse when it will not admit of a lawfull change, to the better. Therefore *Constancie* without *Knowledge*, cannot bee alwayes good. In things ill, 'tis not *vertue*, but an absolute *Vice*. In all changes, I will have regard to these three things: *Gods approbation*, my owne benefit, and the not-harming of my neighbour. Where the change is not a fault, I will never thinke it a disgrace; though the great *Exchange*, the *World*, should judge it so. Where it is a fault, I would be constant, though outward things should wish my turning. Hee hath but a weake warrant for what hee does, that hath onely the fortune to finde his bad actions plausible.

L V.

Of Logicke.

Nothing hath spoyl'd *Truth* more than the *Invention of Logicke*. It hath found out so many *distinctions*, that it inwraps *Reason* in a *mist of doubts*. 'Tis *Reason* drawne into too fine a *thread*; tying up *Truth* in a twist of words, which being hard to unloose, carry her away as a *Prisoner*. 'Tis a net to intangle her, or an art instructing you, how to tell a reasonable lye. When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno* with subtile *Arguments*, proving that there was no motion: he suddenly starts up, and walks. *Zeno* asks the cause? Saies he againe, *I but confute your reasons*. Like an overcurious workeman, it hath sought to make truth so excellent, that it hath marr'd it. *Vives* sayes, He doubts not but the *Devill* did invent it; it teaches to oppose the *Truth*, and to be fallly obstinate, so cunningly delighting, to put her to the worse, by deceit. As a *Conceite*, it hath laid on so many colours, that the counterfeite is more various than the patterne. It gives us so many likes, that we know not which is the same. *Truth* in *Logicall arguments*, is like a *Prince* in a *Masque*, where are so many other presented in the same attire, that wee know not which is hee. And as wee know there is but one *Prince*, so wee know there is but one *Truth*; yet by reason of the *Masque*, *Iudgement* is distracted and deceived. There might be a double reason, why the

the *Areopagite* banisht *Stilpo*, for proving by his *Sophistry*, *Minerva* was no *Goddesse*. One, to shew their dislike to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to *manton* with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoever men might first *invent* it, for the help of *truth*, it hath prov'd but a help to *wrangle*: and a thing to set the *mind* at *jarre* in it selfe: and doing nothing but confound *conceit*, it growes a *toy* to *laugh* at. Let me give you but one of our *onne*.

*Nascitur in tenebras animal, puer, inscius, infans,
Conferat Oxonium se, citò fiet homo.*

A thing borne blind, a child, and foolish too,
Shall be made man, if it to *Oxford* goe.

Aristarchus his *Quip*, may fall upon our *Times*:
Heretofore (saies he) there were but *seven wise men*,
and now it is hard to find the number of *fooles*. For
every man will be a *Sophister*, and then hee thinkes
hee's *wise*; though, I doubt, some will never be so,
but by the help of *Logicke*. *Nature* her selfe makes
every man a *Logician*, and they that brought in the
Art, have presented us with one that hath over-ruled
her: and something strain'd her beyond her *genuine*
plainnesse. But I speake this of *Logicke* at large,
for the pure *Art* is an *excellencie*. Since all is in use,
'tis good to retaine it, that we may make it defend
us, against it selfe. There is no way to secure a *mine*,
but to *countermine*. Otherwise, like the *Art* of *Me-*
mory, I thinke it spoyles the *Naturall*. How can it
be otherwise, when the *Invention* of *Man*, shall
strive

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strive with the *investigation of supreme Nature*? In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my meanes to *ascertaine*, though not *comprehend* them: For other matters, I will thinke *simple Nature* the best *Reason*, and *naked reason* the best *Logicke*. It may helpe me to *strip off doubts*, but I would not have it helpe to *make* them.



LVI.

Of thoughtfulness in misery.

THE *unfortunate mans wisdom*, is one of his greatest *miseries*. Vnlesse it be as well able to *coquer* as *discerne*, it onely shewes him but the *blacker face of mourning*. 'Tis no *commendation*, to have an *insight* deepe in *Calamity*. It can shew him *mischiefe* which a *Foole* sees not; so helpe him to *vexation*, which he cannot tell how to *cure*. In *Temporall* things, 'tis one great *happinesse* to be free from *miseries*: A next to that, is not to bee *sensible* of them. There is a *comfort*, in seeing but the *shell of sorrow*. And in my *opinion*, he does *wisely*, that when *griefe* presents her selfe, lets her weare a *vizor*, fairer, than her *naked skin*. Certainly, 'tis a *felicity* to be an *honest foole*, when the *piercing eye* of his *spirit*, shall not see into the *bowels* of his *attendant trouble*. I beleeve, our eyes would bee ever *winterly*, if we gave them the *flowe* but for every just *occasion*. I like of *Solon's course*, in *comforting* his constant *friend*: when taking him up to the top of a *Turret*, overlooking
all

all the piled buildings, he bids him thinke, how many *Discontents* there had been in those houses since their *framing*, how many *are*, and how many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leave the *worlds calamities*, and *mourne* but for his *owne*. To *mourne* for none else, were *hardnesse*, and *injustice*. To *mourne* for *all*, were *endlesse*. The best vway is, to *uncontract* the *brow*, and let the *worlds* mad spleene fret, for that wee smile in *woes*. *Sorrows* are like *putri'd graves*, the deeper you digge, the fuller both of *stench*, and *horror*. Though *consideration* and a *foole* bee *contraries*, yet nothing increaseth *misery* like it. Who ever knew a *Foole* dye of a discontenting *melancholy*? So poore a *condition* is *man* *falne* to, that even his *glory* is become his *punishment*: and the *rayes* of his *wisedome*, light him but to feed those *angwishes*, which the darknesse of his *mind* would cover. *Sorrows* are not to bee entertain'd with *hugges*, and lengthned *complements*; but the cast of the eye, and the put-by of the turning *hand*. Search not a wound too deep, lest you make a *new one*. It was not spoken without some *reason*, That *fortunate*, is better than *wise*; since whosoever is *that*, shall be thought to be *this*. For *vulgar eyes* judge rather, by the *event*, than the *intentio*. And he that is *unfortunate*, though he be *wise*, shall find many, that will dew him, with at least *supposed folly*. This only is the *wise mans benefit*, as he sees more *mischiefs*: So he can curbe more *passions*: and by this *meanes* hath *wit* enough, to endure his *paines* in *secrecie*. I would looke so farre into *croeses*, as to cure the *present*, and prevent the *future*: But will never care for *searching* further,

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ther, or in dearing cares by thoughtfulness. They are like *Charons Cave in Italy*, where you may enter a little way, without danger, and further perhaps with benefit, but going to the end, it stifles you. No ship but may be cast away, by putting too far into tempestuous Seas.



LVII.

Of ill Company.

WE have no enemy like base Company: it kills both our fame, and our soules. It gives us wounds, which never will admit of healing: and is not onely disgracefull, but mischievous. Wert thou a King, it would rob thee of thy Royall majesty, who would reverence thy sway, when like Nero, thou shouldst Taverne out thy time with wantons, triumph with Minstrels in thy Chariot, and present thy selfe upon a common Stage, with the buskin'd Tragedian, and the Pantomime? 'Tis like a ship new trimmed, wheresoever you but touch, it soyles you: and though you be cleane, when you enter, even a little motion will fill you with defiled badges. And then the whiter the Swan is, the more is the black apparent. How many have died ignominiously, and have used their last breath, only to complaine of this; as the Witch that had enchanted them, to the evils that they now must smart for? 'tis an Engine where-with the Devill is ever practizing, to lift Man out of Vertues seate. 'Tis the spirituall whore, which royes the

the good *man* to his *soules undoing*. Certainly, if there be any *Dalilah* under *Heaven*, it is in bad *Society*. This will *binde us*, *betray us*, *blinde us*, *undoe us*. Many a man had beene good that is not, if hee had but kept *good company*. When the *Achates* of thy life shall be *ill*, who will not *imagine* thy life to bee so too? even *waters* change their *vertues*, by running thorow a *changed veine*. No man but hath both *good* and *bad* in his *nature*, either of which *fortifie*, as they meete with their *like*; or *decline*, as they find a *contrary*. When *Vice* runnes in a single *streame*, 'tis then a *passable shallow*: but when many of these shal fall into *one*, they swell a deeper *channell* to be *drown'd* in. *Good* and *wise associates*, are like *Princes* in *defensive Leagues*; one defends the other against *devices* of the common *Foe*. *Lewd ones* are like the *mistaken Lanthorne* in 88. which under *pretence* of *guiding*, will draw us unto *hazzard*, and *losse* among our *Enemies*. Nor was the *fiction* of the *Syrens* any other in the *Morall*, then *pleasant wits*, *vitiated* in *accustom'd lewdnesse*, who for that, were feigned to be *Monsters* of a parted *Nature*, & with *sweet tunes*, *intice men* to *destruction*. Could my name be *safe*, yet my *soule* were in *danger*; could my *soule* be *free*, yet my *fame* would suffer; were my *body* and *estate* *secure*, yet those other two (which are the purest *excellencies* of *Man*) are ever laid at the *stake*. I know, *Physicians* may converse with *sicke ones*, *uninfected*: but then they, must have *stronger Antidotes*, then their *nature* gives them: else they themselves shall soone stand in *neede*, of what themselves once were, *Physicians*.

One rotted *Apple*, will infect the *floore*. The putrid *Grape*, corrupts the whole sound *Cluster*. Though I be no *Hermite*, to sit away my dayes in a *dull Cell*; yet will I chuse rather to have no *Companion*, then a *bad one*. If I have found any good, I will cherish them, as the choise of men: or as *Angels*, that are sent for *Guardians*. If I have any *bad ones*, I will study to lose them: lest by keeping them, I lose my selfe in the end.



XVIII.

That no man alwayes sinnes unpunisht.

WHEN *David* saw the delights of the wicked hee is forced to flie to the stop, with a, *Fret not thy selfe, O my soule!* The *lollitries* of the villanous man, stagger the religious minde. They live as if they were passing thorow the world in state: and the streame of posteritie turning it selfe, to rowle with their applauded wayes: When if we doe but looke to despised vertue, how miserable, and how stormy is her Sea? Certainly, for the present, the good man seemes to be in the disgrace of *Heaven*; He smartes and pines, and sadneth his incombred soule, and lives as it were in the frowne, and the nod of the traducing world. When the *Epicure* considered this, it made him to exclude the *Providence*. And surely to view the vertuous, with but *Natures* eyes, a man would thinke, they were things that *Nature* envied, or that the whole world were deluded, with a poysonous lye,
in

in making onely the *vertuous* happy. 'Tis onely the *daring* soule, that *digesting* vice in grosse, climbs to the seat of *Honor*. *Innocence* is become a *starre* to let others rise to our *abuse*, and not to raise our selves to *greatnesse*. How rare is it to finde one raised for his *sober* worth and *vertue*? What was it but *Iosephs* goodnesse, that brought him to the *stockes*, and *Irons*? Whereas if he had coap'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like he might have *swamme* in *Gold*, and liv'd a *laping* to the *silke* and *dainties*. The *world* is so much *Knave*, that 'tis growne a *vice* to bee *honest*. Men have removed the *Temple* of *honour*, and have now set it, like an *arbour* in a *wildernesse*, where unlesse we trace those *devious* wayes, there is no *hope* of finding it. Into what a *sad* complaint, did these thoughts drive the weighty *Tragedian*?

*Res humanas ordine nullo
Fortuna regit, spargitque manu
Munera caca; peiora fovens.
Vincit sanctos dira libido;
Fraus sublimi regnat in aula;
Tradere turpi fasces populus
Gaudet: eosdem colit, atque odit.
Tristis virtus perversa tulit
Præmia recti: Castos sequitur
Mala paupertas, vitioque potens,
Regnat Adulter.*

Bent to worse, all humane waies
Quite at randome, *Fortune* swaies,
Her loose *favours* blindly throwing.

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Cruell *lust* the good man kills :
Fraud the Court triumphant fil;
 People *honours* ill bestowing.
 Then they hate, even those they kisse.
 Sad worth ill rewarded is;
 And the *chaste* are poore, while *Vice*
 Lords it by *Adulteries*.

Were these *Ages* chain'd to ours ? Or why com-
 plaine wee that the *world* is worse, when fifteene
 hundred yeeres space cannot (for ought I see) al-
 ter the *condition* ? But, what is past, we forget, what
 is to come, we know not : so we onely take a spleen
 at the present. 'Tis true, *Vice* braves with a boldned
 face, and would make one thinke, it were only she
 that the *doting world* had chose, to make a *Favorite*
 on. But, if we have time for *observation*, we shall
 see her halting with a *Crutch*, and *shame*. Have wee
 not seene the *vice* of the *aged Father*, punisht in
 the *Sonne* when hee hath been aged too ? I am per-
 swaded there be few *rotorious vices*, but even in this
world have a certaine *punishment*, although we can
 not know it. *God* (for the most part) doth neither
 punish, nor *blesse* at once, but by *degrees*, & *warnings*.
 The *world* is so full of *changings*, that 'tis rare for
 one man, to see the compleated *race* of another. We
 live not long enough to observe how the *Iudge-*
ments of the *Iustest God*, doe walke their rounds in
striking. Neither alwayes are wee able. Some of
Gods corrections are in the night, and closetted. Every
 offence meets not with a *Market lash*. Private pu-
 nishments sometimes gripe a man within, while
 men

men looking on the outer face of things, see not how they smart in secret. And sometimes thole are deepe wounds to one man, that would bee Balme and Physicke to another. There are no Temporall blessings, but are sometimes had in the nature of perverted curses. And surely all those creatures that God hath put subordinate to Man, as they (like inferiour servants) obey him while he is a true Steward: so when hee growes to injure his great Master, they send up complaints against him, and forsake him; chusing rather to be true to their Maker, God; than assisting to the vilenesse of his falsest Steward, Man. So that though men by lewd wayes, may start into a short preferment, yet sure there is a secret chaine in Nature, which drawes the Vniuersall to revenge a vice. Examples might be infinite; every Story is a Chronicle of this Truth, and the whole World but the practice. How many Families doe we daily see, wherein a whipping hand scourgeth the streame of all their lineall blood? As if there were curses hereditary with the Lands their Fathers left them. I confesse, they have a valour beyond mine, that dare forrage in the wildes of vice. How soever I might for a while, in my selfe, sleepe with a dumbe conscience; yet I cannot thinke, the All of Creatures would so much crosse the current of their natures, as to let me goe unpunished. And, which is more than this, I finde a soule within my soule, which tels me, that I doe unnobly, while I love sinne more for the pleasure of it, than I doe Vertue, for the animall sweetnesse that she yeelds in her selfe.

LIX.

Of Opinion.

NOt any Earthly pleasure is so essentially full in it selfe, but that even bare conceit may returne it much distastfull. The world is wholly set upon the *God* and *moving*: meeere Opinion is the *Genius*, and as it were, the foundation of all temporall happinesse. How often doe wee see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *fights* and *frayes* of *Nature*; every one maintaining the *Faction* which hee liketh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *Airy soule*: another findeth something amiable in the saddest looke of *Melancholy*. This man loves the *free* and *open-handed*; that, the *grasped fist*, and *frugall sparing*. I go to the *market*, and see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are exercised in things different, yet either pleas'd with his owne; when I standing by, thinke it my *happinesse*, that I doe not either of these. And in all these, nothing frames *Content* so much as *Imagination*. Opinion is the *shop* of pleasures, where all humane felicities are forged, and receive their *birth*. Nor is their end unlike their *beginning*: for as they are begot out of an *ayerie phantasme*, so they dye in a *fume*, and disperse into *nothing*. Even those things which in them carry a shew of *reason*, and wherein (if *Truth* bee *Judge*) wee may discern *solidity*, are made *placide* or *disgustfull*, as *soud* Opinion catches them. Opinion guides all our *passions* and *affections*, or at least,

least, begets them. It makes us *love*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *fear*, and *vary*: for, every thing wee light upon, is as wee apprehend it. And though wee know it bee nothing, but *An uncertaine pre-judgement of the Minde*, mis-informed by the *outward senses*; yet wee see it can worke wonders. It hath *untongued* some on the sudden: and from some hath snatcht their *naturall abilities*. Like *Lightning*, it can strike the *childe* in the *Wombe*, and kill it ere 'tis worlded: when the *Mother* shall remaine unhurt. It can cast a man into *speedy diseases*, and can as soone *recure* him. I have knowne some, but *conceiting* they have taken a *Potion*, have found the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeed*. If wee beleeve *Plinie*, it can change the *Sex*: who reports himselfe to have scene it; and the *running Montaigne* speakes of such another. Nor is it only thus powerfull, when the *object* of the *minde* is at *home* in our *selves*; but also when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *women faire*; and *Men lovely*: *Opinion* makes *Men wise*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay, *any thing*. And whatsoever it can doe on one side to *please*, and *flatter* us; it can doe the same on the other side, to *molest* and *grieve* us. As if every man had a *severall seeming truth* in his *soule*, which if he followes, can for a time render him, either *happy* or *miserable*. Here lies all the *difference*; If we light on things but *seeming*, our *felicity* fades; if on things *certaine* and *eternall*, it *continues*. 'Tis sure, we should bring all *opinions* to *Reason*, and *true Iudgement*, there to receive their *doome of admittance or ejection*: but even that, by

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the former is often *seduced*, and the grounds that we follow, are *erroneous*, and *false*. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with *particular affections*, to things *sublunary*. There are not more *objects* of the *minde*, than *dispositions*. Many things I may love, that I can yeeld no *reason* for: or if I doe, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coine that for a *reason*, which another will not assent unto. How vaine then are those, that assuming a *liberty* to themselves, would yet tie all men to their *Tenents*? Conjuring all men to the trace of their *steps*; when it may be, what is *Truth* to them, is *error* to another as wise. I like not men that will be *Gods*, and have their *Judgements* absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my *minde* informes me, let me never desire to take away the like from another. If *faire arguments* may perswade, I shall with quiet shew what grounds doe leade me. If those cannot satisfie, I thinke I may wish any man to satisfie his *owne conscience*. For that, I suppose, will beare him out, in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be *violent* for that, which is more diverse, than the *mandring Judgements* of the *hurrying vulgar*, more changing than the *love of inconstant Women*: more *multivarious* than the *sports and playes of Nature*, which are every minute *fluctuous*, and returning in their *new varieties*? The best guide that I would chuse, is the *reason of an honest man*: which I take to be a *right-informed Conscience*: and as for *Bookes*, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as *discourses* but of *private men*, that must be judged

ged by *Religion*, and *Reason*; so not to tie me, unlesse *these* and my conscience joyne, in the *Consent* with them.



LX.

That we are govern'd by a power above us.

THat which wee either *desire* or *feare*, I observe doth *seldome* happen: but something that wee think not on, doth for the most part *intervene*, and *conclude*: or if it doe fall out as wee expect, it is not till wee have given over the *search*, and are almost out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befall us *unwares*, and *mischiefes* when wee thinke them *scaped*. Thus *Cambyses*, when *Cyrus* had beene King of the *Boyes*, hee thought the *predictions* of his rule fulfilled, and that he now might sit and *sleep* in his *Throne*; when suddenly hee was awaked to *ruine*. So, *Sarah* was *fruitfull*, when she could not *believe* it: and *Zachary* had a *Sonne*, when he was stooped into *yeeres*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Dioclesian* thought himselfe *deluded* by the *Prophecie*, having kil'd many *wilde Bores*, at last he lights on the right *Aper*, after whose *death* hee obtained the *Empire*. As if *God*, in the *generall* would teach, that wee are not wise enough to chuse for our *selves*, and therefore would leade us to a *dependance* on *Him*: Wherein he does like wise *Princes*, who feed not the *expectations* of *Favorites* that are apt to *presume*; but often *rosse* them in their *hopes* and *feares*: ther-
by

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by to tye them faster in their *duty* and *reverence*, to the *hand* that giveth. And certainly, wee shall finde this *infallible*: Though *God* gives not our *desires*, yet hee alwayes imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely should wee intangle our selves, if wee could sit downe, and obtaine our *wishes*? Doe wee not often wish that, which wee after see would be our *confusion*? and is not this, because wee ignorantly follow the *flesh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, which looke to nothing, but the *shell* and *out-side*: Whereas *God* respecteth the *Soule*, and distributeth his *favour*, for the good of *that*, and his *Glory*. *God* sees and knowes our *hearts*, and things to come in *certainty*: *We*, but onely by our *weake collections*, which doe often faile of finding *truth*, in the *Cloud* of the *worlds occasions*. No man would be more *miserable*, than he that should cull out his owne *wayes*. What a *specious shew* carried *Mydas* his *wish* with it, and how it paid him with *ruine* at last! Surely, *God* will worke alone, and *Man* must not be of his *counsell*. Nothing puls *destruction* on him sooner, than when he presumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If we can be *patient*, *God* will bee *profitable*: but the *time* and *meanes* wee must leave to him, not challenge to our selves. Neither must our owne *indeavours* wholly bee laid in the *couch*, to *laze*. The *Morall* of the *Tale* is a kind of an *instru-ctive Satyre*, when the *Carter* prayed in vaine to *Iupiter*, because hee did not put his *shoulder* to the *wheele*. Doe thy part with thy *industry*, and let *God* point the *event*. I have seene *matters* fall out so *unexpectedly*, that they have tutor'd mee in all *affaires*,

affaires, neither to despaire, nor presume: Not to despaire; for God can helpe me: Not to presume: for God can crosse me. It is said of *Marins*, that one day made him *Emperour*; the next saw him *rule*; and the third he was *slaine* of the *Souldiers*. I will never despaire, 'cause I have a *God*: I will never presume, 'cause I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* has counsell, which I hold is worth the following.

Nemo confidat nimium secundis;

Nemo desperet meliora lapsus;

Miscet hæc illis, prohibetq; Clotho

stare fortunam:

Let none false, despaire to rise,

Nor trust too much prosperities.

Clotho mingling both, commands

that neither stands.



LXI.

Of Misery after Joy.

AS it is in *Spiritual* proceedings, better never to have beene *righteous*, than after *righteousnesse*, to become *Apostate*: So in *temporall*, it is better never to have beene *happy*, than after *happinesse*, to bee drown'd in *calamities*. Of all objects of sorrow, a *distressed King* is the most pittifull; because it presents us most the *frailty* of *Humanity*; and cannot but most midnight the *Soule* of him that is false.

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The sorrowes of a deposed King, are like the distortments of a darterd conscience; which none can know, but hee that hath lost a Crowne. Who would not have wept, with our Second Edward, when his Princely teares were all the warme water, his Butchers would allow to shave him with? when the hedge was his cloth of State; and his Throne, the humble, though the honour'd ground. Misery after Ioy, is killing as a sudden Dampe; terrible, as fire in the night, that startes us from a pleasing repose. Sudden Changes, though to good, are troublesome, especially if they be extreme: but when they plunge us into worse, they are then the Strapadoes of a humane soule. A palpable darkenesse in a Summers day, would bee a dismall thing. Diseases, when they doe happen, are most violent in the strongest constitutions. Hee that meets with plagues after a long prosperitie, hath beene but fatted, like a beast, for slaughter: he is more mollified, onely to make the paines and pangs of Death more sensible: as if we should first supple a limme with oyles and unguents; and then dab it with aqua fortis, toothed waters, and corroding Minerals. It is better never to have beene faire, than after a rare beauty, to grow into uglinesse. The memory of thy blessednesse, makes thy misery more deplorable; which like dead Beere, is never more distastefull, than after a Banquet of Sweet-meates. Nor is their misery meerely opinionate, but truly argued from the measure of pittie, that it meets with from others. For you may period upon this; That where there is the most pittie from others, there is the greatest misery in the party pittied. Toward those

those that have beene *alwayes poore*, pitty is not so passionate: for they have had no *elevation* to make their *depression* seeme the greater wonder. The tann'd Slave, that hath ever tugg'd at the Oare, by a long use, hath mingled *misery* with *Nature*; that he can now endure it uncomplaining. But when a soft wanton comes to the Galley, every stroake is a wounding Speare in the side. I wonder not to heare deposed Dionysius say, *They are happy, that have beene unblest from their youth*. It was the opinion of Diogenes, that the most lamentable spectacle that the world had, was an old man in misery: whereunto, not onely a present impotencie, but also a remembrance of a passed youth, gave addition. Even the absence alone of foregone joy, is troublesome: how much more, when they winde downeward, into smartfull extremities? Death and Darkenesse both are but *Privations*; yet wee see how deepe they terrifie. *Waxe*, when it takes a second impression, receives it not without a new passion, and more violence: so the minde, retaining the prints of Joy, suffereth a new Creation, in admitting a contrary stamp. For Baiazet to change his Seraglio for a Cage; for Valerian to become a Foot-stoole to his proud foe; are Calamities that challenge the tributes of a bleeding eye. I shall pitty any man that meets with misery; but they that find it after continuall blessednesse, are so much the more to be bewailed, by how much they are unacquainted with the gloominesse of downefall. That which Sophonisba return'd, when her Husband sent her payson, the day after her wedding, as it shew'd resolution in her, so
it

it incites *compassion* in others : *Hoc nuntia, melius me moriturum fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem.* Tell him, I had dyed more willingly, if I had not met my Grave in Marriage.



LXII.

Of the temper of affections.

EVery Man is a vast and spacious Sea : his passions are the windes, that swel him in disturbant waves: How hee tumbles, and roares, and fomes, when they in their furie trouble him ! Sometime the west of pleasure, fanning in luxurious gales : sometime the madded South, sorrowfull, and full of Teares : sometimes the sharpe East, piercing with a testy spleene : sometimes the violent and blustering North, swelling the cheeke, with the Anger's boyling blood. Any of these in extreames, make it become unnavigable, and full of danger to the Vessel that shall coast upon it. When these are too lowd, 'tis perillous : but when againe they are all laid in the stilnesse of an immotive Calme, 'tis uselesse : and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is farre from availing, to the profit of a Voyage: and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, then coast it over for the advantage of their Mart. Surely, the man that is alwayes still and reposed in his owne thoughts, though they bee good, is but a peece of deadned charity. I care not for the planed Stoicke, there is a Set betweene him and the Epicure. An unmoved man,
is

is but a *motive statue*; harmelesse and unprofitable. Indeed *furie* is farre the *worser extreme*; for besides the trouble it puts on the *company*, it alwaies delivers the *author* into *successive mischiefs*. He that is *raging* in one thing, feeds his businesse with many *inconveniencies*. *Fury* is like *false position* in a *Verse*, at least nine *faults* together.

Sayes *Claudian*,

— *Caret eventu nimius furor* : —

Rage knowes not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a *devouring Storke*, nor a *Iupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conversation*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent and unstirring calme*. The *Sea* is best in a *pretty pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are alive, without *raging*: *G O D* implanted *passions* in the *Soule*, as hee gave his *Talents* in the *Gospel*, neither to be *lavisht* out impetuously, nor to be buried in *Napkins*. Wee may warme us at these *fires*, though we burne not. *Man* without any, is no better than a *speaking Stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperour* was, *qui potuit imperare affectus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions*, are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*: without which, the *Soule* findes nothing like it selfe to love. A *Horse* too hot and fiery, is the danger of his *Rider*: one too *dull*, is his trouble: And as the *first* will not endure any *man*: so the last will be *indur'd* by no *man*.

man. One will suffer none to *backe him*; the other admits each childe to *abuse him*. A good temper is a sure expression of a *well-compos'd Soule*. Our wilde passions are like so many *Lawyers*, wrangling and bawling at a *Barre*; *Discretion* is the *Lord-keeper of Man*, that sits as *Judge*, and moderates their *contestations*. Too great a spirit in a man borne to poore meanes, is like a *high-heeld shooe*, to one of meane stature: It advanceth his proportion, but is ready to fit him with falls. The flat sole walkes more sure, though it abates his *gracefulnesse*: yet, being too low, it is subject to bemyre the foote. A little elevation, is the best *mediocrity*: 'tis both raised from the *Earth*, and sure: and for his tallnesse, it disposeth it to an equall competency. I will neither walke so lifted, as to occasion falling; nor so dejected, as at every step to take soyle. As I care not for being powder, or the cap of the *Companie*; so I would not be *Earth*, or the *Fooles Foot-ball*.



LXIII.

That Religion is the best Guide.

NO man lives conveniently, unlesse he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his actions. There must be something for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his *cavelling senses*, and *corrupted Reason*: otherwise, hee shall waver in his wayes, and ever bee in a *doubtfull unsettlednesse*.
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If he takes *policie*, that is both *endlesse* and *uncertaine*: and many times depends more upon the *circumstance*, then the *maine Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *unsaving*: what *benefits one*, may be the *undoing of another*; though to an *eye* that is not *curious*, the *matter* may appeare the *same*. How like the *Asse* it show'd, when hee thought by leaping in his *Masters lap*, to be made much on, because he had seene the *Dogge* doe the like, before him? Besides, *Policie* is not a *Flower* growing in every mans *Garden*. All the *world* is not *wit* and *Stratagem*. If it were, *Policie* is but a *fight of wit*, a *braine warre*: and in all *warres*, how doubtfull, how inconstant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning in resolving the *Sphinxes Riddle*, did but betray him to the *fatal marriage* of his *Mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Vlysses fained madnesse*; and *Vlysses* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *meanes* to have him *stoned*; even while hee made shew of *defending* him. No man has a *monopoly* of *craft* alone. Againe, in *private men* it is infinitely *shorten'd*: both in respect of *meanes* and *lawfulness*. Even those that have allowed *deceit* lawfull in *Princes*, have yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *private persons*. And beleeveth it, *Policie* runnes smoothest, when it turnes upon a *golden hinge*: without the supply of *meanes*, 'tis but like a *Clocke* without a *weight* to set it going: *Curious workmanship*, but it wants a *mover*. If a man takes *Nature*, shee is both *obscure* and *insufficient*: and will with a *pleasing breath*, waite us into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, she that before *Man* fell, was his *sufficient Geniue*, is since become his *Parasite*, that

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smoothing

smoothing his *sences*, serves them, as the tyrannous *Emperour* did his *servants*, let them fall into a chamber fill'd with *Roses*; that being smother'd in them, they might meet the bitterness of *Death* in sweetness. Nor is *Nature* for the most part, without the over-bearing of predominant humours. *Cicero* is in one place doubtfull, whether shee be a *Mother*, or a *step-dame*; shee is sometimes so weighing a man to extremities. Nor, if shee were able, could we have her pure alone. *Custom* hath so mingled her with *Art*, that wee can hardly sever her: if wee doe, we shall so differ from the world, as wee shall but by it, make our selves a prey to the nature that is arted with the subtilties of time & practice. Eyther of these are but sinking floores, that will fayle us, when our weight is on them. *Reason* is contradicting, and so is *Nature*, and so is *Religion*, if we measure it by either of these. But *Faith* being the rule of that, placeth it above the cavills of *Imagination*, and so subjecteth both the other to it. This being above all, is that onely, which giving limits to all our *Actions*, can confine us to a settled rest. *Policie* governes the world; *Nature*, *Policy*; but *Religion*, All. And as we seldome see those Kingdomes govern'd by *Vice-Roy's*, flourish like those where the *Prince* is present in person: So, wee never finde *Policie* or *Nature*, to keepe a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can. The two first I may use as *Counsellours*; heare what they say, and weigh it: but the last must be my *Soveraigne*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apocrypha* to the *Bible*; They are good things, may bee bound up, and read with

with it : but must bee rejected, when they crosse the *Text Canonick*. *God is the Summit of Mans happinesse : Religion is the Way.* Till we arrive at him, wee are but vapours, transported by *unconstant windes*.



LXIIII.

Of the Soule.

HOW infinitely is *Man* distracted about himselfe? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that *distraktion*; his *soule*? Some have thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot subtrill body, dispersing it selfe into *rayes*, and *fiery Atomes*; as *Democritus*, and some of the *Stoicks*. Others have thought it *ayre*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *ayre*. Some would have every *Element* a parent of a *Soule* separately: so every *Man* should have many distinct *Soules*, according to the *Principles* of his composition. Some have call'd it an *undetermined vertue*; some, a *selfe-moving number*; some, a *Quint-essence*. Others have defin'd it to be nothing but a *Harmony*, conflated by the most even composure of the *four Elements* in *Man*. And for this, one might thus argue: The *body* is before the *soule*; and till the *body* be perfect, the *Soule* appears not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his even *contemperati-on*, were the generation of the *soule* within it. The *soule* also changeth with the *body*: Is it not childish

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in *Infancie*, luxurious and unbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Man*, forward and doting in the *declining age* of his life? For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdom*, is more collection by long observation, and experience of things without them, then the genuine vigour of judgement in themselves. Hence some wise *Princes* have beene carefull, neither to chuse a *greene head*, nor one that is worne with *age*, for *Councell*. Next, wee see the *soule* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, even the *desires* of it, generated by the *present* constitution of the *body*: as in *longing* after things that please our *humours*, and are agreeable to their *defect* or *excesse*. Doth not the distemper of the *body* insaniate the *soule*? What is *madnesse*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancy and pride of the *blood*? And when againe they meane to cure the *soule*, doe they not begin with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body*? *Iohannes de Combis* cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fancy to it selfe, the shape of whatsoever appears. But for all these, I could never meete with any, that could give it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another or himselfe could conceive it: which argues, that to all these, there is something sure *immortall* and *transcending*, infus'd from a *supernall Power*. *Cicero* is there *divine*, where he sayes, *Credo Deum immortalem, sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where hee sayes againe, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere: cum exissent ex ijs, emori*: I could never thinke

soules

soules to live in mortall bodies, to dye when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and asks, Quid aliud vocet hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem? what other canst thou thinke it, but a God, Inning in the flesh of Man? The Conscience, the Character of a God stampt in it, and the apprehension of Eternitie, doe all prove it a shoot of everlastingnesse. For though I doubt whether I may bee of their opinion, who utterly take away all reason from Beasts: yet I verily beleieve, these are things, that were never instincked in them. Man hath these things in grant onely: whereby the soule doth seeme immortall, and by this seeming, is proved to bee so indeed: Else seeming should be better than certainty; and falshood better than Truth; which cannot bee. Therefore they which say the Soule is not immortall; yet that 'tis, good men should thinke it so, thereby to be awed from vice, and incited to vertue; even by that Argument, argue against themselves. They that beleieve it not, let them doe as Philosophers wish them to doe, that deny the fire to bee hot, because they see not the meanes that make it so; let them be cast into it, and then heare if they will deny: so let them that deny the immortality of the Soule, bee immersed in the horrors of a vulned conscience, then let them tell mee what they beleieve. 'Tis certaine, Man hath a Soule; and as certaine, that it is immortall. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it; I confesse, my humane reason could never so informe me, as I could fully explaine it to my owne apprehension. O my G O D ! what a clod

of moving ignorance is *Man*! when all his industry cannot instruct him, what himselfe is; when hee knowes not *that*, whereby he knowes that he does not know it. Let him study, and thinke, and invent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *Nature*; he is yet to seeke, how to define this *inexplicable*, *immortall*, *incorporeall* wonder: this *Ray* of *Thee*; this *emanation* of thy *Deitie*. Let it then be sufficient, that *God* hath given me a *Soule*, and that my *eternall* welfare depends upon it: though hee be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I thinke both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say truest, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *soule* is. Nor indeed neede any man wonder at it: Since hee may know, whatsoever is created by a *Superiour Power*, suffers a *Composure*, but cannot know it: because it was done, before it selfe was. *Man*, though he hath *Materials*, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without defect, in respect of the end 'tis intended for. How then can *Man* thinke to know *himselfe*, when both his *Materials* and *Composure*, are both created and formed by a *supremepower*, that did it without his cooperation? Why should I strive to know *that*, which I know I cannot know? Can a man dissect an *Atome*? can hee graspe a *flame*? or hold and seize on *Lightnings*? I am sure I have a *Soule*: and am commanded to keepe it from *sinne*. O Thou, the *God* of that little *God* within mee, my *Soule*! let mee doe *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemy* to ignorance in *Man*, but that thou art better pleased with

with his *admiration* of thy *Secrets*, than his *search* of them.



LXV.

Of Courtesies.

NOthing inflaveth a *gratefull Nature*, like a *free benefite*. Hee that conferres it on mee, steales me from my *selfe*: and in one and the same *Act*, makes me his *Vassaile*, and himselfe my *King*. To a *disposition* that hath *worth* in it, 'tis the most tyrannicall *Warre* in the *world*: for, it takes the *minde* a *prisoner*: and till the *Ransome* bee paid by a like *returne*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and constrained to *love*, to *serve*, and to be *ready*, as the *Conquerer* desires it. Hee that hath requited a *Benefite*, hath redeemed himselfe out of *prison*: and, like a man out of *debt*, is *free*. For, *Courtesies* to *Noble mindes*, are the most extreme *extortions* that can bee. *Favours* thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchases*, that buy men out of their *owne liberty*. *Violence* and *compulsion*, are not halfe so dangerous. These besiege us openly, give us leave to looke to our selves, to collect our *forces*, and re-fortifie, where we are sensible of our *owne weaknesses*: nay, they sometimes befriend us, and raise our *fortitude* higher, than their highest *braves*. But the other, undermine us, by a *fawning Stratagem*: and if wee be *Enemies*, they make us lay downe our *weapons*, and take up *Love*. Thus the *Macedonian* proved himselfe a better *Physician*

for calumnie, by his bounties; than his Philosophers, by their gray advisements. They make of an *Enemie*, a Subject; of a Subject, a Sonne. A Crowne is safer kept by benefits, than Armes. *Melius beneficiis Imperium custoditur quàm Armis.* The golden Sword can conquer more than steel ones: and when these shall cause a lowder cry, that shall silence the barking tongue. There is nothing addes so much to the greatnesse of a King, as that he hath wherewith to make friends at his pleasure. Yet even in this, hee playes but the *Royall Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *Bargaine*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a petty Benefit, hee often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, Benefits binding up our bodies, take away our soules for the giver. I know not that I am ever sadder, than when I am forced to accept courtesies, that I cannot requite. If ever I should affect *injustice*, it should bee in this, that I might doe courtesies, and receive none. What a brave height doe they flye in, that like Gods, can binde all to them, and they be tyed to none! But indeed, it is for God alone. How *heroicall* was it in *Alexander Severus*, who used to chide those hee had done nothing for, for not asking; demanding of them, if they thought it fit, hee should bee still in their debt: or that they should have cause to *complain* of him when hee was gone. Certainly, as it is a transcending happinesse to be able to shine to all; so, I must reckon it one of the greatest miseries upon Earth, wholly to depend upon others favours: and a next to this, is to receive them. They are graines cast into rich ground, which makes it selfe sterile,

sterile, yeelding such a large increase. Gifts are the greatest *Vsury*; because a two-fold retribution is an urged effect, that a Noble nature prompts us to. And surely, if the generous man considers, hee shall finde he payes not so much for any thing, as hee does for what is given him. I would not if I could, receive favours of my Friends, unlesse I could re-render them. If I must, I will ever have a ready minde, though my hand be shortned. As I thinke there be many, will not have all they may: So I think there are few, can requite all they have: and none, but sometimes must receive some. God hath made none *Absolute*. The Rich depends upon the Poore, as well as does the Poore on him. The world is but a more magnificent building: all the stones are graduately concimented, and there is none that sublieth alone.



LXVI.

Of a Mans selfe.

WE E ever carry our greatest enemy within us. There was never a sounder truth, than *Nemo laeditur nisi à seipso*. Had we the true reynes of our owne passions and affections; outward occasions might exercise our vertues, but not injure them. There is a way to be wise and good, in spite of occasions. We goe abroad, and fondly complaine, that wee meet with wrongs; as if wee could crosse the Proverbe, and prove, that they may be offered to a

willing

willing preparednesse. Others cannot draw us into
inconveniences, if wee helpe not our selves forward.
 'Tis our *inside* that undoes us. Therefore sayes *Ma-*
chiavell, *A Prince ought to know the tempers of men,*
that hee may fit them with baits, and winde them to his
owne ends. A *Curtezan* cannot hurt thee, unlesse
 there lyes a *Letcher* in thy heart. When men plot
 upon us, to *intrappe* and *snare* us, they doe but se-
 cond our *owne inclinations*: and if they did not see
 a kinde of *invitement* from our selves, they would
 never dare to begin. When *Cyrus* besought the
Lacedemonians to enter *Leagnewith him,* rather then
Artaxerxes: hee onely tels them, he had a *greater*
heart than his *Brother,* and could beare his *drinke*
 better: For hee knew, they loved men *generous*
 and *hardy*: so by making himselfe like them, hee
 thought to win their *liking.* When men happen
 upon things that goe against the *Genius* of the
minde, then they worke in vaine: but when others
flatteries shall joyne with the great *Flatterer,* a mans
selfe; hee is then in the way to bee wrought upon.
 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a *selfe-constancy,* that
 is not temptable. In *Athens* there may be one *Pho-*
cion, to refuse the gold of *Harpalus* and *Alexander.*
 But this indeed is rare, & worthy his magnifying.
Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna de-
spiciens. Otherwise, it is wee onely, that ruine our
 selves: if not *totally,* yet *primarily.* If wee doe *ill*
compulsively, we are cleered by the *violence.* In the
 judgement of an *upright soule,* a man is not guilty of
 that which he cannot *avoid,* (I meane, in *civill mat-*
ters.) There is no *mischiefe* that wee fall into, but
 that

that we our selves are at least a *coadjutive cause*, and doe helpe to further the thing. A mans *owne heart* is as arch a *Traitor*, as any hee shall meet withall: wee *trust* it too much, and know it too little: and while wee thinke it *sure-footed*, it *slides*, and does *deceive* us. That wee are the *Authors* of our owne *ill*, the *success* will tell us: For, *Conscience* is alwaies *just*, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when wee have done an *ill*, though by others *procurement*, yet shee rates us even to a *loathing* of our selves. Sayes the *Comicke*,

— *I am aderit tempus, cum se etiam
ipse oderit.*

The day will come, when he shall hate himselfe. The wise man should ever therefore keepe a double watch; one to keep his heart from *extravagancies*; the other to keepe the *Enemy* from *approaches*. *Occasion*, and our *Nature*, are like two *inordinate Lovers*: they seldome meet, but they sinne together. If we keepe them asunder, the *harme* is prevented: or if they doe meet, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the *offence* be punishable, though the *act* be committed. It is no fault in the *true man*, to let the *Theefe* have his *purse*, when hee can doe no other. In the old *Law*, the *ravished Woman* was to bee free'd: for, sayes the *Text*, *There is in her no cause of death. Qui volens injuste agit, malus est: qui vero ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum.* 'Tis not the *necessitated*, but the *willing ill* that *staines*.

staines. Even *Actuall* sinnes have so farre dependan-
 cie on the *hearts* approbation, as that alone can viti-
 ate or excuse the *Act*, While we keepe that steddy,
 our *Enemies* can much lesse hurt us. The reason
 is, it is not in *Man* to compell it. The minde of
Man, from *Man*, is not capable of a violation: and
 who then can I taxe for mine owne yeelding, but
 my selfe? No man hath power over my minde un-
 lesse I my selfe doe give it him. So that this I shall
 thinke certaine, *No man falls by free action, but is*
faulty in something: at least by some circumstance,
 though *inexcusable* in the most, and most important.
 I know, *calumnies* and *conjectures* may injure *Inno-*
cence it selfe. In matter of *censure*, nothing but a
 certaine knowledge, should make us give a certaine
Judgement. *Fame* and *Ayre* are both too weake
 foundations for *unspotted Truth* to build on: one-
 ly *deedes* are lyable to the *downe-right Taxe*: Be-
 cause they carry the *heart* along: which in eve-
 rie action is a *witnesse*, either for or against us.
 Surely *Man* is his owne *Devill*, and does of-
 tentimes tempt himselfe. All the precepts of
moderation wee meet with, are but given us to be-
 ware our selves: and undoubtedly, hee that can
 doe it, is rising toward *Deitie*. Harke but to the
Harpe of Horace.

*Latius regnet, avidum domando
 Spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
 Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pænis
 serviat uni;*

By curbing thy insatiate minde,
Thou shalt sway more, than couldst thou bind
Farre *Spaine* to *Libya*: or to thee
cause either *Carthage* subject bee.

One eye I will sure have for *without*; the other I
will hold *within* mee: and lest I see not enough
with that, it shall ever be my *prayer*, that I may be
delivered from *my selfe*. *A me me salva Domine!*
shall be one *petition* I will adde to the *Letany* of my
beseechings.



LXVII.

Of the worst kind of perfidie.

THe *Dead*, the *Absent*, the *Innocent*, and him that
trusts me, I will never deceive willingly. To all
these wee owe a *Nobler Justice*; in that they are
the most certaine tryals of *humane equity*. As that
Griefe is the truest, which is without a *witnesse*; so
is that *honesty* best, which is for it *selfe*, without
hope of reward, or *feare of punishment*. Those *vertues*
that are *sincere*, doe value *applause* the least. 'Tis
when we are conscious of some *internall defect*, that
wee looke out for others *approbations*. Certainly,
the *world* cannot tempt the man that is *truly honest*.
And he is certainly a *true man*, that will not *steale*,
when hee may, without being *impeached*. The
two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my
injurie; and *deceit*, to them is not without *comardice*,
throwing

throwing *Nature* into the lowest degree of baseness. To wrong the third, is *savage*, and comes from the *Beast*, not *Man*. It was an *Ad* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued *Sparrow* flew into his bosome, to cherish, and dismiss it. How blacke a heart is that, which can give a stabbe, for the innocent smiles of an *Infant*? Surely *Innocence* is of that puritie, that it hath more of the *God* in it, than any other qualitie; it intimates a freedome from generall vice. And this is it, which makes the injury to it so detestable: and sometimes gives the owners a divine and miraculous force: as wee may reade in the *Turkish story*, of a *Childe* that strooke an intending *Murderer* into a swoone, with offering to imbrace him. The last I cannot defraud without *Ingratitude*; which is the very lees of *Vice*: and makes my offence so much the greater, by how much he was kinder, in making mee master of himselfe. Assuredly, as *Nature* hath endued *Man* with a more earnest desire to doe right to these; because a true performance doth in these things most magnifie him: so she hath made the contrarie appeare the most odious: because they are breaches that most destroy humanity. It came from him that had but *Nature*, *Cicero*; *Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui laesus non esset, nisi credidisset*. None but the most villanous man, will deceive him that had beene safe, but for trusting.

Against



LXVIII.

Against Insultation.

IT cannot be safe to insult over any. As there is no creature so little, but may doe us a mischief: so is no Man so low, but may occasion our smart. The Spider can imployson; the Ant can sting; even the Fly can trouble our patience. Into all sensitive Creatures, Nature hath put a kind of a vindictive justice; that in some measure they are able to returne an injury. If they doe not alwayes, 'tis onely because they are not able. Man hath both a more able, and more impatient Soule: and though reason teaches him not to be furious, yet withall, it teaches him not to be dull. Extremities of injury, often awake extremities of Revenge: especially, if we meet with contempt from others, or finde despaire in our selves: for despaire makes a Coward bold, and daring. Nor stands it but with reason, that a strong patience urged beyond it selfe, should turne into the strongest rage. The Bow that is hardest to bend, sends out an Arrow with most force. Neglect an Enemy, but contemne him not. Disdaine will banish Patience, and bring in Fury; which is many times a greater Lord, than he that rules a Kingdome. Contempt unbridles Feare, and makes us both to will, to dare, and to execute. So Lipsius has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frantum, & efficit, ut non velis solum, sed audeas & tentes*. It is not good too far to pursue

sue a *Victory*. *Sigismund* said true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies flie*: we may beate them to a desperate resistance, that may ruine us. He is the wrong way high, that scornes a man below him, for his *lownesse*. They are but puffed mindes, that bubble thus above *Inferiours*. We see, 'tis the froth onely, that gets to the top of the Water. *Man* cannot be so much above *man*, as that his difference should legitimate his *scorne*. Thou knowest not what may shew it selfe, when thy *Contempt* awakes the *Lion* of a sleeping mind. All *Disdaine* but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatnesse* in any man, makes not his *Injury* more lawfull, but more great. And as hee that suffers, thinkes his *disgrace* more noted for the others *Eminency*: so he thinkes his owne honour will be the more, when hee hath accomplisht his *Revenge*; whereby, in some kinde, hee hath raised himselfe to be his *Superiours* equall. *Man* is *Animal generosissimum*: and though he bee content to subject himselfe to anothers commands, yet he will not endure his braines. A lash given to the soule, will provoke more, then the Bodies cruell torture. *Derision* makes the *Peasant* brave the *Prince*. When *Augustus* saw one like himselfe, and ask'd him in a scoffe, if his Mother were never at *Rome*: The Boy answers, *No*; but his Father was. When *Iulian* in a mocke, ask'd the reverend and aged, blinde *Ignatius*, why he went not into *Galile*, to recover his sight: Sayes he, *I am contentedly blinde, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art*. Wee are all here fellow-servants: and we know not how our grand Master will brooke *Insolencies*

encies in his *Family*. How darest thou, that art but a *piece of Earth*, that *Heaven* has blowne into, presume thy self, into the *impudent usurpation* of a *Majestie unshaken*? Thou canst not sit upon so high a *Cog*, but mayst with *turning*, prove the *lowest* in the *wheele*: and therefore thou mayst thinke, the *measure* that thou would'st then have given *me*. If we have *Enemies*, 'tis better wee deserve to have their *friendship*, than either to *despise*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weakenesse* shall occasion my *greater weakenesse*, in proudly *contemning* him. Our *Bodies*, our *Soules* have both the like originall *composure*: If I have any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodnesse*, but *Gods*: and he by *time* and *meanes*, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and we are but *Twinnes of Nature*. Why should any despise another, because hee is better furnisht with that which is none of his owne?



LXIX.

Of Assimilation.

THOROW the *whole world* this holds in generall, and is the end of *all*; That every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, *like it selfe*. *Fire* converts all to *fire*. *Ayre* *exsiccat*es and drawes to it *selfe*. *Water moistens*, and resolveth what it meets withall. *Earth* changeth all that wee commit to her, to her *owne Nature*. The *world* is all *viciissitude* and *conversion*. Nor is it only true in *Materials* and

P

Substances;

Substances; but even in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*, nay, in these there is more *aptnesse*; they mixe more *subtily*, and passe into one another with a *nimbler glide*. So wee see *infection* sooner taken by *breath* than *contraction*: and thus it is in *dispositions* too: The *Souldier* labours to make his *Companion valiant*. The *Scholler* endeavours to have his *Friend learned*. The *bad Man* would have his *company* like himselfe. And the *good Man* strives to frame others *vertuous*. Every Man will be busie in dispensing that *quality*, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caveat* may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuse to live withall. We can converse with nothing, but will worke upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of *Time*, assimilate us to it selfe. The choyce therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the most weighty *Actions* of our *lives*: For, our future well or ill being, depends on that *Election*. If wee chuse *ill*, every day declines us to *worse*: wee have a perpetuall weight hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to *Vice*. By living under *Pharaoh*, how quickly *Joseph* learned the *Courtship* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villaine*: *Spaine* superbiates: *Germany* makes a *Drunkard*, and *Venice*, a *Letcher*. But if wee chuse well, we have a *hand of vertue*, gently lifting us to a continuall rising *Noblenesse*. *Antisthenes* used to wonder at those, that were curious in buying but an *earthen Dish*, to see that it had no *crackes*, nor *inconveniencies*, and yet would bee carelesse in the choyce of *Friends*; so take them with the flaws of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a second *Genius*,

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niss, to sway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A good Man is like the *Day*, enlightning and warming all hee shines on, and is alwaies raising upward, to a *Region* of more constant *purity*, than that wherein it finds the *Object*. The *bad Man* is like the *night*, darke, obtruding *feares*, and dimitting unwholsome *vapours*, upon all that rest beneath. *Nature* is so farre from making any thing absolutely *idle*, that even to *stones*, and *dullest Meddals*, she hath given an *operation*: they grow, and spread, in our generall *Mothers veines*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, coozen the *Earth* of it selfe: and when they meet a *Brother'd constitution*, they then *unite* and *fortifie*. Hence growes the *height of Friendship*, when two *similiary Soules* shall blend in their *commixions*. This causes, that we seldome see different *dispositions* be entirely *loving*.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos:
Sedatum celeres, agilem, gnavumque remissi:
Potores Bibuli media de nocte Falerni,
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula. —

Sad men hate mirth: the pleasant sadnesse shun;
Swift men, the slow; the slothfull, those that run.
Who drinks at midnight, old Falernian wine,
Scornes him that will not take his Cups. —

It is *likenesse* that makes the *true-love-knot* of *friendship*. When we finde another of our owne *disposition*, what is it, but the *same soule*, in a *divided Body*? What find we, but our selves *intermutually trans-*

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posed, each into other? And *Nature*, that makes us love our selves, makes us with the same reason, love those that are like us. For this, is a *Friend*, a more sacred name than a *Brother*. What availes it to have the *Bodies* from the same *Originall*, when the *Soules* within them differ? I beleve that the applause which the *Ancients* gave to equall friendship, was to bee understood of the likenesse of mindes, rather than of estate or yeeres: for we finde no season, nor no degree of *Man*, but hath beene happy with this *Sunne* of the world, *Friendship*: Whereas in jarring dispositions, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I thinke, if the mindes bee consonant, the best friendship is betweene different fortunes. Hee that is low, lookes upward with a greater loving reverence: and he that is high, looks downward more affectionately, when he takes it to be for his honour, to favour his *Inferiour*, whom he cannot chuse but love the more for magnifying him. Something I would looke to outwards; but in a friend, I would especially chuse him full of worth, that if I be not so my selfe, hee yet may worke me like him. So for company, *Books*, or whatsoever, I would, if I have freedome, chuse the best: though at first I should not fancy them, continuall use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces: If *Iudgement* direct mee right in my choice, *custome* winning upon my will, will never faile in time to draw that after it.

of

LXXI.

Of Poets and Poetrie.

Surely he was a little wanton with his leisure, that first invented *Poetrie*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *words dance*, in the evennesse of a *Cadencie*: yet without doubt, being a *Harmony*, it is neerer to the *minde* than *Prose*: for that it selfe is a *Harmony* in height. But the *words* being rather the drosse part, *Conceit* I take to be the *Principall*. And here though it digresse th from *Truth*, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving *curious rayment* to her *nakednesse*. The Name the *Grecians* gave the men that wrote thus, shew'd how much they honour'd it: They call'd them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neere would they have come to *Deitie*? And for the *vertues* of men, they rest not on the bare *demeanour*, but slide into *imagination*: so proposing things above us, they kindle the *Reader* to wonder and *imitation*. And certainly, *Poets* that write thus, *Plato* never meant to banish. His owne *practice* shewes, hee excluded not *all*. He was content to heare *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and hee himselfe wrote both *Tragædies*, and other *pieces*. Perhaps he found thē a little too busie with his gods: and he being the first that made *Philosophy Divine*, and *Rationall*, was modest in his owne beginnings. Another Name they

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had of honour too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish between the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel*. What is *Jeremies Lamentation*, but a kinde of *Saphicke Elegie*? *Dauids Psalmes* are not onely *Poems*; but *Songs*, *Snatches* and *Raptures* of a flaming spirit. And this indeed I observe, to the honour of *Poets*; I never found them covetous, or scrapingly-base. The *Jewes* had not two such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Salomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largenesse in their *Soules*, beyond the narrownesse of other men: and why may we not then thinke, this may imbrace more, both of *Heaven*, and *God*? I cannot but conjecture this to bee the reason, that they, most of them, are poore: They finde their mindes so solaced with their owne flights, that they neglect the study of growing rich: and this, I confesse againe, I thinke, turnes them to vice, and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty lovers of their *Palaces*; and this is known an impoverisher. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himselfe. And they all are friends to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think, many, more out of a duetible Nature, and their love to pleasant *Companie*, than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free *Natures*; and are the truest Definition of that *Philosophers man*, which gives him, *Animal risibile*: Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them sensual: yet this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fooles*; but what have they to doe with *Poetry*? When *Salust* would tell

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*Frangè puer calamos, & inanes desere Musæ:
Et potius glandes, rubicundaque collige corna,*

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Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venale per Urbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his Scopulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho,

Boy, breake thy Pipes, leave, leave thy fruitlesse Muse:
 Rather the Mast, and blood-red Cornill chuse.
 Goe leade thy Flockes to milking; sell and cry
 Milke through the City: What can Learning buy,
 To keepe backe hunger? None my Penses minde,
 But Eccho babbling from these Rockes and winde.

Two things are commonly blamed in Poetrie:
 nay, you take away That, if Them: and these are
 Lyes, and Flattery. But I have told them in the
 worst words: For, 'tis onely to the shallow insight that
 they appeare thus. Truth may dwell more cleere-
 ly in an Allegory, or a Moral d Fable, than in a bare
 Narration. And for Flatterie, no man will take Po-
 etrie litterall: since in commendations, it rather
 shewes what men should be, than what they are. If
 this were not, it would appeare uncomely. But we
 all know, Hyperbole's in Poetrie, doe beare a decency,
 nay, a grace along with them. The greatest dan-
 ger that I finde in it, is, that it wantons the Blood,
 and Imagination, as carrying a man in too high a
 Delight. To prevent these, let the wise Poet strive
 to bee modest in his Lines. First, that hee dash not
 the Gods: next, that hee injure not Chastity, nor
 corrupt the Eare with Lasciviousnesse. When
 these are declined, I thinke a grave Poem the deepest
 kinde of writing. It wings the Soule up higher,
 than

than the *slack* pace of *Prose*. *Flashes* that doe follow the *Cap*, I feare me, are too *spritely* to be *solid*: they run smartly upon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foule*, they give in, and *tyre*. I confesse, I love the *sober Muse*: and *fasting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come so cleere, but that it will bee misted with the *fumes* of *wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot be friends withall: and indeed, it palles upon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* have beene all *short*, and changing soone their *Subject*; as *Horace*, *Martiall*, *Juvenall*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comædians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto*, *short*, and *nimbly-loftie*, than a *dull Lesson*, of a day long. Nor can it but bee *deadish*, if *distended*? For, when 'tis *right*, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of things: and therefore *foolish Poesie*, is of all writing the *most ridiculous*. When a *Goose* dances, and a *Foole* *versifies*, there is *sport* alike. Hee is twice an *Asse*, that is a *riming* one. He is something the *lesse unwise*, that is *unwise* but in *Prose*. If the *Subject* bee *History*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Planks*: for *ordinary discourse* never shewes so well in *Meeter*, as in the *straine* that it may seeme to be spoken in: the *commendation* is, to doe it to the *life*: Nor is this any other, than *Poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *world* thinke it not so, he is happy to himselfe, that can play the *Poet*. Hee shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his heart of their weight: and hee shall often raise himself a joy in his *raptures*, which no man can perceive, but he. Sure, *Ovid* found a *pleasure* in't, even when hee writ his *Tristia*. It
gently

gently delivers the *mind* of distempers; and workes the thoughts to a *sweetnes*, in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a *profession*: and I would not want it for a *recreation*. I can make my selfe *harmlesse*, nay, *amending mirth* with it; while I should perhaps be trying of a *worser Pastime*. And this I beleeve in it further, *Vnlesse conversation* corrupts his *easinesse*, it lifts a man to *Noblenesse*, and is never in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royall and capacious Soule*.



LXXII.

Of Feare and Cowardice.

THey that are made of *fearefull dispositions*, of all others may seeme the least beholding to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more *unfortunate*. They enjoy nothing without a *frighted minde*; no, not so much as their *sleepes*. They doubt what they *have done*, lest it may *hurt them*: they *tremble* at the present; and *miseries* that but *may come*, they *anticipate*, and *fend for*, and *inferre* in a more *horrid habit*, than any *Enemy* can devise to put them in. Nay, it were *well*, if they did but *feare more miseries*, than the *bolder people*: But it plainly appeares, that the *Coward* really *meets more dangers*, than the *valiant Man*. Every *base Nature* will be ready to offer *injuries*, where they thinke they will not be *repaid*. He will many times *beat a Coward*, that would not dare to strike him,

if

if hee thought him *valiant*. When the *passenger* gallops by, as if his *fear* made him speedy, the *Curre* follows him with an open mouth, and *swiftnesse*: let him *walk* by, in a *confident neglect*; and the *Dogge* will never *stir* at him. Surely, 'tis a *weakenesse*, that every *Creature* (by a native instinct) takes advantage of: and *Cowards* have *soules* of a *courser mixture*, than the *common spirits* of *men*. *Evils* that must be, they meete with before their *time*: as if they strived to make themselves *miserable*, sooner, than *God* appointed them. *Evils* that are but *probable*, they *ascertain*. They that by an *even poize*, might sit safe, in a *Boat* on a rough *Sea*, by rising up to avoid *drowning*, are *drowned*. For this is sure; It conzens the *weake minde* infinitely both in making of her *falsely* beleeve, shee may avoyde dangers by *flying*, and in *counterfetting* whatsoever is *ill*. All *Diseases* are belyed by *fear*, and *conceit*: and wee know some, out of *fear* of *Death*, have dy'd. In a *Battell* wee see the *valiant man* escape oft safe, by a *constant* keeping his *ranke*, when the *Coward*, shifting dangers, runnes by *avoyding one*, into the severall *walkes* of many. *Multos in summa pericula mist, venturi timor ipse mali*. Certainly, I have studied in *vaine*, in thinking what a *Coward* may be good for. I never heard of any *Art* becomming *virtue*, that ever came from any. All the *Noble deeds* that have beat their *Marches* through succeeding *Ages*, have all proceeded from *men* of *courage*. And I beleeve many times, their *confidence* kept them safe. An *unappalled* looke does daunt a base *attempter*. And oftentimes if a

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Man has nothing but a *courageous eye*, it protects him. The *brave soule* knowes no *trembling*. *Cæsar* spake like *Cæsar*, when hee bade the *Mariners* feare nothing; for they carried him and his *Fortunes*. And indeed *valour* casts a kinde of *honour* upon *God*; in that we shew that wee beleewe his *goodnesse*, while we trust our selves in *danger*, upon his care onely: Whereas the *Coward* eclipses his *sufficiencie*, by *unworthily doubting*, that *God* will not bring him off. So *unjustly* accusing either his *power*, or his *will*, hee would make himselfe his owne *Saviour*, and becomes his owne *confounder*. For when man mistrusts *God*, 'tis just with *God* to leave *Man*. *Marcus Antonius* would not beleewe, that *Avidius Crassus* could ever have *deposed* him: and his *reason* was, The *Gods* had greater care of him, than to let *Crassus* wrong him undeservedly. And this *winning* him love, *establisht* him: vvhereas, *Feare* on the other side *frustrates* a sufficient *defence*. *Themistocles* compar'd a *Coward* to the *Sword-fish*, which hath a *weapon*, but wants a *heart*. And then what use can the *quaking hand* put it to? Nay, when hee may flye, *cowardice* hinders him from playing the *Coward*: He would runne away, and *feare* arrests him, with a *fencelesse amazement*, that *betrayes* him, to the pursuit of his *foe*. No *armour* can *defend* a *fearefull heart*. It will kill it self, within. *Cleomenes* was so farre out of *charity* with this *pale passion*, as the *Spoyle* he wanne from *Cowards*, he would neither *sacrifice* to the *Gods*, nor let the *Lacedemonian Youth* behold them. There are two *miseries*, for which it is famous beyond all other

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ther passions. Love, Anger, Sorrow, and the like, are but for a time, and then over: but this is perpetuall: A disease of a life long, which every day slaves a man to whatsoever ill hee meetes with. It rassailes him to the world, to Beasts, and Men. And like a fully Tyrant, inforceth whatsoever it proposeth: For this, does *Martiall* Epigram upon it.

*Quid si me Tonsor cum stricta novacula supra est,
Tunc libertatem, Divitiasque roget?
Promittam, nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa, Timor.*

Suppose my Barber, when his Razor's nigh
My throat, should then aske wealth, and liberty;
I'd promise sure. The Barber asks not this,
No, 'tis a Thiefe, and feare imperious is.

Next, whereas other passions are grounded upon things that are, as *Envie* upon happinesse, *Rage* upon Injury, *Love* upon Beauty, and so the rest. This is as well upon things that are not; It coynes mischiefes that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no object to bound it, it runnes in infinitum, and cannot be secured by any condition of life. Let the Coward have a guard, and he feares that: Let him have none, and he will feare for want of it. I have knowne some, as happy as the world could make them; and their owne needlesse feares, have made their lives more sowre, than his that hath beene streighted in all. I have pittied them; to thinke that a weake, vexati-

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ous, and unprofitable passion should quite ruine the blessings of a faire estate. Some things I may doubt, and endeavour to shunne: but I would never feare them to a servility. If I can keepe but reason Lord, feare will serve, and benefit me: but when that gets the Throne, it will domineere insultingly. Let mee rather have a minde confident, and undaunted with some troubles; than a Pulse still beating feare, in the flush of Prosperity.



LXXII.

*That Man is neither happy, nor miserable,
but by comparison.*

THere is not in this world, either perfect misery, or perfect happinesse. Comparison more than Reality, makes men happie, and can make them wretched. What should we account miserable, if we did not lay it in the ballance with something, that hath more felicity? If we saw not some men vaulting, in the gay trimme of Honour, and Greatnesse, we should never thinke a poore estate so lamentable. Were all the world ugly, Deformity would be no Monster. In those Countries where all goe naked, they neither shame at their being uncovered, nor complaine that they are expos'd to the violence of the Sunne, and winds. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes gazing at others above, cast us into a shade, which before that time, we met not with. Whatsoever is not paine, or sufferance, might well bee borne without

without grumbling: did not other *Objects* fuller of contentment, draw away our soules from that wee have, to those things which wee see, wee have not. 'Tis *Envie*, and *Ambition* that make us farre more miserable, than the constitution which our liberall Nature hath allotted us. Many never finde themselves in want, till they have discovered the abundance of some others. And many againe, doe beare their wants with ease, when they finde others below themselves in happiness. It was an answer bewraying a *Philosopher*, which *Thales* gave to one, that asked him how *Adversity* might best be borne? By seeing our enemies in worse estate than our selves. We picke our owne sorrowes, out of the joyes of other men: and out of their sorrowes, likewise, wee assume our joyes. When I see the toyling *Labourer* sweat thorow both his skinnes, yet can scarce get so much, as his importunate belly consumes him; I then looke upon my selfe with gladnesse. But when I eye the *Distributors* of the Earth, in their royalty: when I thinke of *Nero* in his Journey, with his thousand chariots, and his Mules all shod with silver; then, what a poore *Atome* doe I count my selfe, compar'd with these huge piles of State?

Tolle felices, remoreto multo
Divites auro, remoreto centum
Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus,
Pauperi surgent animi jacentes.
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.

Void

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*Void the blest, and him that flowes
With weighty gold, and fifty ploughes
Furrowing wealthy pastures goes.*

*Poore minds then will spring. For none
Is poore but by comparison.*

It was *comparison*, that first kindled the fire to burne Troy withall. Give it to the fairest, was it, which jarr'd the Goddeses. Paris might have given the Ball with lesse offence, had it not beene so inscribed. Surely, *Iuno* was content with her beauty, till the Trojan Youth cast her, by advancing *Venus*. The *Romane Dame* complained not of her husbands breath, while shee knew no kisse, but his. While wee spy no joyes above our owne, we in quiet count them blessings. Wee see, even a few Companions can lighten our miseries: by which we may guesse the effect of a generalitie. Blacknesse, a flat Nose, thicke Lips, and goggle Eyes, are beauties, where nor shapes nor colours differ. He is much impatient, that refuseth the generall Lot. For my selfe, I will reckon that misery which I finde hurts mee in my selfe; not that which coming from another, I may avoid, if I will. Let mee examine whether that I enjoy, bee not enough to felicitate me, if I stay at home. If it be, I would not have anothers better fortune put me out of conceit with my own. In outward things, I will looke to those that are beneath me; that if I must build my selfe out of others, I may rather raise content than murmur. But for accomplishments of the minde, I will ever fixe on those above me; that I may, out of an honest emulation,

lation, mend my selfe, by continuall striving to imitate their Noblenesse.



LXXIII.

Of Pride and Choler.

THe Proud man and the Cholericke, seldome arrive at any height of vertue. *Pride* is the *choler* of the minde; and *choler* is the *pride* of the body. They are sometimes borne to good parts of Nature, but they rarely are known to adde by industry. 'Tis the milde and suffering disposition, that ofteneft doth attaine to *Eminencie*. *Temper* and *Humility* are advantagious *Vertues*, for businesse, and to rise by. *Pride* and *Choler* make such a noyse, that they awake dangers; which the other with a soft tread, steales by undiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too big to passe the narrow way. *Temper* and *Humility*, are like the *Foxe* when hee went into the *Garner*; he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at plenty. *Pride* and *Choler* are like the *Foxe* offering to goe our, when his belly was full, which inlarging him bigger than the passage, made him stay and be taken with shame. They that would come to preferment by *Pride*, are like them that ascend a paire of staires on horseback; tis ten to one, but both their beasts will cast them, ere they come to tread their Chamber. The mindes of proud men, have not that cleerenesse of discerning, which should make them judge aright of them-

themselves, and others. 'Tis an uncharitable vice, which teaches men how to neglect and contemne. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it selfe: & by this depression angers them, that they bandy against it, till it meets with the losse. One thing it hath more than any vice that I know: It is an Enemy to it selfe. The proud man cannot indure to see pride in another. Diogenes trampled Plato: though indeed 'tis rare to finde it in men so qualified. The maine thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the Reprehension of a Friend. Pride scornes a corrector, and thinkes it a disparagement to learne: and Choler admits no counsell that crosses him; crossing angers him, and anger blinds him. So if ever they heare any fault, it must either be from an Enemy in disdain, or from a Friend, that must resolve to lose them by't. M. Drusus, the Tribune of the People, cast the Consull, L. Philippus, into prison, because he did but interrupt him in his speech. Other dispositions may have the benefits of a friendly monitor; but these by their vices do seem to give a defiance to Counsell. Since, when men once know them, they will rather bee silent, and let them rest in their folly, then by admonishing them, runne into a certain Brawle. There is another thing shewes them to be both base: They are both most awed by the most abject passion of the mind, Peare. We dare neither be proud to one that can punish us; nor cholericke to one much above us. But when wee have to deale with such, we clad our selves in their contraries; as knowing they are habits of more safety, and better liking. Every man flies from the burning house.

house: and one of these hath a fire in his heart, and the other discovers it in his face. In my opinion, there bee no vices that inroach so much on Man as these: They take away his Reason, and turne him into a stone: and then Vertue her selfe cannot boord him, without danger of defamation. I would not live like a beast, pusht at by all the world for loftines: nor yet like a Waspe, stinging upon every touch. And this moreover shall adde to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of strife among Brethren.



LXXIII.

That great benefits cause ingratitude.

AS the deepest hate, is that which springs from the most violent Love; So, the greatest Discourtesies oft arise from the largest favours. Benefits to good Natures, can never be so great, as to make thanks blush in their tendering: but when they be weighty, and light on ill ones, they then make their returne in Ingratitude. Extraordinary favours make the giver hated by the receiver, that shold love him. Experience hath proved, that Tacitus wrote truth: *Beneficia usque adeò leta sunt, dum videntur posse exolvi, ubi multum anteverere, pro gratia, odium redditur.* Benefits are so long gratefull, as we thinke we can repay them: but when they challenge more, our thanks convert to hate. It is not good to make men owe us more then they are able to pay: ex-

cept it be for *vertuous deserts*, which may in some sort challenge it. They that have found *transcending courtesies*, for *offices* that have not been sound; as in their first *actions* they have been *strained*, so in their *progresse* they will prove *ungratefull*: For when they have served their turne of his *benefits*, they seldome see their *Patron* without *thraldome*, which (now by his gifts being lifted into happinesse) they grieve to see, and strive to be quit of. And if they be *defensive favours*, for matter of *fact*, they then with their *thraldome*, shew them their *shame*: and this prickes them forward to winde out themselves, though it be with incurring a greater. The *Malefactor* which thou savest, will, if he can, *tendemne* thee. Some have written, that *Cicero* was slaine by one, whom his *Oratorie* had defended, when he was accused of his *Fathers murder*. I knew a *French Gentleman* invited by a *Dutch* to his house; and according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, hee was welcom'd so long with *full Cups*, that in the end the *drinke* distemper'd him: and going away, in stead of giving him thanks, hee quarrels with his *Host*, and *strikes* him. His friend blaming him, he answered, It was his *Hosts* fault, for giving him *liquor* so strong. It pass'd for a *jest*: but certain, there was something in it more. Men that have beene thus beholding to us, thinke we know too much of their *wilenesse*: and therefore they will rather free themselves by their *Benefactors* *ruine*; then suffer themselves to be had in so low an *esteeme*. When *kindnesses* are such as hinder *Justice*, they seldome yeeld a fruit that is *commendable*:

dable: as if *vengeance* followed the *Bestower*, for an injurie to *equity*, or for not suffering the *Divine Edicts* to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'st the *Law* of a *Life*, to give it to an *ill-deserving man*. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater then the benefit that thou dost conferre upon him. Such pittie wounds the *Publike*, which is often revenged by him thou didst bestow it upon. *Benefits* that are good in themselves, are made ill by their being *misplaced*. Whatsoever favors thou impartest, let them be to those of *desert*. It will be much for thy *Honour*, when by thy *kindnesse*, men shall see that thou affectest *Vertue*, and when thou layest it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou hast plac'd it there: For, beleve it, hee is much more *Noble* that *deserves* a *benefit*, than he that *bestows* one. *Riches*, though they may reward *Vertues*, yet they cannot *cause* them. If I shall at any time doe a *courtesie*, and meete with a *neglect*, I shall yet thinke I did *well*, because I did *well intend* it. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author* worse, but the *Benefactor* rather the *better*. If I shall receive any *Kindnesses* from others, I will thinke, that I am tyed to *acknowledge*, and also to *returne* them, small ones, out of *Courtesie*, and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanitie*; to requite them with ill, *Satanicall*. 'Tis onely in *rancke grounds*, that much *raine* makes *weeds* spring: where the *soyle* is cleane, and well planted, there is the more *fruit* return'd, for the *showres* that did fall upon it.

LXXV.

Of Vertue and wisdom.

There are no such *Guards of Safety*, as *Vertue & wisdom*. The one secures the *soule*; the other, the *Estate and Body*. The one defends us against the *stroke of the Law*; the other against the *mutability of Fortune*. The *Law* has not power to strike the *vertuous*: nor can *Fortune* subvert the *wise*. Surely, there is more *Divinity* in them, than wee are aware of: for, if wee consider rightly, wee may observe, *Vertue* or *goodnesse* to bee *habituall*, and *wisdom* the *distributive* or *actual* part of the *Deitie*. Thus, all the *Creatures* flowing from these two, they appeared to bee *valde bona*, as in the *Text*. And the *Sonne of Sirach* couples them more plainly together: for hee sayes; *All the workes of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandements are done in due season*. These onely perfect and defend a man. When unjust *Kings* desire to cut off those they distast, they first lay *traines* to make them fall into *Vice*; or at least, give out, that their *Actions* are already *criminall*: so rob them of their *Vertue*; and then let the *Law* seize them. Otherwise, *Vertues garment* is a *Sanctuarie* so sacred, that even *Princes* dare not strike the man that is thus *robed*. 'Tis the *Livery* of the *King of Heaven*: and who dares arrest one that weares his *Cloth*? This protects us when wee are unarmed: and

and is an *Armour* that wee cannot, unlesse wee be false to ourselves, lose. *Demetrius* could comfort himselfe with this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his *Statues*, yet they could not extinguish his more *pyramidicall vertues*, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the *Divine Law*, which should be the square of all our *Actions*. *Vertue* is the *Tenure*, by which wee hold of *Heaven*: without this, wee are but *Out-laws*, which cannot claime *protection*. Sure, *Vertue* is a *Defendresse*, and valiants the heart of man. *Horace* reports a wonder, which hee imputes to his *integritie*.

Innocent and spotlesse hearts,

Need nor *Moorian* Bow nor Darts:

Quivers cram'd with poison'd shot,

O *Fusens*! they need not.

Boyling Sands, unnavigable,

Scythia's Mount inhospitable,

Media, *Inde*, and *Parthia*, they

Dare passe, without dismay.

For, when I prais'd my *Lalage*,

And carelesse walk'd beyond my way,

A fierce *Wolfe* from a *Sabine* Wood,

Fled mee, when nak'd I stood.

Integer vitæ, scelerisq; purus,

Non eget Mauri Iaculis nec Arcu,

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*Nec venenatis grvida Sagittis,
Fusce pharetra.*

*Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel qua loca fabulosæ
Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namq; mesylua Lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.*

If sometimes *Vertue* gives not freedom, she yet gives such *Cordials*, as frolicke the heart, in the presse of *adversitie*. She beames forth her selfe to the gladding of a bruised soule: and by her light the *dungion'd* prisoner dances. Especially she is brave when her *Sister Wisdom's* with her, I see not but it may be true, that *The wise man cannot fall*. *Fortune*, that the *Ancients* made to rule all; the wisest of the *Ancients* have subjected to *wisedom*. 'Tis shee that gives us a *safe conduct* thorow all the *various* casualties of *Mortality*. And therefore when *Fortune* meanes to ruine us, shee flatters us first from this *Altar*: shee cannot hurt us, till we be stript of these *Habiliments*: then shee doth both wound and laugh. 'Tis rare to see a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *wisedom* before. It is for the most part true, that,

Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere:

Fortune

Fortune first fooles the Man she meanes to foile.

She dares not, she cannot hurt us while we continue wise. Discretion swayes the *Starres*, and *Fate*: for *wealth*, the *Philosophers foresight* of the scarcitie of oyle, shewes it can helpe in that defect. For *Honour*, how many did it advance in *Athens*, to a renown'd *Authority*? When all is done, The wise man onely is the cunning'st *Fencer*. No man can either give a blow so soone, or ward himselfe so safely. In two lines has the witty *Horace* summ'd him.

Take all; There's but one *love* above him: Hee,
Is Rich, Faire, Noble, King of kings, and free.

*Ad summum. Sapiens uno minor est love. Dives,
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher, Rex deniq; Regum.*

Surely, *G O D* intended we should value these two above our *lives*: to live, is common; to be wise and good, particular; and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for *honour*, for *wealth*, for *Friends*, for *fame*, for *pleasure*: I desire but these two, *Vertue*, *wisedome*. I finde not a *Man* that the *world* ever had, so plentiful in all things, as was *Salomon*. Yet wee know, his request was but one of these; though indeed it includeth the other. For without *vertue*, *wisedome* is not, or if it bee, it is then nothing else, but a cunning way of undoing ourselves at the last.

M H of



LXXVI.

Of Moderation.

Nothing makes *Greatnes* last, like the moderate use of *Authority*. *Haughty* and violent mindes never blesse their owners with a settled peace. Men come downe by *domineering*. Hee that is lifted to sudden preferment, had need be much more careful of his actions, than hee that hath enjoy'd it long. If it be not a wonder, it is yet strange; and all strangers wee observe more strictly, than wee doe those that have dwelt among us. Men observe fresh *Authority*, to informe themselves, how to trust. It is good that the advanced *Man* remember to retaine the same *Humility*, that hee had before his *Rise*: and let him looke backe to the good intentions that sojourn'd with him in his low estate. Commonly, wee thinke then of worthy deedes; which wee promise our selves to doe, if wee had but meanes. But when that meanes comes, wee forget what wee thought, and practice the contrary. Whosoever comes to place from a meane being, had neede have so much more vertue, as will make good his want of *Blood*. *Nobility* will checke at the leape of a *Low man*. *Salust* has observed of *Tully*, when he was spoken of for *Consul*: that, *Pleraq; Nobilitas, invidia aestuabat, et quasi pollui Consulatam credebatur, si eum, quamvis egregius, homo novus, adeptus foret*. To avoyd this, it is good to be just and plausible.

A round

A round heart will fasten friends; and linke men to thee, in the chaines of Love. And beleve it, thou wilt find those friends firmest, (though not most) that thy vertues purchase thee. These will love thee when thou art but man againe: Whereas those that are wonne without desert, will also bee lost without a cause. Smoothnesse declineth Envie. It is better to descend a little from State, than assume any thing that may seeme above it. It is not safe to tenter Authority. Pride increaseth enemies: but it puts our friends to flight. It was a just Quip, that a proud Cardinall had from a friend, that upon his Election went to Rome, on purpose to see him: where finding his behaviour stretched all to Pride, and state, departs, and makes him a Mourning Sute; wherein next day he comes againe to visit him: who asking the cause of his blacks, was answered, it was for the death of Humility, which dy'd in him, when he was Elected Cardinall. Authority displayes the Man. Whatsoever opinion in the world, thy former vertues have gained thee, is now under a Iury; that will condemne it, if they slacke heere. The way to make Honour last, is to doe by it, as men doe by rich Jewels; not incommon them to the every-day eye: but case them up, and weare them but on Festivals. And, beenot too glorious at first; it will send men to too much expectation, which when they faile of, will turn to neglect. Thou hadst better shew thy self by a little at once, then in a windy ostentation, to v're out thy self together. So, that respect thou gain'st wil be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste.

Some

Some profit thou mayest make of *thinking* from whence thou *camest*. He that beares that still in his *minde*, will be more wary, how hee trench upon tho se, that were once *above* him.

With Earthen Plate, *Agathocles* (they say)

Did use to meale: so serv'd with *Samos* Clay.

When *Jewell'd* Plate, and rugged *Earth* was by,

He seem'd to mingle *wealth*, and *poverty*.

One ask'd the *cause*; he answers: I that am

Sicilia's King, from a poore *Potter* came.

Hence learne, thou that art rais'd from meane

To sudden *riches*, to be *Temperate*. (estate,

Fama est, fidilibus canasse Agathoclea Regem;

Atque abacum Samio saepe onerasse luto:

Fercula gemmatis cum poneret Horrida vasis,

Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul:

Quarenti causam, respondit: Rex ego qui sum

Sicania, figulo sum genitore satus.

Fortunam reverenter habe; quicumque repente

Dives ab exili progrediare loco.

It was the *Admonition* of the dying *Otho*, to *Cocceius*: neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that *Cesar* was his *Uncle*. When wee looke on our selves in the *shine* of *prosperity*, wee are apt for the *puffe* and *scorne*. When we thinke not on't at all, we are likely to be much *imbased*. An estate evened with these thoughts, indureth: Our advancement is many times from *Fortune*, our moderation in it, is that, which she can neither give, nor deprive

prive us of. In what condition soever I live, I would neither bite, nor faine: Hee does well that subscribes to him that writ,

Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatve major.

LXXVII.

Of Modestie.

There is *Modestie*, both a *Vertue*, and a *Vice*, though indeed, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *foolish bashfulness*. For then it betrays us to all *inconveniencies*. It brings a *foole* in Bonds, to his utter undoing: when out of a weak flexibility of *Nature*, he has not courage enough to deny the request of a *seeming friend*. One would thinke it strange at first, yet it is provedly true: That, *Modestie* undoes a *Maid*. In the face, it is a lure to make even *lewd men* love: which they oft expresse with large gifts, that so worke upon her yeelding nature, as she knowes not how to deny: so rather than be *ungratefull*, she oft becomes *unchast*: Even *blushing* brings them to their *Devirgination*. In *friendship*, tis an odious vice, and lets a man run on in *absurdities*; for feare of displeasing by telling the fault. Tis the *foole* onely, that puts *Vertue* out of countenance. *wise men* ever take a freedome of reproving, when vice is bold, and daring. How plaine was Zeno with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How serious *Seneca* with the savage *Nero*?

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Nero? A Spirit modestly bold, is like the *winde*, to purge the *Worlds* bad ayre. It disperses *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, unstirr'd, infect it. We often let *Vice* spring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *Debellation*. Nay, we many times forbear good *actions*, for feare the *world* should laugh at us. How many men, when others have their *store*, will want themselves, for shaming to demand their *owne*? And sometimes in *extremes* wee *unwisely* stand upon points of *insipid Modesty*. But, *Rebus semper pudor absit in actis*. In all *extremes* flye *Bashfulnessse*. In any good *action*, that must needs be bad, that hinders it: of which *straine*, many times, is the *fondnesse* of a *blushing shamefastnesse*. But to *blush* at *vice*, is to let the *world* know that the *heart* within, hath an *inclination* to *Vertue*. *Modestie* a *vertue*, is an excellent *curbe* to keep us from the *stray* and *offence*. I am perswaded, many had been bad that are not, if they had not been *bridled* by a *bashfull nature*. There are divers that have *hearts* for *vice*, which have not *face* accordingly. It chides us from *base company*, restraines us from *base enterprizes*, from *beginning* all, or *continuing* where we see it. It teaches to love *vertue* onely: and directs a man rather to mixe with a *chaste soule*, than to care for pressing of the *ripened bosome*. It awes the *uncivill tongue*: chaines up the *licentious hand*; and with a silent kind of *Majesty*, (like a watch at the *dore* of a *Thiefes Den*) makes *vice* not dare to peep out of the *heart* wherein it is lodged. It with-holds a man from *vaine boasting*: and makes a *wise man* not to scorn a *foole*.
Surely

Surely the *Graces* sojourne with the *blushing man*. And the *Cynicke* would needes have *Virtue* be a *Blush-colour*. Thus *Aristotles* daughter shew'd her selfe a better *Moralist*, then *Naturalist*: when being asked which was the best colour, shee answered: That which *Modesty* produced in *Men ingenious*. Certainly, the heart of the *blushing man*, is neerer *Heaven* than the *brazed forehead*. For it is a branch of *humility*, and when that dyes, *vertue* is upon the vanish. *Modesty* in *women*, is like the *Angels flaming sword*, to keep *vile men* out of the *Paradise* of their *chastity*. It was *Livia's modesty*, that tooke *Augustus*: and shee that wan *Cyrus* from a *multitude*, was a *modest one*. For though it be but *exterior*, and *face-deepe* onely, yet it invites *affection* strongly. *Plautus* had skill in such *commodities*;

Merettricem pudorē gerere magis decet, quam purpurā.
Magis quidem meretricē pudorē quam aurū gerere con-
decet.

Even in a *whore*, a *modest looke*, and *fashion*,
 Prevailes beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that be good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *reall*? Those things that carry a just *infamy* with them, I will justly bee *asham'd* to be seene in. But in *actions* either good, or not ill, it may as well be a *crime*. 'Tis feare and *cowardize*, that puls us backe from *goodnesse*. That is *base blood*, that *blushes* at a *vertuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *morall* of *Agessilaus* was good: when in his *Oblations* to *Pallas*, a *Lawse bit*, and he
 puls

puls it out, and kills it before the People, saying: *Trespases* were even at the *Altar* to be set upon. I know, things unseemely, though not dishonest, carry a kinde of shame along. But sure, in resisting villany, where courage is asked, *Bashfulness* is at best, but a weak, and a treacherous virtue.



LXXVIII.

Of Suspicion.

S*uspicious* are sometimes out of *Judgement*. He that knowes the *World* bad, cannot but suspect, it will be so still: but where men suspect by judgment, they will likewise by judgment, keepe that suspect from hurting them. *Suspicion*, for the most part, proceeds from a selfe-defect: and then it gnawes the minde. They that in private listen others, are commonly such as are ill themselves. The wise, and honest, are never fooled with this quality. Hee that knowes he deserves not ill, why should he imagine that others should speake him so? we may observe how a man is disposed, by gathering what hee doubts in others. *S. Chrysostome* has given the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: Sic difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est.* *Nero* would not beleeve, but all men were most foule *Libidinists*. And we all know, there was never such a *Roman Beast* as he. Suspecting that we see not, we intimate to the world, either what our acts have been, or what our *Dispositions* are. I will be warie
in

in *suspecting* another of *ill*, lest by so doing, I pro-
claime my *selfe* to be guilty: But whether I be, or
not, why should I *strive* to heare my *selfe* ill spoken
of? *Jealousie* is the worst of *madnesse*. Wee seeke for
that, which wee would not *finde*: or if wee doe,
what is it wee have got, but *matter of vexation*?
which wee came so basely by, as wee are *asham'd*
to take notice of it. So wee are forced to keepe
it *boyling* in our *breasts*: like *new wine*, to the haz-
ard of the *Hogshead*, for want of *venting*. *Jealousie*
is a *ginne* that we set to catch *serpents*, which
as soone as wee have caught them, *sting us*. Like
the *foole*, that finding a boxe of *poysen*, *tastes*, and
is *poysen'd* indeed. Are wee not *mad*, that being
quiet, as wee are, must needes goe search for *dis-*
contentments? So farre should we be from *seeking*
them, as to bee often *carelesse* of those wee *finde*.
Neglect will kill an *injury*, sooner than *Revenge*.
Said *Socrates*, when he was told that one *raile'd* on
him; *Let him beat me too, so I be absent, I care not*.
He that will *question* every *disgrace* word, which
hee heares is spoken of him, shall have few
friends, little *wit*, and much *trouble*. One told
Chrysippus, that his friend reproached him *privately*.
Sayer he, *Aye, but chide him not, for then he will doe*
as much in publique. Wee shall all meet with *vexa-*
tion enough, which wee cannot avoid. I cannot
thinke any man loves *sorrow* so well, as out of his
discretion, to invite it to lodge in his *heart*. *Pompey*
did well to commit those *Letters* to the *fire*, before
he read them, wherein hee expected to finde the
cause of his *griefe*. I will never undertake an *unwar-*

thy Watch for that which will but trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to doe that, which wee shall be ashamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that set spies upon others; or by listening, put the base office of *Intelligencer* upon themselves, would blush to be discovered in their *Projects*: and the best way to avoid the discovery, is at first to avoid the *Art*. If I heare any thing by accident, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take onely the good: but I wil never lye in wait for mine owne abuse; or for others that concerne me not. Nor will I flame at every vaine tongues puffe. Hee has a poore Spirit, that is not planted above petty wrongs. Small injuries I would either not heare, or not minde: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this, I may mend my selfe, and never malice the person.

LXXIX.

Of Fate.

Certainely, there is a Fate that hurries Man to his end, beyond his owne intention. There is uncertaintie in *Wisdom*, as well as in *folly*. When Man plotteth to save himselfe, that plotting delivers him into his ruine. Decrees are past upon us: and our owne wit often hunts us into the snares, that above all things we would shunne. What we suspect, and would fly, we cannot: what we suspect not, we fall into. That which sav'd us now, by and by kills us.

We

Wee use meanes of preservation, and they prove destroying ones. Wee take courses to ruine us, and they proove meanes of safetie. When Agrippina's death was plotted, her woman thought to save her selfe, by assuming of her *Mistress* name, and that onely was the cause of her killing. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam praelio error dedit*, an error in the fight, gave victorie. How many have, flying from Danger, met with Death? And on the other side, found Protection, even in the very jaws of Mischiefe?

Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena iurant.

And when Fate lists, a doubled payson saves.

Some men in their sleepe are cast into Fortunes Lap; while others, with all their industrie, cannot purchase one smile from her. How strange a Rescue from the sackage of an Enemy, had that Citie, that by the Leaders crying, *Backe, Backe*, when he wanted roome for the fetching of his blow, to breake a Chaine that hinder'd him, was by mis-apprehending the word, put backe in a violent flight? There is no doubt, but wisdom is better than folly, as light is better than darkenesse. Yet, I see, saith *Salomon*, it happens to the wise and foole alike. It fell out to be part of *Mithridates* miserie, that he had made himselfe unpoisonable. All humane wisdom is defective; otherwise, it might helpe us against the flack and storme. As it is, it is but lesser folly, which preserving sometimes, failes us often. Grave directions

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doe not alwayes prosper: nor does the *Fooles Bolt* ever misse. *Domitians reflective Galleries*, could not guard him from the *skarfed arme*. Nor did *Titus* his freeness to the two *Patrician aspirers*, hurt him: For, his confidence was, That Fate gave *Princes Sovereignetie*. *Man* is meerey the *Ball of Time*: and is sometime taken from the *Plough*, to the *Throne*; and sometimes againe, from the *Throne* to a *Halter*: as if wee could neither avoid being wretched, or happie, or both.

Non sollicita possunt cura

Mutare rati flamina fusi.

Quicquid patimur, mortale genus,

Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.

Servatque sua decreta Colus

Lachesis: dura revoluta manu,

Omnia certo tramite cadunt;

Primusque dies dedit extremum.

Our most thoughtfull cares cannot

Change establisht *Fates firme plot*.

All we suffer, all we prove,

All we act, comes from above.

Fates Decrees still keepe their course:

All things strictly, by their force,

Whee in undisturbed wayes;

Ends are set in our first dayes.

Whatsoever *Man* thinkes to doe in contrarietie, is by God turned to be a *helpe* of hastening the end he hath appointed him: It was not in the *Emperours* power

power to keepe *Ascletrarius* from the *Dogges*; no, though it was fore-told him: and he bent himselfe to *croffe* it. Wee are govern'd by a *Power*, that wee cannot but *obey*: our *minde*s are wrought against our *minde*s, to alter us. *Man* is his owne *Traitor*, and maddeth to undoe *himselfe*. Whether this be *Nature*, order'd and relinquit; or whether it be *accidentall*; or the operating power of the *Starres*; or the *eternall connexion* of *causes*; or the *execution* of the *will* of *God*; whether it takes away all *freedom*e of *will* from *Man*; or by what meanes we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not thinke any thing, that should derogate from the *Majestie* of *God*. I know, there is a *Providence* ordering all things as it pleaseth; of which, *Man* is not able to render a *reason*. We may beleeeve *S. Ierome*; *Providentia Dei omnia gubernantur*; & *quæ putatur pœna, Medicina est*. But the secret *progressions*, I confesse, I know not. I see, there are both *Arguments* and *objections* on every side. I hold it a kinde of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such *Characters*, as it is not in the *wit* of *Man* to reade them. In vaine wee murmur at the things that *must be*; in vaine wee mourne for what wee cannot *remedie*. Why should wee *rave*, when wee meete with what wee looke not for? 'Tis our *ignorance*, that makes us wonder our selves to a *dull stupefaction*. When wee consider but how little wee know, wee need not be disturbed at a new event.

*Regitur Fatis, mortale genus,
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest*

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*Firmum, & Stabile: perq; casus
Volvitur varios, semper nobis
Metuenda Dies.*

All *Mankind* is rul'd by *Fate*,
No man can propose a *State*
Firme and stable: various *Chance*,
Alwaies rowling, doth advance
That *Something* which wee feare.

Surely out of this, we may raise a *Contentment Roy-
all*, as knowing wee are alwaies in the hands of a
Noble Protector; who never gives ill, but to him
that has deserv'd ill. Whatsoever befalls mee, I
would subscribe to with a *squared soule*. It were a
superinsaniated folly, to struggle with a power which I
know is all in *vaine* contended with. If a faire en-
deavour may free mee, I will practise it. If that can-
not, let me waite it with a *calmed minde*. Whatso-
ever happens as a *wonder*, I will admire and magnifie,
as the *Act* of a *Power* above my apprehension. But
as it is an *alteration* to *Man*, I will never thinke it
marvellous. I every day see him suffer more *changes*,
then is of himselfe to imagine.



LXXX.

Of Ostentation.

Vaine glorie, at best, is but like a window Cushion,
specious without, and garnished with the ta-
sted

sted pendant : but within, nothing but *hey*, or *row*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. Where I have found a *Flood* in the *tongue*, I have often found the *heart empty*. 'Tis the *hallow Instrument* that sounds loud : and where the *heart* is *full*, the *tongue* is *seldome liberall*. Certainly, he that *boasteth*, if he be not *ignorant*, is *inconsiderate*, and knowes not the *slides* and *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If he had not an *unworthy heart*, he would rather stay till the *world* had found it, then so undecently bee his owne *Prolocutor*. If thou beest *good*, thou maist be sure the *world* will know thee so. If thou beest *bad*, thy bragging *Tongue* will make thee *worse* ; while the *actions* of thy *life* confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the *good* thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine owne *worth*, in drawing of it up by so unseemely a *Bucket*, as thine owne *tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in *knowing* himselfe *honest*, then in knowing that all the *world* approves him so. *Vertue* is built upon herselfe. *Flourishes* are for *Networks* ; better *Contextures* need not any other *additions*. *Phocion* call'd bragging *Laosthenes*, The *Cypres Tree* : which makes a faire *shew*, but seldome beares any *fruit*. Why may hee not be emblem'd by the *cozening Fig-tree*, that our *Saviour* curst ? 'Tis hee that is conscious to himselfe of an *inward defect*, which by the *brazen Bell* of his *Tongue*, would make the *world* believe, that hee had a *Church* within. Yet, *foole* that hee is ! this is the way to make men thinke the *contrarie*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after, overthrowes the *Action*, which was *good*, and went before : Or at least

it argues, that good not done well. Hee that does good for praise onely, failes of the right end. A good worke ought to propound, Hee is vertuous, that is so for vertues sake. To doe well, is as much applause as a good man labours for. Whatsoever good worke thy hand builds, is againe pull'd downe by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blazings of the proud will goe out, in a stench and smoake; their braggings will convert to shame. Saint Gregorie has it wittily: *Sub hoste quem prostermit, moritur, qui de culpa quam superat elevatur*. Hee both loseth the good hee hath done, and hazzardeth for shame with men: For Clouds of Disdaine are commonly rayfed by the wind of Ostentation. Hee that remembers too much his owne Vertues, teacheth others to object his Vices. All are Enemies to assuming Man. When hee would have more than his due, hee seldome findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealousy, that by promulgating his Vertues, wee vainely thinke hee should rob us of the worlds love; or whether wee take his exalting himselfe, to be our depression; or whether it be our envie; or that wee are angry, that hee should so under-value goodnesse, as despising her inward approbation, hee should seeke the uncertaine warrant of Men; or whether it be an instinct instampt in Man, to dislike them; 'Tis certaine, no man can endure the puffer of a swelling minde. Nay, though the Vaunts be true, they doe but awaken scoffes; and in stead of a clapping hand, they finde a checke with scorne. When a Souldier bragg'd too much of a great skarre in his fore-head, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it, when he looked backe,

backe, as he *fled*? Certainly, when I heare a *vaunting man*, I shall thinke him like a *Peece* that is charged but with *Powder*; which neere-hand gives a *greater Report*, than that which hath a *Bullet* in't. If I have done any thing *well*, I will never thinke **the** *world* is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to *essentiall vertue*, by the hoarse clamour of the *blundering Rabble*. If I have done *ill*, to *boast* the contrarie, I will thinke, is like *painting* an *old face*, to make it so much more *ugly*. If it be of any thing *past*, the *world* will *talke* of it, though I be *silent*: If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*, than seeme to *beg* it. If it be of ought to *come*, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to *performe*. Wee disgrace the worke of *Vertue*, when wee goe about any way to seduce voices for her *approbation*.



LXXXI.

Of Hope.

H *Mane* life hath not a *surer friend*, nor many times a *greater enemy*, than *Hope*. 'Tis the *miserable mans God*, which in the hardest gripe of *calamitie*, never failes to yeeld him *beames of comfort*. 'Tis the *presumptuous mans Devill*, which leades him a while in a *smooth way*, and then makes him breake his *necke* on the sudden. *Hope* is to *Man*, as a *Bladder* to a *learning Swimmer*; it keeps him from *sinking*, in the *bosome* of the *waves*; and by that

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that help he may attaine the exercise: but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height, and then if that breakes, or a storme rises, hee drownes without recoverie. How many would dye, did not Hope sustaine them? How many have dy'de, by hoping too much? This wonder wee may finde in Hope; that shee is both a Flatterer, and a true friend. Like a valiant Captaine, in a losing Battell, it is ever encouraging Man, and never leaves him, till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying Body, there is Hope fleeting in the wavering Soule. 'Tis almost as the Aire, by which the minde does live. There is one thing which may adde to our value of it: that it is appropriate unto Man alone. For surely, Beasts have not hope at all; they are onely capable of the present; whereas Man, apprehending future things, hath this given him, for the sustentation of his drooping Soule. Who would live rounded with calamities, did not smiling Hope cheere him, with expectation of deliverance? The common one is in Tibullus:

*Iam mala finissem Letho; sed credula vitam
 Spes fovet, & melius cras fore semper ait.
 Spes alit agricolas: spes sulcis credit aratris
 Semina, quæ magno fœnore reddat Ager.
 Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc capat arundine pisces,
 Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibum.
 Spes etiam valida solatur compede victum,
 Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus.*

Hope

*Hope flatters Life, and sayes shee'l still bequeath
Better; else I had cur'd all ill's by Death.*

*She blythes the Farmer, does his graine commit
To Earth, which with large use replentieth it.
Shee snares the Birds: and fishes as they glide,
Strikes with smal hooks: that coozning baits do hide:
She cheeres the shackled Prisoner, and while's thigh
Rings with his Chaines, he workes, & sings on high.*

*There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her
comfort. Imprison, vexe, fright, torture, shew Death
with his horriest brow; yet Hope will dart in her re-
viving rayes, that shall illumine and exhilarate, in the
tumour, in the swell of these. Nor does shee more
friend us with her gentle shine, then shee often fooles
us with her sleeke delusions. Shee dandles us into
killing Flames: sings us into Lethargies: and like an
overhasty Chirurgion, skinneth dangers, that are
full, and foule within. Shee coozens the Thiefe of
the coine hee steales: and cheates the Gamester
more then even the falsest Dye. It abuseth universall
Man, from him that stoopes to the lome-wall, upon
the naked Common, to the Monarch in his purpled
Throne. It undoes the melting Prodigall; it delivers
the Ambitious to the edged Axe, and the rash Souldier
to the shatterings of the fired Vomit. Whatsoever
good wee see, it tels us wee may obtaine it; and in
a little time, tumble our selves in the Downe of our
wishes: but it often performes like Domitian, pro-
mising all with nothing. 'Tis (indeed) the Rattle
which Nature did provide, to still the froward cry-
ing of the fond childe, Man. Our Life is but a Runne,
after*

after the *Drag* of something that doth itch our *senses*: which when wee have hunted home, wee finde a *meere delusion*. Wee thinke wee serve for *Rachel*, but are deceiv'd with *bleare-ey'd Leah*. *Iacob* is as *Man*; *Laban* is the *churlish, envious, ungratefull World*: *Leah* is the *pleasure* it payes us with; blemisht in that which is the *life of beantie*, perisht even in the *Eye*; emblem'd too by the *Sexe of Frailtie, Women*. Wee see a *Box*, wherein wee beleewe a *Pardon*; so wee are merry in the brinke of *Death*. While wee are *dancing*, the *Trap-doore* falls under us; and *Hope* makes us *jocund*, till the *Ladder turnes*; and then it is too late to *care*. Certainly, it requires a great deale of *judgement*, to *ballance* our *hopes* even. Hee that hopes for *nothing*, will never attaine to *any thing*. This *good* comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our *passage* thorow the *world*, and sometimes so sets us to *worke*, as it produces *great actions*, though not alwayes pat to our *ends*. But then againe, he that hopes *too much*, shall coozen himselfe at last; especially, if his *industrie* goes not along to *fertile* it. For, *hope* without *action* is a *barren undoer*. The best is, to *hope* for *things possible*, and *probable*. If wee can take her *comforts*, without transferring her our *confidence*, wee shall surely finde her a *sweet companion*. I will be content, my *hope* should *travaile* beyond *Reason*; but I would not have her *build* there. So, by this I shall reape the benefit of her *present service*, yet prevent the *Treason* shee might beguile me with.

That

LXXXII.

That Sufferance causeth Love.

IN *Noble Natures*, I never found it faile, but that those who suffered for them, they ever loved *in- cirely*. 'Tis a *justice* living in the *Soule*, to *indeare* those that have *smarted* for our sakes. Nothing sur- rer eyes a *friend*, than freely to *subhumerate* the bur- then which was his. He is unworthie to be freed a second time, that does not pay both *affection* and *thanks* to him, that hath undergone a *mischiefe* due to himselfe: He hath, in a sort, made a *purchase* of thy *Life*, by saving it; and though he doth forbear to call for it, yet I beleeve, upon the like, thou ow- est him. Sure, *Nature* being an *enemie* to all *in- justice*, since she cannot recall a thing done, labours some other way, to recompence the *passed injurie*. It was *Darius* his *confession*, that he had rather have one whole *Zopirus*, than tenne such *Babylons* as his mangling wanne. *Volumnius* would needes have dy'de upon *Lucullus* corps, because hee was the cause of his undertaking the *warre*. And *Achilles* did alter his purpose of refraining the *Grecian Campe*, to revenge *Patroclus* his death, when hee heard that hee was slaine in his *borrowed Armour*. Sure, there is a *sympathie* of *Soules*; and they are subtilly mixed by the *Spirits* of the *Aire*; which makes them sensible of one anothers *sufferances*. I know not by what hidden way; but I finde, that
love

RESOLVES.

love encreaseth by *adversitie*. Ovid confesse it:

—— *Adverso tempore crevit Amor:*

—— Love heightens by depression.

Wee often finde in *Princes*, that they love their *Favourite*, for being *Screenes*, that take away the envie of the *People*, which else would light on them: and wee shall see this love appeare most, when the *people* begin to lift at them: as if they were then ty'd to that, out of *Justice* and *Gratitude*, which before was but matter of *Favour*, and in the way of *Courtesie*. To make two friends intire, wee need but *plot*, to make one suffer for the others sake. For this is alwayes in a *worthie minde*, it grieves more at the trouble of a friend, than it can doe for it selfe. Men often know in themselves, how to *manage* it, how to *entertaine* it, in another, they are uncertaine how it may *worke*. This *fear* troubles love, and sends it to a neerer search, and pittie. All creatures shew a *thankfulnesse* to those that have befriended them. The *Lion*, the *Dogge*, the *Storke*, in *kindneses* are all *returners*: whose *Nature* leanes to *mutuall requitals*; and to pay with numerous use, the favours of a free affection. And if wee owe a *Retribution* for unpainefull *Courtesies*; how much should wee reflow, when they come arrayed in *Sufferings*? Though it be not to our selves a benefit of the largest profit, yet it is to them a service of the greatest paines: and it is a great deale more *Honour*, to recompence after their *Need*, than our Receipt.

ceipt. In *Courtesies* 'tis the most *Noble*, when we receive them from others, to prize them after the *Authors intention*, if they bee *meane*, but after their effect, if they bee great: and when wee offer them to others, to value them lesse good, but as the *sequell* proves them to the *Receiver*. Certainly, though the world hath nothing worth loving, but an *honest man*: yet this would make one love the man that is *vile*. In this case I cannot exempt the ill one out of my affection: but I will rather wish he may still be free, than I in bonds to lewdnesse, nor will I, if my *industrious* care may avoid it, ever let any endure a torment for me: because it is a *courtesie* which I know not how to requite. So, till I meet with the like opportunity, I must rest in his debt, for his passion. It is not good to receive favours, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those Bonds are *cruell* tyes, which make man ever *subject* to debt, without a power to cancell them.



LXXXIII.

*That Policie and Friendship are scarce
comparable.*

AS *Policie* is taken in the generall, we hold it but a kind of craftie *wisdome*, which boweth every thing to a *selfe-profit*. And therefore a *Politician* is one of the worst sorts of men, to make a friend on. Give me one that is *vertuously wise*, not *cunningly hid*, and twined to himselfe. *Policie* in friend-
ship,

ship, is like *Logicke* in truth : something too *subtill* for the plainnesse of disclosing hearts. And whereas this works ever for appropriate ends ; Love ever takes a partner into the Benefit. Doubtlesse, though there be that are sure, and straight, to their friend : yet in the generall, he is reckon'd, but a kind of *postpositum* : or an Heire that must not claime till after. Wee have found out an *adage*, which doubles our love to ourselves ; but withall, it robs our Neighbour. *Proximus ipse mihi*, is urged to the ruine of friendship. They that love themselves over-much, have seldome any expressive goodnesse. And indeed, it is a quality that fights against the twist of friendship. For what love joynes, this divides, and distanceth. *Scipio* would not beleieve it was ever the speech of a wise man, which wils us, so to love, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affection projecteth perpetuity. And that love which can presently leave, was never well begun. Hee that will not in a time of need, halve it with a streighted friend, does but usurpe the name, and injure it. Nor is hee more to be regarded, that will kicke at everie faile of his friend : A friend invited *Alcibiades* to supper : He refused ; but in the middle of their meale, he rushes in with his servants, and commands them to catch up the wine, and carry it home to his house : they did it, yet halfe they left behind. The Guests complained of this uncivill violence : but his friend with this milde speech, excused him, saying : He did courteously, to take but halfe, when all was at his service. Yet in these lenities I confesse Politicians are most plausible. There are that will doe

doe as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keepe correspondencie in small matters, that they may be trusted; and deceive in greater, and of graver consequence. But these are to bee banisht the League. The Politicke heart is too full of cranks, and angles, for the discoverie of a plaine familiar. It is uncertaine finding of him, that useth often to shift his habitation: and so it is a heart, that hath devices and inversions for it selfe alone. Things that differ in their end, will surely part in their way. And such are these two: The end of *Policie*, is to make a mans selfe great: The end of *Love*, is to advance another. For a friend to converse withall, let me rather meet with a sound affection, than a craftie Braine. One may faile me by accident, but the other will doe it out of fore-intent. And then there is nothing more dangerous, than studied adulation; especially, where it knowes 'tis trusted. The soundest affection, is like to be betweene those, where there cannot be expectation of sinister ends. Therefore have your Poets feigned, the intirest love among humble shepherds; where *Wealth* and *Honour* have had no sway in their unions.



LXXXIV.

Of Drunkenesse.

Said *Musaeus*, The reward of Vertue, is perpetuall Drunkenesse. But he meant it, of celestiall exhilaration: And surely so, the good man is full of gladding

ding vivifications, which the world does never reach unto. The other drunkenness, arising from the Grape, is the floating of the sternelesse Sences in a Sea, and is as great a Hydra, as ever was the Multitude. That dispositions differ as much as faces, Drinke is the clearest prover. The Cup is the betrayer of the mind; and does disapparell the soule. There is but one thing which distinguisheth Beast, and Man; Reason: And this it robs him of. Nay, it goes further, even to the subverting of Natures institution. The thoughts of the heart, which God hath secluded from the very Devill, and Spirits, by this doe suffer a search, and denudation. *Quod in corde sobrii, in lingua ebrii.* Hee that would anatomize the soule, may doe it best, when wine has numm'd the senses. Certainly, for confession, there is no such Racke as wine; nor could the Devill ever finde a cunninger Bait to angle both for acts, and meaning: Even the most benighted cogitations of the soule, in this floud, doe tumble from the swelled tongue; yet madly wee pursue this Vice, as the kindler both of wit, and mirth. Alas! it is the blemish of our Times, that men are of such slow conceit, as they are not companie one for another, without excessive Draughts, to quicken them. And surely, 'tis from this barrenness, that the imperinencies of Drinke, and smoake, were first tane in, at Meetings. It were an excellent way, for men of Qualitie, to convert this madnesse, to the discussion and practice of Arts, either Militarie, or Civill. Their Places of Resort might bee so fitted with Instruments, as they might bee like Academies of Instruction, and Proficiencie. And these they might

might sweeten, with the adding of *illusive Games*. What severall *Playes*, and *Exercises*, had their continuall use, with the flourishing *Romans*? Was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenses*, *Scenicos*, *Ludicrōs*, and the like? All which, were as *Schools* to their *Youth*, of *Vertue*, *Activenesse*, or *Magnanimitie*: And how quickly, and how eagerly, were their *Bacchanalia* banished, as the teachers onely of detested vice? Indeed, *Drunkenesse* besets a *Nation*, and bestiates even the bravest spirits. There is nothing which a man that is soaked in *drinke*, is fit for; no, not for *sleepe*. When the *Sword* and *Fire* rages, 'tis but man warring against man: When *Drunkenesse* reignes, the *Devill* is at warre with man, and the *Epotations* of *dumbe liquor* damnes him. *Macedonian Philip* would not warre against the *Persians*, when he heard they were such *Drinkers*: for he said, they would *ruine* alone. Doubtlesse, though the *Soule* of a *Drunkard* should be so drowned, as to be *insensate*; yet his *Body*, me thinks, should irke him to a *penitence*, and *discession*. When like an impoysoned *bulke*, all his powers mutinie in his distended *skinne*, no question but hee must be pained, till they come againe to settling. What a *Monster Man* is, in his *incbriations*! a *swimming Eye*; a *Face*, both *roast* and *sod*; a *temulentive Tongue*, clammed to the *roose* and *gummes*; a *drumming Eare*; a *fevered Bodie*; a *boyling Stomacke*; a *Mouth* *nastie* with *offensive fumes*, till it sicken the *Braine* with *giddie verminations*; a *palsied Hand*; and *Legges* tottering up and downe their *moistened Burthen*. And whereas wee eat our *dishes* severall, because their *mixture* would loath the *taste*, the *eye*,

and *smell*; this, when they are halfe made excrement, reverts them, mashed in an odious vomit. And very probable tis, that this was the *poysen*, which kil'd the *valiant Alexander*. *Proteas* gave him a *quasse* of two gallons, which set him into a *disease* he dyed of. Tis an *ancient Vice*; and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* us'd to say of *Cæsar*, that *He alone came sober*, to the overthrow of the State. But you shall scarce finde a man much addicted to *drinke*, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the *snare*s of his *enemies*, or overbeares his *Nature*, to a finall *sinking*. Yet there bee, whose delights are onely to *tunne in*: and perhaps as *Bonofus*, they neuer straine their *bladder* for't. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the *Countreyes* fat. That 'tis practis'd most of the meanest people, proves it for the *baser vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Lady*, in this *Kingdome*, who would often complaine, that the greatest inconvenience hee found in *service*, was, his being vrged to *drinke*. And the better hee is, the more hee shall find it. The eyes of many are upon the *Eminent*: and *Servants*, especially those of the *ordinary ranke*, are often of so meane *breeding*, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainment*. Wee may observe, it ever takes footing first in the most *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were such lovers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and unlesse it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Grecians*, I confesse, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in *braine*. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the most *civilized*,

civilized, I finde not tainted with this spot. And though the *Heathen* (in many places) *Templed* and *adored* this *drunken God*; yet one would take their *ascriptions* to him, to bee matter of *dishonour*, and *mockes*: As his *troupe* of *furied Women*; his *Chariot* drawne with the *Linx* and *Tyger*; and the *Beasts* sacred to him, were onely the *Goat* and *Swine*. And such they all prove, that frequently honour him with excessive *Draughts*. I like a *Cup*, to *briske* the *Spirits*; but *continuance* dulls them. It is lesse labour to *plough*, than to *pot* it: and *urged Healths* doe infinitely adde to the *trouble*. I will never drinke but *Liberties*, nor ever those so long, as that I lose mine owne.

— Deare *Bacchus*, Ile not heave
The shak'd *Cup* 'gainst my *stomacke*: nor yet reave
Ope' arbor'd *Secrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* fierce,
And *Phrygian Horne* be mute: blind *selfe-loves* curse,
Braves without braine; *Faith's* closetings, alas!
Doe follow thee, as if but cloath'd with *Glasse*.

Horace reads it thus: — *Non ego te candide Bassareu!*
Inuitum quatiā: nec variis obstita frondibus
Sub Diūm rapiam. Sæva tene Bercynthio
Cornu tympana; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides Prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

Let me rather be disliked for not being a *Beast*,
than be *Good-fellowed* with a *Hug*, for being one.
Some laugh at me, for being *sober*; and I laugh at
S 3 them,

them, for being *dranke*. Let their *pleasures* crowne them, and their *mirth* abound; the next day they will sticke in *mudde*. *Bibite, & pergracimini o Cimmerii! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.*



LXXXV.

Of Marriage, and single life.

BOth *Sexes* made but *Man*: So that *Marriage* perfects *Creation*. When the *Husband* and the *Wife* are together, the *world* is contracted in a *Bed*: and without this, like the *Head* and *Bodie* parted, either would *consume*, without a possibilitie of *reviving*. And though wee finde many *enemies* to the name of *Marriage*; yet 'tis rare to finde an *emie* to the *use* on't. Surely, he was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature*, in her true *worke*, never made any thing in vaine. Hee that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guiltie of a *contempt* against *Nature*; as disdain-
ing to make use of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turkes* hold, without some colour of *Reason*: They say, Hee that *marries* not at fitting time, (which they hold is about the age of five and twentie yeeres) is not *just*, nor pleaseth not *God*. I beleeve it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *Chastitie* is many times accompanied with such *inconveni-
ences* as wee see ensue. I cannot thinke *God* is pleased with that, which crosseth his first *Ordination*,
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and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to root out an inseparable *sway* of *Nature*, than they are aware of. The best *chastitie* of all, I hold to be *Matrimoniall chastitie*: when *Paires* keepe themselves in a moderate *intermutu- alnesse*, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to *union*, and continuance of the *World* in *posterity*. And 'tis fit even in *Nature* and *Policie*, that this *propriety* should be inviolable: First, in respect of the impurenesse of *mixt posterity*. Next, in respect of *peace* and *concord* among *men*. If many *Men* should be interess'd in one *Woman*, it could not be, but there would infinite *jarres* arise. Some have complained of *Christian Religion*, in that it ryes men so strictly in this point, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no meanes of *remedie*. But surely if libertie of *change* were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a gap to many *mischiefes*, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessitie are *digested*, and made straight againe. Those I observe to agree best, which are of *free natures*, not subject to the fits of *choller*. Their *freedom* shuts out *jealousie*, which is the *canker* of *wedlocke*; and withall, it divideth both *joy* and *sorrow*. And when *hearts* alike disclose, they ever linke in love. Nay, whereas small and *domesticke jarres*, more fret *marriages*, than *great ones* and *publike*; these two will take them away. *Freedom* reveales them, that they rankle not the *Heart* to a *secret loathing*: and *Mildnesse* heares them, without *Anger*, or *bitter words*: so they cloze againe after *discussion*, many times in a *straighter*

them, for being *drunke*. Let their pleasures crowne them, and their *mirth* abound; the next day they will sticke in *mudde*. *Bibite, & pergracimini o Cimmerii Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.*



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Tye. Povertie in wedlocke, is a great decayer of love and contentation; and Riches can finde many wayes, to divert an inconvenience: but the minde of a man is all. Some can bee servile, and fall to those labours which another cannot stoope to. Above all, let the generous minde beware of marrying poore: for though hee cares the least for wealth, yet hee will bee most galled with the want of it. Selfe-conceited people never agree well together: they are wilfull in their brawles, and Reason cannot reconcile them. Where either are onely opinionately wise, Hell is there: unlesse the other bee a Patient meere. But the worst is, when it lights on the Woman: shee will thinke to rule, because shee hath the subtiler braine: and the Man will looke for't, as the priviledge of his Sex. Then certainly, there will bee mad worke, when wit is at warre with Prerogative. Yet againe, where Marriages proove unfortunate, a woman with a bad Husband, is much worse, than a Man with a bad wife. Men have much more freedome, to court their Content abroad. There are, that account women onely as Seed-plots for posteritie: others worse, as onely quench for their fires. But surely there is much more in them, if they be discreet and good. They are Women but in body alone. Questionlesse, a Woman with a wise Soule is the fittest Companion for Man: otherwise God would have given him a Friend rather than a wife. A wise wife comprehends both Sexes: she is Woman for her body, and she is Man within: for her soule is like her Husbands. It is the Crowne of Blessings, when in

one

one *Woman* a *Man* findeth both a *wife* and a *Friend*. *Single life* cannot have this *happinesse*, though in some mindes it hath many it preferres before it. This hath fewer *Cares*, and more *Longings*: but *Marriage* hath fewer *Longings*, and more *Cares*. And as I thinke *Care* in *Marriage* may bee commendable; so I thinke *Desire* in *Single life*, is not an evill of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a thing that accompanies *Nature*, and *Man* cannot avoid it. Some things there are, that *conscience* in generall *Man* condemnes, without a *Literall Law*: as *Injustice*, *Blasphemie*, *Lying*, and the like: But to curbe and quite beate downe the desires of the flesh, is a worke of *Religion*; rather than of *Nature*. And therefore sayes *Saint Paul*, *I had not knowne Lust* to have beene a sinne, if the *Law* had not sayd, *Thou shalt not lust*. *Votive Abstinence*, some cold constitutions may endure with a great deale of vexatious penitence. To live chaste without *coming*, I like a great deale better: nor shall wee finde the *Devill* so busie to tempt us to a single sinne of *unchastitie*; as he will, when it is a sinne of *unchastitie* and *perjury* too. I finde it commended, but not imposed. And when *Iephtha's Daughter* dyed, they mourned, for that she dy'd a *Maid*. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day doe (in honour of *Marriage*) priviledge the wedded. And though the *Romans* had their *Vestals*, yet after their thirtie yeeres continuance, the crueltie of enforced *Chastitie* was not in force against them. *Single life* I will like in some, whose mindes can suffer continencie: but should all live thus,

thus, a hundred yeeres would make the world a *Desart*. And this alone may excuse me, though I like of *Marriage* better. One tends to *ruine*, the other to increasing of the *glory* of the world, in multitudes.

LXXXVI.

Of Charitie.

Charitie is communicated goodnesse, and without this, *Man* is no other than a *Beast*, preying for himselfe alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon *Charitie*, then there are, that do subsist of themselves. The world which is chained together by intermingled love, would all shatter, and fall to pieces, if *Charitie* should chance to dye. There are some secrets in it, which seeme to give it the chaire from all the rest of vertues. With *Knowledge*, with *Valour*, with *Modestie*, and so with other particular *Vertues*, a man may be ill with some contrarying vice: But with *Charitie* we cannot be ill at all. Hence I take it, is that saying in *Timothie*; The end, or consummation of the Law, is love out of a pure heart. *Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest: habere autem Charitatem, & malus esse non potest*, said *Saint Augustine* of old. Next, whereas other vertues are restrictive, and looking to a mans selfe: This takes all the world for its object: and nothing that hath sense, but is better for this *Displayer*. There bee among the *Mahometans*, that are so taken with this
beautie,

beautie, that they will with a price redeeme *ingaged Birds*, to restore them to the *libertie* of their *plumed-wing*. And they will oftentimes, with *cost* feed *fishes* in the *streaming water*. But their *opinion* of *deserving* by it, makes it as a *superstitious folly*: and in *Materials*, they are nothing so *zealous*. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to *God*, than *Charitie*. As all things are filled with his *goodnesse*, so the *Vniuersall* is partaker of the *good mans spreading Love*. Nay, it is that which gives *life* to all the *Race* of other *Vertues*: It is that which makes them to appear in *Art*. *wisedome* and *Science* are worth nothing, unlesse they be *distributive*, and declare themselves to the *world*. *wealth* in a *Misers* hand is *uselesse*, as a *lockt-up Treasure*. 'Tis *Charitie* onely, that maketh *Riches* worth the owning. Wee may observe, when *charitable men* have ruled, the *World* hath *flourished*, and enjoyed the *Blessings* of *Peace*, and *Prosperitie*; the *Times* have beene more *pleasant*, and *smooth*: Nor have any *Princes* fate more *secure* or *firme* in their *Thrones*, than those that have beene *clement*, and *benigne*; as *Titus*, *Trajan*, *Antonine*, and others. And wee may observe againe, how *rugged*, and how full of *brackes* those *Times* have beene, wherein *cruell ones* have had a *Power*. *Cicero* sayes of *Sylla's time*; — *Nemo illo inuito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam, retinere potuerit*. And when the *Senate* in *Councell*, was frighted at the erie of seven thousand *Romans*, which hee had sent to *execution* at once; hee bids them minde their *businessse*, for it was onely a few *Seditiaries*, that hee had commanded to be *slaine*.
No

No question, but there are which delight to see a *Rome* in flames, and like a *ravish'd Troy*, mocking the absent day with earthly fires, that can linger *Men* to *Martyrdom*, and make them die by piece-meale. *Tiberius* told one, that petitioned to be quickly kill'd, That he was not yet his friend. And *Vitellius* would needs see the *Scrivener* die in his presence, for he said he would feed his eyes. But I wonder, whence these men have their *mindes*: *God*, nor *Man*, nor *Nature* ever made them thus: Sure, they borrow it from the *wilderneſſe*, from the imboasted *Savage*, and from tormenting *ſpirits*. When the *Leg* will neither beare the *Body*, nor the *Stomach* diſperſe his receipt, nor the *Hand* be ſerviceable to the directing *Head*, the whole muſt certainly languish, and die: So in the *Bodie* of the *World*, when *Members* are ſullen'd, and ſnarle one at another, downe falls the frame of all.

*Quod mundus, ſtabili fide,
Concordes variat vices:*

*Quod pugnantia ſemina
Fœdus perpetuum tenent:*

*Quod Phœbus Roſeum diem
Curru provehit aureo:*

*Vt quas duxerit Heſperus,
Phœbe noctibus imperet:*

*Vt fluctus avidum mare
Certo ſine coerceat,*

Ne terris liceat vagis

Latos tendere terminos:

Hanc rerum ſeriem ligat,

(Terras, ac Pelagus regens,

Et Cœlo imperitans) Amor.

That

That the world in constant force,
 Varies his concordant course :
 That seeds jarring, *hot and cold*,
 Doe the *Breed* perpetuall hold :
 That the *Sunne* in's golden Car,
 Does the *Rosie Day* still rere.

That the *Moone* swayes all those lights,
Hesper ushers to darke nights.

That *alternate Tydes* be found,
Seas high-prided *waves* to bound ;

Lest his *fluid waters* Mace,
 Creeke broad *Earths* invallyed face.

All the *Frame* of things that be,
Love (which rules *Heaven, Land, and Sea*)

Chaines, keepes, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boetius*. The world containes nothing, but
 there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some
 other *creatures*. The *Ayre* yeelds *Fowles*; the *Water*
Fish, the *Earth* *Fruit*. And all these yeelde some-
 thing from themselves, for the use and behalfe,
 not onely of *Man*, but of each other. Surely, hee
 that is *right*, must not thinke his *charitie* to one in
 deed a *courtesie* but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first
 being, bound him to pay. I would not water a strange
 ground, to leave mine owne in *drought* : yet I thinke
 to every thing that hath *sense*, there is a kinde of
pittie owing. *Salomons* good *Man*, is *mercifull* to his
Beast : nor take I this to be onely *intentionall* ; but
expressive : God may respect the *minde*, and *will* ; but
 man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let
 my *mind* be *charitable*, that God may accept me. Let
 my *actions* expresse it, that man may be benefited.

Of

LXXXVII.

Of Travaile.

A speech which often came from *Alexander*, was; That he had discovered more with his eye, than other Kings did comprehend in their thoughts. And this he spake of his *Travaile*. For indeed, men can but guesse at places, by relation onely. There is no *Map*, like the view of the *Countrey*: Experience is the best *Informer*: And one *Journey* will shew a man more, than any descriptions can. Some would not allow a man to moove from the shell of his owne *Countrey*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a happinesse, for birth, life, and buriall, to be all in a *Parish*. But surely, *Travaile* filleth the man: He hath liv'd but lockt up in a larger Chest, which hath never seene but one Land. A *Kingdome* to the world, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdome*: A man may live in't like an unbred man. Hee that searcheth forraine Nations, is becomming a *Gentleman* of the world. One that is learned, honest, and travail'd, is the best compound of man; and so corrects the Vice of one *Countrey*, with the Vertues of another; that like *Mithridate*, he growes a perfect mixture, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France*, and *Spaine*, are as the Court of the world: *Germanie*, *Denmarke*, and *China*, are as the Citie: The rest, are most of them *Countrey*, and *Barbarisme*: Who hath not seene the best of these, is a little lame in knowledge. Yet I thinke it not fit, that every

every man should *travaile*. It makes a *wise man* better, and a *foole* worse. This gaine nothing, but the *gay Sights, Vices, exoticke Gestures*, and the *Aperie* of a *Countrey*. A *Travailing foole* is the *shame* of all *Nations*: He *shames* his *owne*, by his *weakenesse* abroad: He *shames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They onely blab abroad *Domesticke Vices*, and import them that are *transmarine*. That a man may better himselfe by *Travaile*, hee ought to observe, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to avoid it, as taking the *good* into use. And without registering these things by the *Pen*, they will slide away unprofitably. A man would not thinke, how much the *Charaſtering* of a thought in *Paper*, fastens it. *Litera scripta manet*, has a large sense. Hee that does this, may, when he pleaseth, rejourney over all his *Voyage*, in his *Clozet*. *Grave Natures* are the best *Proficients* by *Travaile*: they are not so apt to take a *Soyle*; and they observe more: but then they must put on an outward freedome, with an inquisition seemingly carelesse. It were an excellent thing in a *State*, to have alwayes a select number of *Youth*, of the *Nobilitie*, and *Gentrie*; and at yeeres of some *maturitie*, send them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better dispose of them, than in dedicating them to the *Republike*. They themselves could not be in a fairer way of preferment: And no question but they mought prove mightily serviceable to the *State*, at home; when they shall returne well versed in the *world*, *Languaged*, and well read in *Men*; which for *Policie*, and *Negotiation*; is much better than any *Booke-learning*, though never

ver so deepe, and knowing. Being abroad, the best is
 to converse with the best, and not to chuse by the
 eye, but by Fame. For the State, instruction is to be
 had at the Court: For Traffique, among Merchants:
 For Religious Rites, the Clergie: For Government, the
 Lawyers: and for the Countrey, and rurall knowledge,
 the Boores, and Peasantry, can best helpe you. All
 Rarities are to be seene, especially Antiquities:
 for these shew us the ingenuitie of elder times, in
 Art; and are in one, both Example, and Precept.
 By these, comparing them with Moderne Invention,
 wee may see how the world thrives in abilitie, and
 Braine: But above all, see rare men. There is no
 Monument, like a worthie man alive: Wee shall
 be sure to finde something in him, to kindle our
 spirits, and inlarge our mindes with a worthie emu-
 lation of his vertues. Parts of extraordinarie note,
 cannot so lye hid, but that they will shine forth,
 through the tongue and behaviour, to the inlightning
 of the ravisht beholder. And because there is lesse
 in this, to take the sense of the eye, and things are
 more readily taken from a living patterne; the
 Soule shall more easily draw in his excellencies, and
 improove it selfe with greater profit. But unlesse
 a man has judgement, to order these aright in him-
 selfe, at his returne, all is in vaine, and lost labour.
 Some men, by Travell will be changed in nothing:
 and some againe, will change too much. Indeed,
 the Morall out-side, wheresoever we be, may seeme
 best, when something fitted to the Nation wee are
 in: But wheresoever I should goe, or stay, I
 would ever keepe my God and Friends unchange-
 ably.

ably. Howsoere hee returnes, hee makes an ill Voyage, that changeth his Faith with his Tongue, and Garments.

LXXXVIII.

Of Musicke.

Diogenes spake right of Musicke, when hee told one that bragg'd of his skill; That Wisedome govern'd Cities; but with Songs, and Measures, a House would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for pleasure, than any profit of Man. Being but a sound, it onely workes on the minde for the present; and leaves it not reclaimed, but rap't for a while: and then it returnes, forgetting the onely care-deepe warbles. It is but wanton'd Ayre, and the Titillation of that spirited Element. Wee may see this, in that 'tis onely in hollowed Instruments, which gather in the stirred Ayre, and so cause a sound in the Motion. The advantage it gaines upon the Minde, is in respect of the neerenesse it hath to the spirits compasure, which being Æthereall, and harmonious, must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the Ayre is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the eare, by whose winding entrance, it is made more pleasant, and by that in-essent Ayre, carried to the Auditorie Nerve, which presents it to the common sense, and so to the intellectuall. Of all Musicke, that is best which comes from an articulate voice. Whether it be, that man cannot make an Instrument so melodi-

ons, as that which God made, living *Man*: or, be-
 cause there is something in this, for the *rationall*
part, as well as for the *care* alone. In this also, that
 is best, which comes with a carelesse *freenesse*, and
 a kind of a neglective *easinesse*; *Nature* being al-
 wayes most lovely, in an *unaffected*, and *spontaneous*
flowing. A *dexterious Art*, shewes *cunning*, and *in-*
dustrie, rather than judgement, and *ingenuitie*. It is a
 kind of *disparagement*, to bee a *cunning Fidler*. It
 argues his neglect of better *employment*, and that he
 hath spent much *time* upon a thing *unnecessarie*.
 Hence it hath beene counted ill, for great *Ones* to
sing, or *play*, like an *Arted Musician*. *Philip* ask'd
Alexander, if hee were not *ashamed*, that hee sang so
artfully. And indeed, it softens the *mind*; The *cu-*
riosity of it, is fitter for *women* than *Men*, and for
Curtezans than *women*. Among other Descripti-
 ons of a *Romane Dame*; *Salust* puts it downe for one,
 that shee did—*Psallere, & saltare, elegantius, quam*
necesse est probæ. But yet againe 'tis pittie, that these
 should be so *excellent*, in that which hath such pow-
 er to *fascinate*. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all
 her helpes of *rooing*. Many a *minde* hath beene
 angled unto ill, by the *Eare*. It was *Stratonice*, that
 tooke *Atithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are
 framed, it can draw, and incline the *minde*. Lively
Tunes doe lighten the *minde*: Grave ones give it
Melancholy. Loftie ones raise it, and advance it to
 above. Whose *dull blood* will not caper in his
veines, when the very *ayre* hee breathes in, *frisketh*
 in a tickled *motion*? Who can but fixe his *eye*, and
thoughts, when hee heares the *sigh*, and *Dying*
groanes.

groanes, gestur'd from the mournfull Instrument?
 And I thinke hee hath not a minde well temper'd,
 whose zeale is not inflamed by a heavenly Antheme.
 So that indeed, Musicke is good, or bad, as the end to
 which it tendeth. Surely, they did meane it ex-
 cellent, that made Apollo, who was God of wisdom,
 to be God of Musicke also. But it may be the Ægyp-
 tians, attributing the invention of the Harpe to him,
 the raritie and pleasingnesse made them so to honour
 him. As the Spartans used it, it served still for an
 excitation to Valour, and honourable Actions: but then
 they were so carefull of the manner of it, as they
 finde Terpander, and nailed his Harpe to the Post,
 for being too inventive, in adding a String more
 than usuall: Yet had hee done the State good ser-
 vice; for hee appeased a Sedition, by his Play, and
 Poetrie. Sometimes light Notes are usefull; as in
 times of generall Joy, and when the minde is pressed
 with sadnesse. But certainly, those are best, which
 inflame zeale, incite to courage, or induce to gravitie.
 One, is for Religion; so the Jewes: The other, for
 Warre; so the Grecians, and Romans: And the last,
 for Peace, and Morallitie: Thus Orpheus civilized
 the Satyres, and the bad rude men. It argues it of
 some excellencie, that 'tis used onely of the most
 aëriall creatures; loved, and understood by Man
 alone; the Birds next, have varietie of Notes. The
 Beasts, Fishes, and the Reptilia, which are of grosser
 composition, have onely silence, or untuned sounds.
 They that despise it wholly, may well be suspected,
 to be something of a Savage Nature. The Italians
 have somewhat a smart censure, of those that affect

it not: They say, God loves not him, whom hee hath not made to love *Musicke*. *Aristotles* conceit, that *Iove* doth never *Harpe*, nor sing, I doe not hold a *dispraise*. We find, in *Heaven* there be *Halleluiahs* sung: I beleeeve it, as a *helper* both to good, and ill; and will therefore *honour* it, when it moves to *Vertue*; and beware it, when it would *flatten* into *Vice*.



LXXXIX.

Of Repentance.

HE that will not repent, shall ruine; nor is he to be pittied in his sufferings, that may escape a torment, by the compunction of a heart, and teares. Surely, that God is mercifull, that will admit offences to be expiated by the sight, and fluxed eyes. But it is to be wondered at, how *Repentance* can againe *in favour* us with an offended God; since, when a sinne is past, grieve may lessen it, but not *un sinne* it. That which is done, is *unrecallable*; because a sinne does intend in *infinitum*. *Adulterie* once committed, *maugre* all the teares in man, for the *Ad*, remains *Adulterie* still; yea, though the guilt and punishment be remitted: nor can a man *unact* it againe. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin* honour, there may be some satisfaction, but no restitution. Certainly, there are secret walkes of Goodnesse, and Puritie; whereby all things are revolved in a constant way, which by the supreme Power of God they were at first invested

invested in. And when *Man* strays from this *Instinct*, the whole course of *Nature*, is against him, till hee be reduced into his first ranke, and order. And this, I thinke, may excuse *God* of changeablenesse, when we say hee turnes to *Man*, upon his *Penitence*: for indeed, 'tis *Man* that changes, *God* is still the *unaltered* same. And the first *Immutability* of things, never leaves a man, till hee be either settled againe in his place, or quite cut off from troubling of the *Motion*. And as he is not rightly re-inserted, till he does co-operate with the *Noble revolution* of all: so hee is not truly penitent, that is not progressive, in the *Motion* of aspiring goodnesse. When hee is once thus againe, though hee were a straggler from the *Round*, and like a wry *Cog* in the *wheele*, yet now, hee is streighted, and set againe in his way, as if hee had never beene out. Sayes the *Tragedian*:

*Remeemus illuc, unde non decuit prius
abire*——

Returne we, whence it was a shame to stray:
and presently after,

Quem poenitet peccasse, paucè est innocens.

He that repents, is well-neere innocent.

Nay, sometime a failing and returne, is a prompter to a surer hold. *Saint Ambrose* observes, that *Peters* faith was stronger after his fall, than before: so as

he doubts not to say, that by *his fall*, he found more grace than he *lost*. A man shall beware the *steps* he once hath *stumbled* on. The *Devill* sometimes coozens himselfe, by *plunging* man into a *deepe* offence. A sudden ill *Act*, growes *abhorred* in the *minde* that did it. Hee is mightily *carelesse*, that does not grow more *vigilant* on an *Enemie*, that hath once *surprized* him. A *blow* that *smarts*, will put us to a *safer* ward. But the *danger* is, when wee *glide* in a *smoothed* way: for then, wee shall never *returne* of our *selves* alone. Questionlesse, *Repentance* is so *powerfull*, that it cannot be but the *gift* of *Deitie*. Said the *Roman Theodosius*: That *living* men *die*, is *usuall*, and *naturall*; but that *dead* men *live* againe by *Repentance*, is a *worke* of *God-head* onely. How farre, how secure, should we runne in *Vice*, did not the *Power* of *Goodnesse* checke us in our full-blowne *Saile*? Without doubt, that is the best *life*, which is a little *sprinkled* with the *salt* of *Crosses*. The other would be quickly *ranke*, and *tainted*. There are whose *paths* are *washd* with *Butter*, and the *Rose-Bud* crownes them: but doubtlesse, 'tis a *miserie* to *live* in *oyled* *Vice*, when her *wayes* are made *slipperie* with her owne *slime*; and the *bared* *tracke* inviteth to a *ruinous* race. Heaven is not had, without *repentance*; and *repentance* seldome *meetes* a man in *jollitie*, in the *careere* of *Lust*, and the *blouds* loose *ryot*. A *Father* said of *David*; Hee *sinned* as *Kings* use to doe; but hee *repented*, *sighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* have used not to doe. I would not be so *happy*, as to want the *meanes* whereby I might be *penitent*. I am sure no man can *live* without *sinne*, and I am sure no *sinner* can

can be *saved*, without it. Nor is this in a mans *owne* choice, to take it up when he *please*. Surely, *Man* that would never *leave* to *sinne*, would never of himselfe begin to *repent*. It were *best*, if *possible*, to *live* so, as we might not *need* it: But since I can neither nor *need* it, nor give it my *selfe*, I will pray him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both *release* and *glory*.



X C.

Of warre and Souldiers.

AFTER a long scene of *Peace*, *warre* ever enters the *Stage*; and indeed, is so much of the *worlds* *Physicke*, as it is both a *Purge*, and *Bloud-letting*. *Peace*, *Fulnesse*, *Pride*, and *warre*, as the *four* *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *whee*, that the *Times* turne on. As wee see in *Bees*, when the *Hyve* multiplies, and fills, *Nature* hath alwayes taught it a way of *ease*, by *swarmes*: So the *world*, and *Nations*, when they grow *over-populous*, they discharge themselves by *Troupes*, and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *distemper* of the *Body Politicke*, which (like the *Naturall*) *Rest*, and a full *Dye* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humours*, either to *sicknesse*, or *Evacuations*. When 'tis eased of these, it *subsides* againe to a *quiet rest*, and *temper*. So *warre* is begotten out of *Peace* graduately, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Betweene *Peace*, and *warre*, are two *Stages*; *Luxurie*, *Ambition*: betweene *warre*, and

RESOLVES.

Peace, none at all. The causes of all warres, may be reduced to five heads: Ambition, Avarice, Revenge, Providence, and Defence. The two first, were the most usuall causes of Warre among the Heathen. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd Pride, and Covetousnesse; both the Romans and Grecians were taught by their high bloods, to call, Honour and increase of Empire, The originall of all, Tibullus will needs have gold.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?

Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit?

Tunc cades hominum generi, tunc praelia nata,

Tunc brevior dira mortis aperta via est.

At nihil ille miser meruit; nos ad mala nostra,

Vertimus, in sevas quod dedit ille feras.

Divitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt,

Faginus adstabat dum Scyphus ante dapes.

Of killing Swords who might first Author be?

Sure, a Steele minde, and bloody thought had he.

Mankinds destruction; wars, were then made knowne;

And shorter wayes to death, with terrour showne.

Yet (cur'd) he's not ith' fault; we madly bend

That on our selves, hee did for Beasts intend.

Full gold's ith' fault: no wars, no jarres were then,

When Beech bowles onely were in use with men.

That which hath growne from the propagation of Religion, was never of such force, as since the Mahometan Law, and Catholike cause, have ruffled among the Nations. Yet questionlesse to lay the foundation

foundation of Religion in blood, is to condemne it, before we teach it; the sword may force Nature, and destroy the Body, but cannot make the minde believe that lawfull, which is begun in unlawfulness: Yet without doubt in the enterprizers, the opinion has animated much: wee see how it formerly fired the Turke, and is yet a strong motive to the Spanish attempts. Vnlesse hee throwes abroad this to the world, to blanch his Rapine and his cruelty. For that of Revenge; I see not but it may bee lawfull for a Prince, even by warre, to vindicate the honour of himselfe, and People. And the reason is, because in such cases of injury, the whole Nation is interested: and many times the recompence, is more due to the Subjects, than the Sovereigne. That of Providence may well have a passe: as when Princes make Warre to avoyd Warre: or when they see a storme inevitably falling, 'tis good to meet it, and breake the force: should they ever sit still while the blow were given them, they might very well undoe themselves by Patience; we see in the body, men often bleed to prevent an imminent sickness. For that of Defence, both Religion, and all the Rules of Nature plead for't. The Commanders in Warre ought to bee built upon these three Vertues; they should be wise, Valiant, Experienc'd. Wisdom in a Generall, many times ends the warre without warre. Of all Victories, the Romans thought that best, which least was stain'd with blood. And they were content to let Camillus triumph, when he had not fought. In these times, it is especially requisite, since Stratagems and Advantages are more in use, than the open

open and the daring *valour*. Yet *valiant* he must be; else he growes *contemptible*, loses his *command*; and by his owne *feare*, infects his *Troupes* with *cowardice*. To the *eternall* honour of *Cesar*, *Cicero* reports, that in all his *commands* of the *Field*, there was not found an *Iro*, but a *Veni*: as if he scorn'd in all his *Onsets*, to be any thing, but still a *Leader*: Always teaching, by the *strongest* *Authoritie*, his owne *forwardnesse*, his owne *examples*. And though these be *Excellencies*, they be all, without *Experience*, lame. Let him be never so *learned*, his *Bookes* cannot limit his *designes* in severall: And though he be perfect in a *Paper-plot*, where his eye has all in view; he will faile in a *Leaguer*, where he sees but a *limme* at once: Besides, *Experience* puts a *credit* on his *Actions*, and makes him farre more prompt, in *undertakings*. And indeed, there is a great deale of *reason*, why we should *respect* him, that with an *untainted valour*, has growne old in *Armes*, and hearing the *Drumme* beat: When every *minute*, Death seemes to passe by, and shun him, he is as one that the *supreme God* has car'd for; and, by a particular *Guard*, defended in the *Haile of Death*. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to *exorbitancie*; yet this is more in the *common* sort, that are *pressed* as the *refuse*, and *burthen* of the *Land*, than in those that by a *Nobler breeding*, are abler to *command*. *Want*, *Idleneesse*, and the desperate face of *bloud*, hath hardened them to *Out-rages*. Nor may wee wonder, since even their life is but an order'd *Quarrell*, raysted to the *feud* of *killing*. Certainly, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of *charitie*:

*Nulla fides, Pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur,
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.*

Nor Faith, nor Conscience, common Souldiers carry.
Best pay, is right: their hands are mercenarie.

For the weapons of warre, they differ much from those of ancient times: and I beleeeve, the invention of Ordnance hath mightily saved the lives of men. They command at such distance, and are so irresistible, that men come not to the shooke of the Battell, as in former Ages. We may observe, that the greatest numbers have fallen by those weapons, that have brought the Enemies neere together. Then the pitched field was the triall, and men were so ingaged, that they could not come off, till blood had decided victorie. The same Advantages are still, and rather greater now, than of old: The winde, the Sunne, the better Ground. In former warres, for all their Armes, the Aire was ever cleare: but now their Peeeces mist and thicken it; which beaten upon them by disadvantages, may soone endanger an Armie. Surely, warres are in the same nature with offences, *Necesse est ut veniant*. They must be; yet *Vae inducenti*, they are mightily in fault, that cause them. Even reason teaches us to cast the blood of the staine, upon the unjust Authors of it. That which gives the minde securitie, is a just cause, and a just deputation. Let me have these; and of all other, I shall thinke this one of the noblest and most manly wayes of dying.



XCI.

Of Scandall.

TIs unhappinesse enough to himselfe, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, he shall pull a stain on a whole society, his guilt will gnaw him with a sharper tooth. Even the effect is contrary to the sway of Nature, and the wishes of the whole extended Earth. All men desire, that vexing their foes, they may gratifie and glad their friends: onely he that scandals a Church, or Nation, makes his Friends mourn, and his Enemies rejoyce. They sigh for his just shame, unjustly flung on them: these smile, to see an adversarie false, and the blow given to those that would uphold him. And though the Author lives where hee did, yet his soule has beene Traytor, and helped the contrary side. One ill man may discountenance even the warranted, and maintained cause of a Nation, especially if he has beene good. Blots appeare fouler in a strict life, than a loose one, no man wonders at the Swines wallowing: but to see an Ermine myr'd, is Prodigie. Where doe Vices shew so foule, as in a Minister, when hee shall bee heavenly in his Pulpit alone? Certainly, they wound the Gospell, that preach it to the World, and live, as if they thought to goe to Heaven some other way than that they teach the people. How unseemely is it, when a grave Cas-socke, shall bee lin'd with a wanton Reveller, and
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with crimes, that make a loose one odious? Surely, God will be severest against those, that will weare his Badge, and seeme his servants, yet inwardly side with the Devill, and Lusts: They spot his Honour, and cause prophane ones jeast at his Holinesse. Wee see, the Prince suffers in the failes of his Ambassadour; and a servants ill action is some touch to his Masters reputation; nor can he free himselfe, but by delivering him up to Justice, or discarding him: otherwise, he would be judg'd to patronize it. Other offences God may punish; this, he must; lest the enemies of his Truth triumph against him. David had his whip for this: Because by this, hee had caused the enemies of God to blaspheme, the Child must dye. When hee that had enthem'd the purenesse of the God of Israel, and proclaimed the Noble Acts hee did of old, and seem'd as one indear'd to the Almightyes love; how would the Philistines rejoyce, when hee should thus become Apostate, and with a milde licentiousnesse, mix his Lust with Murther and Ingratitude? Surely, the Vices of Alexander the sixt did mightily discolour Papacie: till then, Princes were afraid of Bulls, and Excommunications; but it was so usuall with him, to Curse upon his owne displeasure, and for advancing of his spurious Race, that it hath made them slighted; ever since his passions so impublik'd them. What a staine it was to Christendome, that the Turke should pull a Christian Kings violated Covenant from his Bosome, in the warre, and present it the Almightye, as an Act of those that profess'd themselves his servants? Beware how thy Actions fight against thy Tongue, or Penne.

One ill life will pull downe more than many good Tongues can build. And doubtlesse, God, that is jealous of his Honour, will vindicate these Soiles with his most destructive Arme. Take heed, not of strictnesse, but of falling foully after it. As he that frames the strongest Arguments against himselfe, and then does fully answer them, does the best defend his Cause: So hee that lives strictest, and then forgoes his hold, does the worst disgrace his Patron. Sinnes of this nature, are not faults to our selves alone, but by a kinde of argumentative way, dishonour God in the consequent: And even all the Church of sincerest good men, suffer in a seeming-good mans fall. This is to be religiously lewd. If thou beest unsound within, soile not the glorious Roabe of Truth, by putting it upon thy beastlinesse. When Diogenes saw a Wanton vaunting in a Lions skinne, hee calls unto him, that he should forbear to make Vertues garment blush. And indeed, Vertue is ashamed, when shee hath a Servant vile. When those that should be Sunnes, shall be eclipsed, the lesser Starres will lose their light and splendour. Even in the Spaniards Conquest of the Indians, I dare thinke, their crueltie and bloudinesse have kept more from their faith, than all their force have wonne them. Some would not beleeeve, Heaven had any blessednesse, because they heard there were some Spaniards there. So hatefull can detested Vice make that, which is even goodnesse it selfe: and so excellent is a Soule of integritie, that it frights the lewd from luxurie to reverence. The beastly Florians were abash'd and ceas'd at the upright Cato's presence.

A second to eternall goodnesse, is, a wise man, uncorrupt in life: his soule shines, and the beames of that shine, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same spirit guide both the hand and tongue. I will never professe, what I will not strive to practise: and will thinke it better to bee but crooked timber, than a straight blocke, and after lye to stumble men.



XCII.

That Divinitie does not crosse Nature, so much as exceed it.

They that are Divines without Philosophie, can hardly maintaine the Truth in disputations. 'Tis possible they may have an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they have not Reason too, they will scarce make others capable of their Instruction. Certainly, Divinity and Morality are not so averse, but that they well may live together: for, if Nature bee rectified by Religion; Religion againe is strengthened by Nature. And as some hold of Fate, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the Stars, onely wee have not skill to finde it: so, I beleeeve, there is nothing in Religion, contrary to Reason, if we knew it rightly. For conversation among men, and the true happinesse of Man: Philosophie hath agreed with Scripture. Nay, I thinke I may also adde, for defining of God, excepting the Trinitie, as neere as man can conceive

ceive him. How exact hath it made *Justice*? How busie to finde out *Truth*? How rightly directed *Love*? exalting with much earnestnesse, all those *Graces*, that are any way amiable. Hee that seekes in *Plato*, shall finde him making *God* the *Solum summum Bonum*; to which, a pure and vertuous life is the way. For defining *God*, my opinion is, that *Man*, neither by *Divinitie* nor *Philosophie*, can, as they say, *Quidditative*, tell what hee is. It is fitter for *Man* to adore and admire him, than in vaine to studie to comprehend him. *God* is for *Man* to stand amazed, and wonder at. The clogg'd and drossie Soule can never sound him, who is the unimaginable Fountaine of Spirits; and from whom, all things, by a graduate Derivation, have their light, life, and being. In these things they agree: But I finde three other things, wherein *Divinitie* over-soareth Nature; In the Creation of the world, in the Redemption of *Man*, and in the way and Rites wherein *God* will be worshipped. In the Creation of the world; no *Philosophie* could ever reach at that which *Moses* taught us: Here the *Humanists* were all at a stand, and jarre; all their conjectures being rather wittie, and conceit, than true and reall. Some would have all things from *Fire*; some, from *Ayre*; some, from *Water*; some, from *Earth*; some, from *Numbers*; some, from *Atomes*; from *Simples*, some; and some, from *Compounds*. *Aristotle* came the neereft, in finding out the truest *Materia Prima*: but because hee could not beleieve this made of nothing, hee is content to erre, and thinke it was eternall. Surely, this Conceit was as farre from Reason, as the other:
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his Reason might have fled unto Omnipotencie, as well as to Eternitie. And so indeed, when Philosophie hath gone as farre as shee is able, shee arriveth at Almightyesse, and in that Abyſse is lost: where, not knowing the way, she goeth but by guesse, and cannot tell when shee is, or right, or wrong: Yet is shee rather subordinate, than contrarie. Nature is not crosse, but runnes into Omnipotentie; and like a pettie River, is swallowed in that boundlesse Maine. For the Redemption of Man, even the Scripture calls it a *Mysterie*: And all that *Humanitie* could ever reach of this, was, onely a flying to the generall name of *Mercie*, by the urgings of the *Conscience*. They all knew they had failed, and false; their owne bosomes would tell them thus: But the way how they might be restored, never fell into their *Heathen* thoughts. This was a worke that God declared onely to his owne *Peculiar*, by the immediate revelation of his Word, and will. For the manner how God would be worshipped, no *Naturalist* could ever finde it out, till hee himselſe gave directions from his sacred *Scripture*. In the first Chapter to the *Romans*, Saint Paul grants, that they may know God, through the *visibilities* in his workes: But for their ignorance in this, he sayes, The wrath of God is revealed against them; because, that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, but turned the Glory of the incomparable God, to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible Man, and of Birds, and of foure-footed Beasts, and of creeping things. And these three things the *Scripture* teacheth us; which else wee could never have learned,

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from

from all the *Bookes* in the *World*. Thus wee see for *moralitie*, *Nature* still is something *pert* and *vigorous*: but in the things of *God* it is confirmed, that shee is *thicke-sighted*, and cannot see them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *man*, upon the top of *Monarchy*? no more can *Man* comprehend *God*, in the height of *Omnipotence*. There are as well *Mysteries* for *Faith*, as *Causes* for *Reason*. This may guide mee, when I have to deale with *Man*; but in *Divine* affaires, *Reason* shall waite on *Faith*, and submit to her *Prerogative*. The *Conscience* is great; but *God* is farre greater then it.



XCIII.

Of tediousnesse in Discourse.

A *Prating Barbar*, came to trimme *King Arche-laus*, and asked him, *Sir, how will you please to have mee cut your haire?* Sayes the *King*, *Silently*. And certainly, though a *Man* ha's nothing to do, but to *heare* and *answere*; yet a *limetlesse tongue* is a *strange unbitted Beast*, to worry one with. And the *miserie* is, they that *speake much*, *seldome speake well*: for they that know how to *speake a-right*, know not how to dwell in *Discourse*. It cannot bee but *ignorance*, when they know not, that *long speeches*, though they may please the *speaker*, yet they are the *torture* of the *hearing eare*. I have pittied *Horace*, when hee was put into his *sweat*, and almost flaine in the *via sacra*, by the *accidentall*

accidentall detention of a *Babblers tongue*. There
 is nothing tyres one, like the *sawing* of ones cares,
 when words shall clatter, like a window loose, in wind.
 A talkative Fellow is the unbrac'd *Drumme*, which
 beates a wise man out of his wits. Surely, *Nature*
 did not guard the tongue with the double fence of
 teeth and lips, but that she meant it should not move
 too nimbly. I like it in *Isocrates*, when of a *Scholler*
 full of words, hee asked a double Fee: one to learne
 him to *speake well*; another, to teach him to hold
 his peace. They which talke too much to others, I
 feare me, seldome speake with themselves enough:
 and then, for want of acquaintance with their own
 bosomes, they may well be mistaken, and present a
 Foole to the People, while they thinke themselves
 are wise. But there are, and that severally, that bee
 much troubled with the disease of *speaking*. For, as-
 suredly, *Loquacity* is the *Fistule* of the minde; ever
 running, and almost incurable. Some are blabs of
 secrets; and these are *Traytours* to *Societie*: they are
Vessels unfit for use; for they bee boared in their
 bottomes. Some will boast the favours they have
 found: and by this meanes, they often bring good-
 nesse into suspect, lose love, and injure Fame.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset Corvus, haberet

Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus, invidiaq;.

But could the Crow be silent fed, his diet

Might daintyer be, lesse envied, and more quiet.

You shall finde too, that will cloy you with their

owne *inventions*: and this is a fault of *Poets*, which unlesse they meet with those that love the *Muses*, is as a *dainty Oration*, deliver'd to one in a *Language* that he understands not. His judgement found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inviting his *Friend* to supper, promise, that he

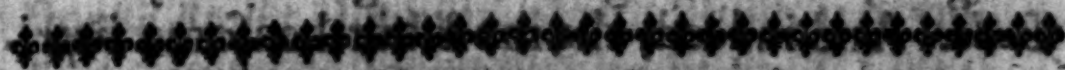
— no *Verses* would repeate.

Some will *preamble* a *Tale* impertinently: and cannot be delivered of a *jest*, till they have travelled an houre in *Trivials*; as if they had taken the whole *Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting on it out at large: thus they often spoyle a good *Dish*, with improper *Samce*, and unfavourie *forcements*. Some have a veine in *counselling*; even till they stop the *care*, they powre it in. *Tedious admonitions* dull the *Advised*, and make the giver *contemptible*. 'Tis the *short reproofe*, that staves like a *stab* in the *Memorie*: and many times, *three words* doe more good, than an *idle Discourse* of three houres. Some have *varieties* of *Stories*, even to the tiring of an *Auditor*; and these are often, even the grave *follies* of age: whose unwatcht *tongues* stray into the waste of words, and give us cause to blame their *memories*, for retaining so much of their *youth*. There are too, that have a leaping *Tongue*, to jigge into the tumult of *discourse*; and unlesse you have an *Aristius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deepe *vexation*. A *Rooke-yard* in a *Spring* morning, is neither so ill nor noisefull, as is one of these. But this is commonly a *feminine*. Doubtlesse, the

the best way for speech, is to be short, plaine, materiall.
Let me heare one wise mans sentence it, rather than
twenty Fooles, garrulous in their lengthned tattle.

*Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid:
nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia.*

Hugo Victorinus.



XCIII.

Of Libertie, and Restraint.

IT was but a flourish of Cicero's Oratorie, when he
said, *Ad Decus & Libertatem nati sumus.* The
greatest Prince that ever was produc'd by woman,
comes insanguin'd into the world, and is a poore re-
sistlesse Slave, to the first arme that he falls into.
But if he meant it of the Noble spirit of Man, then
I thinke 'tis true: for it still advanceth to that
Sunne, from whence it hath both life and vigour.
And thus, wee see all things doe aspire to libertie,
and the affecting of an uncontrolled Freedome.
Every Creature is prompted by Nature, to be like
that, from whence it is derived. Looke over all
the world, and you shall finde, that every thing, as
farre as the Abilitie will give it Line, does Snail it
after Deitie, and with a kind of Rising Emulation,
slowly Apes Almightyesse. But this Libertie of Hu-
mane spirit, is that which cannot be restrained, and
therefore the restraint of the Body, is that which
we will speake of. This is commonly by Impri-
sonment, or by Service. That of Impri-
sonment, is no-
thing

thing such a *mischiefe*, as the most doe thinke it. The greatest is, in that, the *Eye* is debarred the delight of the *Worlds Varietie*. Nor indeed is this *totall*, but in part, and *locall* onely. In this, a *blinde man* is the most *miserable Prisoner* of all: Whatsoever place does hold him, he is still in the *Worlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights uncomfortable shade*. And indeed, the most burthensome imprisonment, is to be *Prisoner* to a *Disease*; as the *Gout*, the *Palsy*, and the like: because, for the most part, these hold us, not without *paine*, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about us. For the other, I see not, but a *locall restraint*, without *wart*, and *inforced employment*, may very easily bee converted to a *happinesse*: unless *Men* will let their *mindes* long against the *Tyde* of *Reason*. It is no other but a place of *retyring*, and *sequestration* from the *world*, which many of the wisest have voluntarily put upon themselves. *Demoisthenes* would shave his *Beard* by halfe, to keepe himselfe within, by a willing *necessitie*. *Dioclesians* two and twenty *Teeres Empery*, could not put him out of love with his *retyring place*: Nor *Charles the Fifth*, his many *Kingdomes*. There are Examples of extraordinary *gaine*, that *Men* have made of such *Confinements*. Assuredly, while a *Man* is tossed among *Men*, and *businesse*, hee cannot so enjoy himselfe; as when hee is something secluded from both of these. And it is a *Misery*, when a *man* must so apply himselfe to others, as he cannot have leasure to account with himselfe. Besides, be he never so at large; he does but runne over the same things; hee sees but the like

like *world* in another place. If hee has but *light*, and any *prospect*, he may see by that, what the rest is, and enjoy it, by his boundlesse *minde*. For the *Restraint* by *Service*, if it be with imposed *Toyle*, then is it farre worse, than the being *circum-mured* onely: This *Man* differeth not in the act of his *life* from a *Beast*: Hee must ply his *Taske*, and have his *Food*, but onely to make him fit for his *Taske* againe: hee is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The gods sell all for *labour*; and hee has entred *Covenant*, to worke for one that *playes*: so is become a *Principall* for another mans *debt*, and payes it. This surely is the greatest *Captivity*, the greatest *Slavery*. The attendant *Services* of *Nobility*, are farre easier to the *Man* and *Minde*: though the perpetuall sight of *full Estates* about them, may well endanger those *mindes* that have not *Ballast* in them. To see *Heaven*, and come no neerer, then to waite at the *doore*, is a terrible *Torment* to the *Spirit*. A *naked Beauty* seene, would tempt one *chaste*, to erre. Yet withall, 'tis something like *Love*, a kinde of *bitter-sweet*, it both *pleaseth* and *displeaseth* the *Minde* at once: it is pleased to see it: but 'tis displeased, that it cannot enjoy it. Besides, if there be *toyle*, a *wise man* may take lesse of it: and an *honest man*, by the plea of his *duty*, makes his *minde* content in *dispatches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *businesse* much the easier. One asked the *Cynicke*, how he could live a *Servant* to *Zeniades*; but hee returnes, That a *Lyon* does not serve his *Keeper*, but his *Keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleades for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may bee often

casie, yet they sometimes grate, and gall. So that if wee appeale to the minde of *Man*, that will say, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *Tub*, than to bee a *servant* in the roofed *Palace*. There are helps, that may abate *Inconveniencies*: but *Libertie* will over-sway with *Man*. When one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went *brave*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replies, That for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleased; and *Diogenes*, when it pleased *Diogenes*. If this be not rather *opinionative* than *reall*, it is questionlesse an unhappinesse to serve. If I have my *liberty*, I would rest in the *priviledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would joy in the *benefits* that accrue the want: so in either estate, I may finde *Content* my *Play-fellow*.

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Homo homini quid prestat? was the former times just wonder: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the spirits of *Men*. It hath beene a *Question*; whether all *Soules* are *equall* at their first *Infusion*: and if it be of that *Soule* purely, which at the same instant, is both created and infused; then, no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from *God*, but is pure, perfect, and uncorrupt. But because the sensitive part in *Man*, beares a great sway, it many times falls out, that by the deficiency

cie of the *Organicall parts*, the *Soule* is eclipsed and imprisoned so, as it cannot appeare in the vigour it would shew, if the *Bodies* composition were perfect, and open. A perfect *Soule*, in an imperfect *Body*, is like a bright *Taper*, in a dark *Lanthorne*: the fault is not in the *Light*, but in the *Case*, which curtaines it with so dull an *outside*, as will not let the shine be transparent. And wee may see this, even in those that we have knowne both able and ingenious; who after a hurt received in some *vitall part*, have growne *mopish*, and almost *insensible*. When the *vitall passages* of the *Sensitive* and *vegetative* are imperfect, though they extinguish not the *intellectuall*, because it is impossible, that a thing *mortal*, should destroy a thing *immortal*: yet their defect keepes it so under, as it appeareth not to the *outward apprehension*. Not that *Man* hath three distinct *Soules*: for the *intellectuall* in *Man*, containeth the other two: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beasts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and co-ined together. Otherwise, hee were a *Plant*, and severally, a *brute*, and *rationall*. But as the solid *chrystalline Heaven*, and first *Mover*, containes the *Region* of the *Fire*, and *Ayre*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Ayre*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *Waters*; yet all make but one *world*: So the *Intellectuall* containes the *Sensitive*, and the *sensitive* the *Vegetative*; yet all in *Man*, make but one *Soule*. But the differences of *Men* may all be referred to two causes; either *inward*, or *outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*; either when the *Active part*, the *Seed*, is not perfect, or when the *nutrimentall* and *Passive*

RESOLVES.

Passive powers faile of their *sufficiencie*, are two abundant, or corrupted. And when *Man* is of himselfe, from the *wombe*, the *malignitie* of some *humour* may interpose the true operation of the *spirits internall*. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the *Nobleneſſe* of *minde*, in *honourable Actions*, are pieces of *Natures trueſt worke*, especially in their *inward faculties*. *Externall defects*, may be, and yet not alwaies hinder the *internall powers*: as, when they happen removed from the *Nobleſt parts*, else they are often causes of *debilitation*. And these are cōmonly from the *Temperature* of the *Ayre*, from *Education*, from *Dyet*, and from *Age*, and *Paſſion*. From the *Aire*, we see the *Southerne* people are *light ſome*, *ingenious*, and *ſubtill*, by reason of the *heat*, that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northerne*, are *ſlower*, and more *dull*, as having them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

Temperie Cæli, Corpusque, Animusque, iuvatur.

Both *Soule* and *Body*, change, by change of *Ayre*.

Education hath his force ſeene in every place; if you *travaile* but from *Court*, to the *Countrie*: or but from a *Village*, to an *Academie*: or ſee but a *Horse* well *manag'd*, and another *Reſty*, in his owne *fierceneſſe*. *Dyet*, no question alters much; even the *gid-dy Ayreneſſe* of the *French*, I ſhall rather impute to their *Dyet* of *wine*, and wild *Fowle*, than to the difference of their *Clime*, it being ſo neere an adjoyner to ours. And in *England*, I beleeve our much uſe of *ſtrong Beere*, and *groſſe Fleſh*, is a great occaſi-

on of dregging our spirits, and corrupting them, till they shorten life. Age, is also a changer. Man hath his Zenith, as well in wit, as in abilitie of body; hee growes from Sense to Reason: and then againe declines to Dotage, and to Imbecillitie. Youth is too young in braine; and Age againe, does draine away the spirits. Passion blunts the edge of conceit: and where there is much sorrow, the minde is dull, and unperceiving. The Soule is oppressed, and lies languishing in an unsociable loneliness, till it proves stupid, and inhumane. Nor doe these more alter the mind, than the body. The lamenting Poet puts them both together.

Iam mihi deterior canis aspergitur ætas:

Iamque, meos vultus ruga senilis arat.

Iam vigor, & quassò languent in corpore vires:

Nec Iuveni Lusius, qui placuere, juvant.

Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis,

Ætatis facta est tanta ruina mea.

Confiteor, facere hoc annos: sed & altera causa est;

Anxietas animi, continuusq; Labor.

Now, colder yeeres, with snow my haire enchaife:

And now the Aged wrinkle plowes my Face.

Now through my trembling joynts, my vigour failes,

Mirth too, that cheer'd my Youth, now nought a-

So ruin'd, and so alter'd am I growne, (vailes.

That at first sight, I am not to be knowne.

Age one cause is: but that which more I finde,

Is paine perpetuall, and a troubled minde.

Certainely,

Certainly, the best is, to weigh every man, as his *meanes* have beene: a man may looke in vaine for *Courtship* in a *Plowman*; or *Learning* in a *Mechanick*. Who will expect a *lame man* should be swift in running: or, that a *sick man* should deliver an *Oration*, with a *grace*, and *cheerfulness*? If I finde any man failing in his *Manners*, I will first consider his *meanes*, before I *censure* the man. And one that is short of what he might bee, by his *sloth* and *negligence*, I will thinke as justly *blameable*, as hee that out of *industrie* has adorn'd his *behaviour*, above his *meanes*, is *commendable*.



XCVI.

Of Divination.

What is it *Man* so much covers, as to pry into *Natures Closet*, and know not what is to come? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall finde it a *profitable Providence*, which hath set our *estate in future*, something in *dark* and *shade*. If *Man* doubted not of what *Death* would deliver him to, he would (I think) either live more *lewdly*, or more *unhappily*. If wee knew *Death* were onely an end of *Life*, and no more; every man for his own ends, would be a *disturber* of the *worlds peace*. If wee were certaine of *Torment*; *Thought* and *Feare*, would make our *present Life* a *Death continuall*, in the *Agitations* of a *troubled Soule*. If wee were sure of *Ioy* and *Glory*, wee should bee carelesse of our *living*.

ving well. Certainly, God hath made *Man* to dwell in doubt, that hee might be awed to Good, by *Feare* and *Expectation*. We are led along by *Hope*, to the *Ends* that are appointed us: and by an *uncertaine* way, wee come at last to a *certaine end*; which yet wee could neither know, nor avoid. The great Creator wisely put things to come, in the *Mist* and *Twilight*, that wee might neither bee over-joyed with the certainty of good; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an *unavoidable ill*. Though *Præscience* and *Divination* be a God-like Quality, yet, because it can onely tell of danger, and not prevent it, the wiser sort have ever had the *Art* in neglect, in dislike. If *Fate* be *certaine*, it can be no good to know it, because we cannot prevent it. If it be *uncertaine*, wee search in vaine to finde out that which maybe. So, either way wee hazzard for *Happinesse*. *Bis miser esse cupit, qui mala, quæ vitari non possunt, amat præscire*. I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that hee wondered how *South-sayers* could forbear *Laughter*, when they met one another; they knew they used so to gull the *People*. One thing there is, that (if it were *certain*) doth mightily disparage it; and this is, That it sets a *Man* over to *second causes*, and puts him off from *providence*. But it cannot be *certaine* and *determinate*. *Man* is not wise enough, to scent out the *abstruse steps* of *Deity*. It is observed by one, that what *Nigidius* used for defence of his *Art*, by turning of a *wheele*, and marking it twice with *Inke*, hath cast it all into a *vast incertaintie*. And indeed, the minute of *Generation*, *Conception*, and *Production*, are so hard to know justly; the
Point

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Point of place so hard to finde: the *Angles*, the *Aspects*, and the *Conjunctions* of the *Heavens* so impossible to bee cast right in their *influences*, by reason of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like Motion* of the *Spheares*; that the whole *Art*, thorowly searched and examined, will appeare a meere *fallacie* and *delusion* of the wits of *Men*. If their *Calculations* bee from the seven *Motive Spheares* onely, how is there such difference in the lives of *Children* borne together, when their oblique motion is so slow, as the *Moone*, (though farre more speedy than any of the rest) is yet above seven and twenty dayes in her course? If their *calculations* be by their diurnall *Adotion*, it is impossible to collect the *various influences*, which every tittle of a *minute* gives: Besides, in close *Roomes*, where the *Windows* are clozed, the *Fire*, *Perfumes*, concourse of *People*, and the *parentall humours*, barre their operation from the *Child*. But suppose there were a *Fate* transfer'd from the *Starres* to *Man*; who can read their *significations*? Who hath told their particular *predictions*? Are they not all meere the *uncertaine conjectures* of *Men*, which rarely hit, and often faile? So in *Beasts*, in *Birds*, in *Dreames*, and all *viary Omens*, they are onely the *geffive interpretations* of dim-ey'd *Man*: full of *doubt*, full of *deceit*. How did the *Tuscane Southsayers*, and the *Philosophers* that were with *Iulian*, differ about the wounded *Lyon*, presented him, when hee went to invade the *Persians*? How, about the *Lightning* that slew *Iovinianus*, and his two horses? Yet of the rest, I beleeve there is more from the *Stars*, then these other *observations*:
but

but this is then for *general inclinations*, not for *particular Events*: Those are sure in the hands and Cabinet of the *Almightie*: and none but *Prophets* that he inspires, are able to reveale them. The securest way is to *live well*: then we may bee sure of a *faire end*, and a *passable way*. Hee that lives *vertuously* needs not doubt of finding a *happy Fate*. Let my life please God, and I am sure, the *successes* shall please mee. *Vertue* and *Vice* are both *Prophets*; the one, of *certaine good*; the other, or of *Paine*, or *Penitence*.

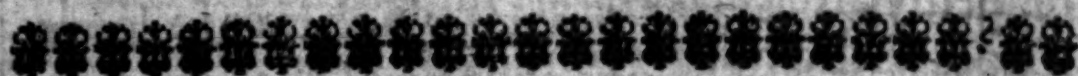
XC VII.

*That 'tis best increasing by a little
at once.*

There is no such *prevalent workman*, as *sedulity & diligence*. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have beene done by *degrees*, and *gentle augmentations*. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the wayes of *pleasing* and *labour*. When *Diligence* reaches to *humour*, and *flattery*, it growes *poore*, and *unnoble*: and when to *Pride*, and *Curiosity*, it then looses his *praise*. So the *Priest* of *Ammon* would needs salute *Alexander* as a *god*: and *Protagenes* spent seven yeares, in drawing *Ialysus*, and his *Dogge*: And a King of *Persia*, would needs for a *Present*, adulterate *Roses* with an *artfull smell*. When these two are *avoided*, *Diligence*, and *Moderation* are the best *steps*, whereby to climbe to any *excellency*.

cellencie. Nay, it is *rare* if there be any other way. The *Heavens* send not downe their *raine* in *floods*, but by *drops*, and *dewy distillations*. A man is neither *good*, nor *wise*, nor *rich* at once: yet softly *creeping* up these *hills*, hee shall every *day* better his *prospect*; till at last, hee *gaines* the *top*. Now hee *learnes* a *Vertue*, and then hee *damnes* a *Vice*. An *houre* in a *day*, may much *profit* a man in his *Study*; when hee makes it *stint* and *custome*. Every *yeere* something laid up, may in time make a *Stocke* great. Nay, if a man does but *save*, he shall *increase*; and though when the *graines* are scatter'd, they bee next to nothing: yet together, they will swell the *heape*. A *poore man* once found the *tagge* of a *Point*, and put it in the *lap* of his *skirt*: one asked him, what hee could doe with it? He answers, What I finde all the *yeere*, (though it be never so little) I lay it up at home till the *yeere* ends; and with all together, I every *New-yeeres day*, adde a *Dish* to my *Cupboord*. Hee that ha's the *patience* to attend *small profits*, may quickly grow to *thrive* and *purchase*: they be easier to accomplish, and come thicker. So, hee that from every thing collects *somewhat*, shall in time get a *Treasurie* of *wisedome*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the best way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotence*, to doe *mightie things* in a *moment*: but, *degreeingly* to grow to *greatnesse*, is the course that he hath left for *Man*. And indeed, to gaine any thing, is a double worke. For, first, it must remove the *hinderances*; next, it must assume the *advantage*. All good things that concerne *Man*, are in such a *declining Estate*, that without perpetuall

perpetuall *vigilancie*, they will reside, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompence*, which ever followes *Industrie*: it ever brings an *Income*, that sweetens the *toyle*. I have often found *hurt*, of *Idleneſſe*; but never, of a *lawfull buſineſſe*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it ſelfe, is yet made ſo, by being *imployment*: And when a man has once accuſtomed himſelfe to *buſineſſe*, he will thinke it *pleaſure*, and be aſhamed of *eaſe*. *Polemon*, readie to *die*, would needs be laid in his *Grave alive*: and ſeeing the *Sunne* ſhine, he calls his *friends* in haſte to *hide* him; leſt (as he ſaid) it ſhould ſee him *lying*. Beſides, when we gaine this way, *Practiſe* growes into *Habit*: and by doing ſo a *while*, we grow to doe ſo for ever. It alſo conſtitutes a *longer laſtingneſſe*. We may obſerve, thoſe *Creatures* that are longeſt in attaining their *height*, are longeſt in *declining*. *Man* is *twentie yeeres* increaſing, and his life is *fourſcore*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledged in a *moneth*, is dead in a *yeere*. He that gets an *Eſtate*, will *keepe* it better, than he that *findes* it. I will never thinke to be perfect at once. If I finde my ſelfe a *gainer* at the *yeeres end*, it ſhall ſomething comfort me, that I am *proceeding*. I will every day *labour*, to doe ſomething that may *mend* me; though it be not *much*, it will be the *ſurer* done. If I can *keepe Vice* under, and *winne* upon that which is *good* (though it be but a *little* at once) I may come to be *better* in time.



XCVIII.

Of God, and the Ayre.

FOR *Man* to pray aright, is needfull: but how to pray so, is difficult. Wee must neither mis-conceive of *God*, nor are wee able rightly to conceive him. Wee are told, hee is a *Spirit*: and who can tell what a *Spirit* is? Can any man tell that, which no man ever saw? *Man* is able onely to comprehend visible Substances; what is invisible, and spiritual, hee can but guesse and rove at. *Spirit* is a word found out, for *Man* to maske his Ignorance in: and what hee does not know, he calls it by that name. When we speake of *God*, we are to beleeve an ubiquitie: but then, how are we able to conceive that this ubiquitie is? I speak to Reason, not Faith: for I know, this beleeveeth what it sees not: yet something to helpe Nature and Reason, I would wish a man to consider the *Ayre*. It is every where: not a vacuum in the whole *Natura rerum*: nay, you cannot evade it: Digge the most condensed *Earth*, and it is at the poynt of your *Spade*: you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the *Ayre*; and yet this *Ayre*, although you know, you cannot see. It is also inviolable: cast a stone, and you make no hole in't: nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it: it clozeth againe, and there is no tracke left. Nay, there be *Philosophers* that will tell you, the progressive Motion of a stone cast, when the hand

has

has left it, is from the *Ayre* it selfe: that shutting suddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a *coactive power*, thrust it still forward, till it passes against *institutive Nature*, who made it to *incline* to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We speake falsely, when wee say, the *Ayre* *infecteth*. They are unwholsome *Vapours*, and *Exhalations*, that *putri'd things* breathe out; and these, being carried by the *motive winde* and *Ayre*, flye about, and *infect*, through their *raritie* and *thinnesse*. The *Ayre* it selfe ever *clarifies*: and is alwayes working out that *taint*, which would mixe with it. Next, wee can doe nothing, but the *Ayre* is privie to't: even the acts of *lightlesse Clozets*, and the *thicke-curtain'd Beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a *woman* bow so much to the *Altar*, as she left her *back-parts bare*; he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the gods behinde her. Nay, our very *thoughts*, which the *Devill* (though he be the subtillest of all *malevolent Spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *Ayre*. Every *breath* wee take, it goes unto our *heart*, to coole it. Our *Veines*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerves*, our inmost *Marrow*, are all vivified by their participation of *Ayre*: and so indeed is every thing that the *world* holds; as if this were the *Soule* that gave it *livelihood*. *Fishes*, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet wee see, the want of *Ayre* kills them: as when a *long Frost* shuts up a *Pond* in *Ice*. Even *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatives*, will not grow in *Caves*, where the *motive* and *stirring Ayre* is barred from them. Wee may often observe,

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moreover,

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moreover, that *Heat* and *Moisture* is the only cause of all *Generation*: and these are the qualities proper to the *Ayre* alone. Now, I would not wish a *Man* to compare *God* the *Creator*, with this *Element*, which is but a *Creature*: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of *eminencie*, let him in his *Soule* set *God* above, and see if by this way, he climbe not neerer *Deitie*, than he shall by any other. If this bee so universall, why may hee not by this, thinke of a *Spirit* more diffusive and ubiquitarie? That which *Ovid* writ of *Poets*, may be applyed to all the *wise*, and come something neere this purpose.

*Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia Cœli,
Sedibus Æthereis, Spiritus ille venit.*

In us *God* dwels, *Heaven* our acquaintance is,
His *Spirit* flowes through *Airie* influences.

Certainely by this way, it is not so difficult for *Reason* to conceit an *Omnipresence*: and if wee have this, wee may by it peere at his *Omniscience* and *Omnipotence* too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. *Saint Augustine*, when he has told us, that *God* is not an *Object* perceivable by any of the *Outward senses*, sayes; *Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile.* So the wayes of *God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *Ayre*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when wee are to speake to him, the best is, humbly to intreat his

his *Spirit* to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best please him. He is best able, by his secret *immission*, to direct us the way hee does best approve of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher* of the *heart* and *reines* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learne to cheere my selfe in *sufferings*, and to refraine from *ill*, even in *private*. How can man thinke to act his *ill* unseene, when *God* shall, like the *Ayre*, be *circumspicious* round about him? It is not possible, that such a *Majestie* should either not defend the *Innocent*, or permit an *ill* unpunished.

XCIX.

Of Contentment.

They that preach *Contentment* to *All*, doe but teach *some* how to dwell in *miserie*: unlesse you will grant *Content*, *Desire*; and chide her, but for *murmuring*. It is not a fault, to strive to better our *Estates*: which yet wee should never doe, if wee rested fully content with what wee enjoyed for the present. *God* hath allotted *Man* a *motive minde*, which is ever climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice*. Certainly, that *Content* which is without desiring more, is a kinde of fault in any. *Perfection* is set in that height, that 'tis impossible *mortall-bodied man* should ever reach the *Crowne*: Yet he ought still to be aiming at it, and

with an *industrious* prosecution, persevere in the rising way. Wee cannot be too covetous of *Grace*; wee may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawfull *ways*, and for good *intents*, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawfull to desire to *encrease*, even in *temporall wealth*. Certainly, a man should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still, and take the *present*, without either *joy*, or *complaint*; without either *fear*, or *appetite*. In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *Doctrine*; who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*, nor to thinke of what is *to come*. This were quite to vilifie *Providence*; who is one of the principall *Guards* of *Man*. For, though it be true, that nothing is so *certaine*, but that it may sometimes *faile*; yet, wee see, it seldome does: and even *Probabilitie* is almost *certaine*. Let not *Man* so sleepe in *Content*, as that hee neglect the *meanes* to make himselfe *more happie*, and *blessed*: nor yet, when the contrarie of what hee lookt for comes, let him *murmure* or *repine* at that *Providence*, which dispos'd it to crosse his *expectation*. I like the *Man*, that is never *content* with what hee does enjoy; but by a *calme* and faire *course*, has a *Minde* still rising to a *higher happinesse*: but I like not him, that is so much *discontent*, as to *repine* at any thing that does befall him. Let him take the *present* *patiently*, *joyfully*, *thankfully*: but let him still be *soberly* in *Quest* for *better*. And indeed, it is impossible to finde a *life* so *happie* here, as that wee shall not finde something, wee would *adde*; something, wee would *take away*. The *world* it selfe, is not a *Garden* wherein all the *Flowers* of *Joy* are growing: nor
can

can one man enjoy them, if it were, that all were here: we may, questionlesse conclude; that there is no *absolute contentment* here below. Nor can we in *reason* thinke there should be: since whatsoever is *created*, was *created* tending to *some end*; and till it arrives at that, it cannot be fully at *rest*. Now we all know, *God* to be the end, to which the *soule* tends: and till it be dismanacled of the *clogging flesh*, it cannot approach the *presence* of such *puritie*, such *glory*: when it meets with *God*, and is united to him, who is the *Spring*, and *Source* of all *true happiness*; then it may be *calme*, and *pleas'd*, and *quiet*: till then, as *Physicians* hold of *health*, that the best is but *Neutrality*: So it is of *Happiness*, and *content*, in the *Soule*: Nay, the most *absolute content*, *Man* can enjoy, in his *corruptible rags* of *earth*, is indeed, but lesser *discontentment*: That which wee finde here most perfect, is rather meere *Vtopian*, and *Imaginative*, then *reall*, and *substantiall*: and is sooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that *swimmes* in the deepest streame of *pleasure*; and of these, in stead of many, you may take that one of *Martials*:

Things that can blesse a *life*, and please,
Sweetest *Martiall*, they are these:

A *store* well left, not gain'd with *toyle*:

A *house* thine owne, and pleasant *soyle*:

No *strife*, small *state*, a *mind* at *peace*:

Free *strength*, and *limbs* free from *disease*,

Wise *Innocence*, friends, like and good,

Vnarted meat, kind *neighbourhood*,

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No drunken rest, from cares yet free;
 No sadning Sponse, yet chaste to thee:
 sleepes, that long nights abbreviate,
 Because 'tis, liking, thy wisht State;
 Nor fear'd, nor joy'd, at death or fate.

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorē,
 Iucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
 Res non parata labore, sed relicta;
 Non Ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
 Læis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
 Vires ingenuæ, Salubre Corpus,
 Prudens Simplicitas, pares amici,
 Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa,
 Nox non ebria, sed soluta Curis:
 Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:
 Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
 Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
 Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

But where shall you finde a man thus seasoned?
 If he be for a while, it lasts not; but by one, or
 other accident, hee is tossed in the waving world.
 And this made Diogenes resolve; unto Fortune, to
 oppose his confidence, and resolution; to the Law,
 Nature; and to his affections, Reason. This was good,
 but not well: wee have Grace, and Scripture for a
 better guide than Nature. I would be so content
 with what I have, as I would ever thinke the present
 best: but then I would thinke it best, but for the
 present; because, whensoever I looke forward, I
 still see better: to arrive at which, my soule will
 long,

long, and covet. The *Soule*, that by but halfe an eye sees *God*, will never be but winging, till shee alights on *him*.



C.

How he must live, that lives well.

VWhoever neglects his *dutie* to *himselfe*, his *neighbour*, or his *God*; halts in something, that should make life *commendable*. For our *selves*, wee need *Order*; for our *neighbour*, *Charitie*; and for our *God*, our *Reverence*, and *Humilitie*: And these are so certainly linked one to another, as he that lives *orderly*, cannot but be acceptable, both to *God* and the *world*. Nothing jarrs the *worlds Harmonie*, like men that breake their ranks. One *turbulent spirit* will differentiate even the *calmest Kingdome*. We may see the beautie of *order*, in nothing more, than in some *Princely Procession*: And though indeed, the *circumstances* and *complements* belonging to *State*, be nothing to better *governments*; yet, by a *secret working* in the *minde*s of men, they adde a *Reverence* to *State*, and awe the (else loose) rabble. See a *King* in *Parliament*, and his *Nobles* set about him: and see how *mad* hee shewes, that wildly dances out of his *roome*; Such is *Man*, when hee spurnes at the *Law* hee lives under: Nay, when hee gives himselfe leave to *transgresse*, hee must needs put others out of their way; and hee that disorders *himselfe* first, shall trouble all the *Companie*.

Did

RESOLVES.

Did every *Man* keepe his owne *life*; what a *Concord* in *Musicke* would a *World*, a *Kingdome*, a *Citie*, a *Family* be? But being so infinitely dis-jointed, it is necessarie some should helpe it, and be charitable. If no man should repaire the *breaches*, how soone would all lye flatted in *demolishments*? *Love* is so excellent, that though it be but to ones *selfe alone*, yet *others* shall partake, and finde the *benefit*. *Posteritie* will be the better, for the *Bagges* that the *Covetous* hoorded up for himselfe. But when a man shall be ever striving to doe the *world* a *courtesie*, his *Love* is so much the more thanke-worthy, by how much the *good* is larger. Without *Charitie*, a man cannot be *sociable*: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to doe in the *world*. How pleasant can good *companie* make his life beneath? Certainly, if there be any thing *sweet* in meere *Humanitie*, it is in the *intercourses* of *beloved Societie*; when every one shall be each others *Counsellour*, each others *Friend*, and *Mine*, and *Solace*. And such a *pleasant life* as this, I take to be best pleasing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly *pleasant*, unlesse a *Man* be carefull to give to *God* the *honour* that hee owes him. When a *Man* shall doe these, and performe his dutie to his *Maker*; hee shall finde a *Peace* within, that shall fit him for whatsoever falls: Hee shall not feare *himselfe*; for hee knowes, his course is *Order*: Hee shall not feare the *world*; for hee knowes, hee hath done nothing that has anger'd it: Hee shall not be afraid of *Heaven*; for hee knowes, hee there shall finde the favour of a *Servant*, of a *Sonne*; and
be

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be protected against the *Malice* and the *Spleene* of
Hell. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the
world should flout my *innocence*: I wish but to obey
Saint Bernard; then I know I cannot but be *happie*,
both below, and after: *Tu qui in Congregatione*
es, benè vive, ordinabiliter, sociabiliter, & hu-
militer: ordinabiliter tibi, sociabiliter
proximo, humiliter Deo.

(***)

Omnia Deo.

FINIS.

REVISED

I have been thinking of you very much lately
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately
 but I will write to you again soon.
 Love,
 Your friend,
 John Doe

(*)

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RESOLVES:
DIVINE, MORALL,
POLITICALL.

BY
OVV. FELTHAM.

The second *Centurie*.



LONDON,
Printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, dwelling at the Tygers-
head in St. Pauls Church-yard.

1635.

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DIVINE, MORAL,
POLITICAL.

BY

JOHN F. FLETCHER.

The second Centurie.



LONDON,

Printed by A. B. for Henry Selig, dwelling at the Tygers-
head in St. Pauls Church-yard.

1732.



TO THE MOST
VERTVOVS, DISCREET,
AND NOBLE; THE LADY
DOROTHY CRANE, *Daughter to*
the Right Honourable, and Religious,
the Lord HOBART.

Madame,

IF ever *Resolutions* were needfull,
I thinke they be in this Age of
loosnesse; wherein 'twere some
unhappinesse to bee good, did
not the conscioufnesse of her owne worth,
set *Vertue* firme, against all dis-heartnings.
This makes her of so specious a glory, that
though she need not the applause of any, to
adde to her happinesse; yet she attracts the
hearts of all that know her, to *Love, Service,*
Admiration. That I have sacred this offer-
torie of my thoughts to your *Ladiship*, this
is reason enough; if not, your *Love* to my
dearest

dearest friend may second it. To apparell any more in these Paper vestments, I should multiply impertinents; and perhaps displease. For I have ever found face commendation to die *Wisdoms* cheek of a blush-colour. Discreet Nature is alway modest; and deserving best, loves least to heare on't. This onely I will truly adde: that I know not a thing of that value, that should make me shrine up a *Worke* of this nature, to any, in whom I could observe the possibilitie of a faile in *Vertue*. Such a Dedication were to put *Vertue* to a Stepdame, that would not nurse, but stifle her. With *Your goodnesse*, I am sure, she shall find the tendernesse of a *maternall Love*. And if in these weake extractions, your Iudicious Eye light you to ought, increasing that affection (all by-respects put away) my next Petition wil be, that it may please you to command

Your immutable Seruant,

OW. FELTHAM.



To the Peruser.

BO begin with Apologies, and intreate a kind censure, were to disparage the worke, and beg partialitie: equall with Ostentation I ranke them both. If thou beest wise, pleasing words cannot blinde thy judgement from discerning errors, wheresoever they appeare. If thou beest foolish, they can neither blanch thy folly, nor make thee thinke better, than thy indiscretion leades thee to. Request from others, may sway our words, or actions; but our mindes will have their owne free thoughts, as they apprehend the thing. Internall judgement is not easily perverted. In what thou shalt here meet with, use the freedome of thy native opinion: Et Lectorem, & Correctorem liberum volui. I shall ever professe my selfe his debtor, that greets me with reprehensions of Love. The noblest part of a friend, is an honest boldnesse in the notifying of errors. Hee that tells me of a fault, ayming at my good; I must thinke him wise and faithfull: wise, in spying that which I see not: faithfull, in a plaine admonishment, not tainted with flattery. That I have made it publicke, I pleade not the importunity of friends: that were to play a Hazzard for folly, if it prove not. I writ it without encouragement from another; and as I writ it, I send it abroad. Rare.

To the Reader.

I know it is not : Honest, I am sure it is : Though thou findest not to admire, thou maist to like. What I aime at in it, I confesse hath most respect to my selfe; that I might out of my owne Schoole take a lesson, and should serve me for my whole Pilgrimage : and if I should wander from these rests, that my owne Items might set me in Heavens direct way againe. We doe not so readily run into crimes, that from our owne mouth have had sentence of condemnation. Yet, as no Physician can be so abstemious as to follow strictly all his owne prescriptions : So I think there is no Christian so much his mindes Master, as to keepe precisely all his resolutions. They may better shew what he would be, than what he is. Nature hath too slow a foot, to follow Religion close at the heele. Who can expect, our dull flesh should wing it with the flights of the soule ? He is not a good man that lives perfect : but he that lives as well as he can, and as humane frailties will let him. He that thus far strives not, never began to be vertuous; nor knowes he those transcending joyes, that continually feast in the noble-minded man. All the externall pleasures that mortality is capable of, can never enkindle a flame, that shall so bravely warme the soule, as the love of vertue, and the certaine knowledge of the rule we have over our owne wild passions. That I might curbe those, I have writ these : and if in them, thou findst a line may mend thee : I shall thinke I have divulg'd it to purpose. Reade all, and use thyminds liberty; how thy suffrage falls, I weigh not : For it was not so much to please others, as to profit my selfe.

Farewell.

RESOLVES:
DIVINE, MORALL,
POLITICALL.

I.

Of Idle Bookes.



*I*dle Books are nothing else, but *corrupted Tales* in *Inke* and *Paper*: or indeed, *Vice* sent abroad with a *licence*: which makes him that reads them, conscious of a double *injury*: they being in effect, like that *sin* of *brutish Adultery*. For if one reads, two are caught: he that *angles* in these *waters*, is sure to *strike* the *Torpedo*, that in stead of being his *food*, confounds him. Besides the *time* ill spent in them, a twofold *reason* shall make me *refraine*: both in regard of my *love* to my owne *soule*, and *pitty* unto his that made them. For if I be *corrupted* by them, the *Comprisor* of them is mediately a cause of my *ill*: and at

the day of Reckning (though now dead) must give an account for't, because I am corrupted by his bad *example* which he leaves behind him; So I become guiltie by *receiving*, and he by thus conveying this lewdnesse unto me: He is the *thiefe*, I the *receiver*; and what difference makes our *Law* betwixt them? If one be but off, the other dyes; both I am sure perish alike. *I will write none*, lest I hurt them that come after me. *I will read none*, lest Laugment his *mule* that is gone before me: neither write nor read, lest I prove a foe to my selfe. *A lame Hand is better than a lewd Pen*: while I live, I sinne too much; Let me not continue longer in *wickednesse*, than *life*. If I write ought, it shall be both on a good *subject*, and from a deliberate *Pen*: for a *foolish sentence* drop upon paper, sets folly on a *Hill*, and is a *Monument* to make infamie eternall.

II.

Of Humilitie.

THe *humble man* is the surest *Peace-maker*: of all morall vertues, *Humilitie* is the most beautifull; shee both shunnes *Honour*, and is the way to it: shee rockes *Debate* asleepe, and keeps *Peace* waking, nay, doth foster, doth cherish her: which is well expressed in a *Story* of two *Goates*, that met at once, on a very narrow *Bridge*, under which there glided a deepe and violent *streame*: being both met, the straightnesse gave denyall to their journey;

journey; get backe they could not, the *planke* was
 so narrow, for their returning turne: stand still
 they might, but that could neither be continuall,
 nor to purpose: and to fight for the way in so pe-
 rillous a place, was either to put a wilfull period
 to their lives, or extremely hazzard them: That
 they may therefore both passe in *safety*, the one
 lyes downe, and the other goes over him: so
 while their passage is *quiet*, their lives are *secure*,
 from death, from danger. I have ever thought it
 idle to continue in *strife*; if I get the *victorie*, it sa-
 tisfies my minde, but then, shall I have his *malice*
 too, which may endamage me more: so my gaine
 will bee lesse than my hinderance: If I be over-
 come unwillingly, then is the disgrace mine, and
 the losse: and though I have not his *malice*, yet
 shall I not want his *scorne*. I will (in things not
 weighty) submit freely: *The purest gold is most ducti-*
ble: 'tis commonly a good blade that bends well. If I
 expect disadvantage, or misdoubt the *conquest*, I
 thinke it good wisdom, to give in soonest; so
 shall it bee more honour to doe that willingly,
 which with stiffenesse I cannot but hazzard upon
 compulsion. I had rather be accounted too much
humble, than esteemed a little *proud*: The *Reed* is
 better that *bends*, and is whole: than the strong
Oake, that not bending, breakes: If I must have
 one, give me an inconvenience, not a mischief: the
 lightest burthen is the easiest borne.

III.

To Perfection, what is most necessary.

TO make a perfect man, there is requisite both *Religion* and *Nature*. *Nature* alone wee know too loose: *Religion* alone will seeme too hard; some for *Religion* have I knowne formall, strict; yet have so wanted the *pleasing parts* of a good *nature*, as they have been feared, but not loved: for being of a fiery spirit, even slender occasions have made way to the divulging of their owne imperfections: either by too severe a reprehension, or else by too soone sudden Contempt: both which make much for the harbouring of hate against themselves, by making them esteemed either rash Censurers, or angry proud ones: and wee all know, that as *Iudgement* is never shot suddenly, but from a *Fooles bow*; so blinde choller broke into expression, is the true marke of an intemperate minde; others there yet rest, whom it tickles much to chatter of their owne merits; and they cannot lay an Egge, but they must cackle, or like the boasting Pharisee, trumpet out the report of their owne praises: if not out of an affected singularitie, and an over-weening opinion of their owne excellence; yet for lacke of an humble and discreet nature, that should cause their observation to bee busied at home. And this is that makes the world disdain, contemne them: selfe-commendation is an Arrow
with

with too many feathers: which, wee levelling at the *Marke*, is taken with the *winde*, and carried quite from it. Some againe for *Nature*, I have found rarely *qualified*: ennobled with such a *milde affabilitie*, such a *generous spirit*, and such *sweetnesse of disposition*, and *demeanour*, that their *humble and courteous carriages* have prevailed much in the *affection* of those with whom they have had *commerce*: yet because they have wanted *Religion*, (that like a good *Subject* should make an *elaborate worke* rare) they have, onely in a *superficiall applause*, wonne the *approbation* of the *unsteady multitude*: who love them more for suffering their *rudenesse*, than for any *Noble worth* that's obvious to their *undiscerning judgements*. But in all this, they have got no *reverence*, no respect at all. Thus *Religion* without *Nature* (in men meerely naturall) begets a certaine forme of awfull *regard*: but to them, 'tis like a tyrannicall *Prince*, whom the people obey more for feare of an austere *rebuke*, than for any true *affection* they beare to his *person*. Now *Nature* without *Religion*, oft wins *love*: and this is like a *Master*, too familiar with his *Servant*, that in the *beginning* gaine *love*, but shall in the end finde *contempt*: and his *toleration* will be made an *allowance* of ill. Both together are rare for *qualification*. *Nature* hath in her selfe *treasure* enough to please a *man*; *Religion* a *Christian*: the last begets *feare*, the other *love*, together, *admiration*, *reverence*. I will like, I will love them single; but conjoyn'd, I will affect and honour.

IIII.

Of Lyes and Vntruths.

I Find, to him that the *Tale* is told, beliefe onely makes the difference betwixt a *truth*, and *lye*: for a *lye* beleevd, is true: and *truth* uncredited, a *lye*, unlesse he can carry his probation in's pocket, or more readily at his tongues end: for as he that tels a smooth *lye*, is judged to speake *truth*, till some step forth to contradict his utterance: so he that tels an unlikely *truth*, is thought to broach a *lye*, unlesse hee can produce convincing reason to prove it; onely the guilt, or justice of the thing rests in the knowing conscience of the *Relator*. In the *hearer* I cannot account it a fault: 'tis easie to be deceived, in miracles, in probabilities: albeit the judgement that passeth on them, be both honest, wise, apprehensive, and cleere. In the *Teller*, justly; if it be a *lye*, there needs no *text* to confute it; if it seeme so, and he cannot purge it, discretion were better silent. I will tell no *lies*, lest I be false to my selfe: no *improbable truths*, lest I seeme so to others: If I heare any man report wonders, what I know, I may haply speak, what I but think, shall rest with my selfe; I may as well be too *suspicious*, as *overcredulous*.



V.

Three things aggravate a Misery.

THree things are there which aggravate a miserie, and make an evill seeme greater than indeed it is: *Inexpectation, Vnacquaintance, want of Preparation.* *Inexpectation*, when a mishap comes suddenly, and unlooked for: it distracteth the mind, and scares both the faculties and affections from their due consultation of *remedy*: whereas an *evill* fore-seene is halfe cured, because it giveth warning to provide for *danger*. Thus the falling of a *house* is more *perillous* than the rising of a *flood*: for, while of the former, the hurt is more unavoidable, by reason both of the violence, and precipitation: The latter, through the remissenesse of coming, is lesse dangerous, lesse prejudiciall; there being time either to avoid the place, or to countermeure. If this suffice not: thinke but how odious *treason* would shew in a deare friend, from whom wee onely expected the sweet embraces of *love*: the conceit onely is able to *kill*, like a mad *Dogges* biting, that not onely wounds the *body*, but insaniates the *soule*. Secondly, *Vnacquaintance*. *Familiarity* takes away feare, when matters not usuall, prove inductions to terror. The first time the *Foxe* saw the *Lion*, he feared him as death: the second, he feared him, but not so much: the third time he grew more bold, and passed by him without

without quaking. The *Imbellicke Peasant*, when he comes first to the *Field*, shakes at the report of a *Musket*: but after he hath rang'd thorow the *furie* of two or three *Battels*, hee then can fearelesse stand a *breach*; and dares undaunted gaze *Death* in the face. Thirdly, *want of preparation*. When the *Enemie* besiegeth a *Citie*, not prepared for *Warre*, there is small hope of *evasion*, none at all to *conquer*, none to *overcome*. How much more hard is the *Winter* to the *Grasshopper*, than the *Pismire*, who before, having stor'd her *Garner*, is now able to withstand a *famine*? Lest then, I make my *death* seeme more terrible to me, than indeed it is; I will first daily expect it: that when it comes, I may not be to seek to *entertaine* it: if not with joy, as being but *flesh*: yet without *sorrow*, as having a *Soule*. Secondly, I will labour to be acquainted with it, often before it come, thinking it may come: so when I know it better, I shall better sustaine it: with lesse *fear*, without *terror*. Thirdly, I will prepare for it, by casting up my *accounts* with *God*, that all things *even* and *streight* betwixt us, whensoever he shall please to call for me, I may as willingly lay downe my *life*, as leave a *prison*. Thus shall I make my *death* lesse dreadfull, and finish my *life* before I dye. He that dyes daily, seldome dyes dejectedly.

Of



VI.

Of Good and Bad Ends.

A *Good beginning* have I often seene conclude
ill. sinne in the bud is faire, sweet, pleasing :
 but the fruit is *death, horror, hell*. Something will
 I respect in my way, most in my *Conclusion* : in the
 one, to prevent all wilfull *errors* ; in the other, to
 insure a *Crowne*. For as *Iudgement* hath relation
 to the manner of *dying*, so hath *Death* depen-
 dence on the course of *living*. Yet the *good end*
 hath no *bad beginning* ; it once had. A good con-
 sequence makes the premises so esteemed of, and a
 sweet relish at the leaving off, makes the draught
 delightfull, that at the first did taste unpleasant.
 That is well that *ends well* : and better is a *bad be-*
ginning that concludes well, than a *prosperous onset*
 that *ends* in complaint. What if my *beginning*
 hath been ill ? *sorrows* over-blowne are *pleasant* ;
 that which hath beene hard to *suffer*, is sweet to
remember. I will not much care what my *beginning* bee,
 so my *end* be happy. If my *Sunne* set in the new *Ieru-*
salem, I have liv'd well, how-ever afflictions have
 sometimes clouded my course.

Extreme



VII.

Extreme Longings seldome seene to succeed well.

E*x*tr*e*m*e* Longings in a Christian, I seldome see succeed well: surely God meanes to temper his, as hee would not have their affections violent, in the search of a temporall blessing: or else hee knowes our frailtie such, as wee would bee more taken with the fruition of a benefit, than the Author. Prosperities are strong pleaders for sinne: Troubles bee the surest Tutors of goodnesse. How many would have died ill, if they had liv'd merrily? God hath severall wayes to reduce his to his owne orders; among which, I am perswaded, none is more powerfull, than restraint of our wills. It sends the Soule to Meditation, whereby shee sees the worlds follies in such true colours of Vanity, that no sound discretion can thinke them worth the doting on: and though our discontentments so transport us, as we see not the good wee reape by a Deprivation: yet sure wee are happier by this want: for we are like women with Child, if we had the things we long for, how soone should we eate and surfeit? When Nature findes her ardent desires fulfilled, she is ravenous, and greedy, yea then shee hath so little moderation, as 'tis not safe to satisfie her. If I can, I will never extremely covet: so though I meete with a crosse, it shall neither distemper nor distract mee: but if my desires out-strip my intention, I will

will comfort my selfe with this, that the enjoyment might have added to my *content*, and endangered my *soule*: but the want shall in the end bee a meanes to embetter them both. Gods *Saints* shall with joy subscribe to his will: though here for a time it may seeme to thwart them.



VIII.

Of Silence. Of Babbling.

A Worthy Act hath hee done, that hath learned to refraine his *tongue*: and surely much evill hath he prevented, if hee knowes when to be well *silent*. Vnkindnesse breed not so many jarres, as the *multipling of words* that follow them. How soone would these coales dye, if the *tongue* did not enkindle them: *Repentance* often followes *speaking*; *silence* either seldome, or never: for while our words are many, *sinne* is in some, in most. Goe to the *Crane*, thou *Babbler*, reade her storie, and let her informe thee: who flying out of *Sicily*, puts little stones in her mouth, lest by her owne garrulity she bewray her selfe as a prey to the *Eagles* of the Mountaine *Taurus*: which, with this policie, shee flyes over in *safety*: even *silence* every where is a safe safe-guard: If by it I offend, I am sure I offend without a *Witnesse*: while an unruly *tongue* may procure my ruine, and prove as a *sword* to cut the thrid of my life in two: 'tis good alwayes to speake well, and in season: and is it not as safe

safe sometimes to say nothing? hee that speakes little, may mend it soone: and though he speakes most faults, yet hee exceeds not: for his words were few. To *speake* too much, bewrayes folly; too little, an unperceiving *stupiditie*: I will so speake, as I may be free from *babbling Garrulitie*: so be silent, as my *spectators* may not account me blockishly *dull*. *Silence* and *speech* are both as they are used, either tokens of *Indiscretion*, or badges of *wisedome*.



IX.

Of Prayer.

TIs a hard thing among men of inferiour ranke, to speake to an earthly *Prince*: no *King* keepes a *Court* so open, to give admittance to all comers: and though they have, they are not sure to *speed*; albeit there bee nothing that should make their *Petitions* not grantable. Oh how happy, how priviledged is then a *Christian*? who though he often lives here in a slight esteeme, yet can hee freely conferre with the *King of Heaven*, who not onely heares his *intreaties*, but delights in his *requests*, invites him to come, and promiseth a happy *welcome*; which he shewes in fulfilling his desires, or better, fitter for him. In respect of whom, the greatest *Monarch* is more base, than the basest *vassaille* in regard of the most mighty and puissant *Emperor*. *Man* cannot so much exceed a beast,

as

X
as *God* doth him: what if I be not knowne to the *Nimrods* of the world, and the *Peeres* of the earth? I can speake to their better, to their *Master*; and by *Prayer* be familiar with him: importunity does not anger him; neither can any thing but our *sins* make us goe away *empty*; while the game is playing, there is much difference betweene the *King* and the *Pawne*: that once ended, they are both shuffled into the bag: and who can say whether was most happy, save onely the *King* had many *checks*, while the *Pawne* was free, and *secure*? My comfort is, my access to *Heaven* is as free as the *Princes*: my departure from *Earth* not so grievous: for while the *world* smiles on him, I am sure I have lesse reason to love it than hee. *Gods* favour I will chiefly seeke for; *Mans*, but as it falls in the way to it: when it proves a hinderance, I hate to be loved.

X.

A Vertuous Man is a wonder.

THe *Vertuous man* is a true wonder: for it is not from himselfe, that hee is so. But that I see so many wicked, I marvell not. 'Tis easier running downe the hill, than climbing it. They that are this way given, have much the advantage of them that follow *goodnesse*. Besides those inclinations that sway the *Soule* to *Vice*, the way is broader, more ready: hee that walkes thorow a large field, hath

hath only a narrow path to guide him in the right way: but on either side, what a wide roome hee hath to wander in? Every *Vertue* hath two *Vices*, that cloze her up in curious limits: and if shee swerves, though but a little, she suddenly steps into errour. *Fortitude* hath *Feare* and *Rashnesse*: *Liberality*, *Avarice* and *Prodigality*: *Iustice* hath *Rigor* and *Partiality*. Thus every good *Mistresse* hath two bad *Servants*: which hath made some to define *Vertue* to be nothing but a *meane betweene two vices*, whereof one leades to *excesse*, the other to *defect*: making her like the rooffe of a *Church*, on whose top, we scarce finde roome to turne a foot in: but on either side a broad road to ruine: in which, if we once be falling, our *stay* is rare, our *recoverie* a miracle. The man that is *rare in vice*, I will never admire: if he goes but as he is driven, hee may soone be witty in evill: but the *good man* I will worthily magnifie: hee it is can *saile* against the *wind*, make the thorny way pleasant, and unintangle the incumbrances of the *world*.



XI.

Of Veniall Sinnes.

WHat *sinne* is there, that we may account of *little*, or *veniall*, unlesse comparatively; seeing there is none so small, but that (without *repentance*) is able to sinke the *soule* in eternall *Damnation*? Who will thinke, That a slight wound, which

which gives a sudden inlet to *Death*? But should we grant this *error*; yet these of all other, I observe the most *dangerous*, both for their *frequencie* and *secrecie*: the one *increasing* them, to a large heape; the other so *covering* them, as we see not how they wrong us. The *Raine* that falls in smallest drops, moistens the *Earth*, makes it *wire*, *slime*, and *durtie*; whereas a hard *Showre*, that descends *violently*, washes away, but soaks not in. Even the *smallest* Letters are more *hurtfull* to the *Sight*, than those that are written with a *Text Pen*. Great *sinnes*, and *publike*, I will avoid, for their *scandall* and *wonder*; lesser, and *private*, for their *danger* and *multitude*: both, because my *God* hates them. I cannot, if I love him, but abhorre what he *loathes*.

XII.

Of *Memorie*, and *Forgetfulnesse*.

M*emorie*, and *Forgetfulnesse*, are both in friendship *necessarie*. Let me *remember* those *kindnesses* my friend hath done to me, that I may see his *love*, and learne *gratitude*. Let me *forget* those *benefits* I have performed to him, lest they shuffle out the effect of my *love*, and tell me, hee is *requited*. Thus may wee together *encrease* our *friendship*, and *comforts*; otherwise, a man may have many *acquaintances*, but no *friends*: though *unthankfulnesse* banisheth *love*, *gratitude* obtaines a *repeale*.

XIII.

A Christians Valour, and true Fidelitie.

of Friendship.

I Observe, besides the inward contents of a peaceable Conscience, two things, wherein a Christian excells all other men; in true *Valour*, in *Fidelitie*. In true *Valour*; that is, in a just *Quarrell*: For if his *Cause* be naught, there is none more *timorous* than he; and indeed, to shew much *Courage* in a bad *matter*, is rather a token of a desperate folly, than any badge of a magnanimous minde: but in a just *Cause*, he is bold as a *Lion*. Nothing can daunt his ever undaunted minde. Not *Infamie*: for he knowes in this, his *share* is not worse than his *Masters*; and while it is for his *Names sake*, he knowes he is in it, *blessed*. If there be any *Nectar* in this life, 'tis in *sorrows* we endure for goodnesse. Besides, he weighs not how he falls to the *World*, and *Men*, so he may stand firme to his heavenly *Father*. That God wee fight for, is able enough to vindicate all our wrongs. Not *afflictions*: how many did *Iob* and the *Apostles* wade thorow, with *Courage*, and *Content*? These he knowes are here but for a *time*, transient, and momentanie; neither shall the *Israelites* live alwayes under the tyrannie of *Pharaoh*, or the *travailes* of the *wildernesse*: Hee knowes also, the more abundant in *sorrows* here, the more abundant in *joyes* hereafter; his *teares* shall returne in *smiles*, his *weepings* in a streame of pleasures. God doth

doth not recompence with a niggardly hand; hee
 shall finde his Ioyes, as an over-flowing Sea; and
 his Glory beyond thought, exuberant. Not Death:
 for hee knowes, that will be his happiest Day, and
 his Bridge from woe, to Glory. Though it be the
 wicked mans Shipwracke, 'tis the good mans putting
 into Harbour: where striking Sayles, and casting
 Anchor, he returns his Lading with advantage, to the
 Owner; that is, his Soule to God; leaving the Bulke
 still moated in the Haven; who is unrigg'd, but onely
 to be new-built againe, and fitted for an eternall
 Voyage. Had not Christians had this solace; how
 should the Martyrs have dyed so merrily, leaping
 for joy, that they were so neere their Home, and their
 Heaven; dying often, like Samson among his Ene-
 mies; more Victorie attending their end, than pro-
 ceedings? Ah peerlesse Valiance! unconquerable
 Fortitude! Secondly, in Fidelitie. There is no
 friendship, like the friendship of Faith. Nature, Edu-
 cation, Benefits, cannot altogether tye so strong as
 this. Christianitie knits more sure, more indisso-
 luble. This makes a knot, that Alexander cannot
 cut. For as Grace in her selfe, is farre above Na-
 ture; so likewise is shee, in her effects: and there-
 fore unites, in a farre more durable Bond. And a
 Christian, though he would resolve with himselfe,
 to deale double; yet if he be sincere, in spight of
 his resolution, his conscience will rate him, checke
 him, and denie him to doe it; nay, though he would,
 he cannot resolve. He that is borne of God, sinnes
 not; and the spirit of sanctification will not let
 him resolve upon ill. This is that Fidelitie that we
 finde,

finde, and admire in many, that have chosen rather to embrace the flame, and die in silence, than to reveale their Companions, and Brethren in Christ. Tyrants will sooner want invention for torments, than they with tortures be made trecherous. The League that Heaven hath made, Hell wants power to breake. Who can separate the conjunctions of the Deitie? Againe, as well in reproofe, as in kindnesse, doth his love appeare. For, howsoever hee conceales his friends faults from the eye of the world; yet he affectionately tells him of them, in private; not without some sorrow on his owne part, for his Brothers fall: He scornes to be so base, as to flatter; and he hates to be so currish, as to bite. In his reprehensions, he mingles Oyle and Vineger: he is in them plaine, and loving. Inviolable amitie! Invaluable love! Here is met Courage, and Constancie; one, to withstand an Enemie; another, to entertaine a Friend. Give me any Foe, rather than a resolved Christian. No friend, unlesse a man truly honest. A Father, is a readie Treasurie; a Brother, an infallible Comfort; but a Friend, is both.



XIII.

In Losses, what to looke to.

I Will, in all Losses, looke both to what I have lost, and to what I have left. To what I have lost: that if it may be, and be good, I may recover it; if not, that I may know what I have forgone. To what I have

have left: that if it be *much*, I may be thankfull that I *lost* no more; having so much, that I might have beene *deprived* of: if *little*, that I may not *repine*; because I have yet *something*: if nothing but my *life*, that I may then be *glad*; because that will be the next thing I shall *lose*: Which, whensoever it happens, will with *double joy* recompence all the rest. Gods presence, is *abundant plentie*: having that, I know nor *want*, nor *losse*, nor *admission* of *ill*.

XV.

How to establish a troubled Government.

A Man that would *establish* a troubled Government, must first *vanquish* all his foes. *Faction* heads must be higher by a *Pole*, than their *bodies*. For how will the *Folds* be quiet, while yet among them there be some *Wolves*? He that would *rule* over many, must *fight* with many, and *conquer*: and be sure, either to *cut off* those that raise up *tumults*; or by a *Majesticke awe*, to keepe them in a strict *subjection*. *Slacknesse*, and *connivence*, are the *ruines* of unsettled *Kingdomes*. My *passions* and *affections* are the chiefe *disturbers* of my *Civill State*: What *peace* can I expect within me, while these *Rebels* rest un-overcome? If they get a *head*, my *Kingdome* is *divided*; so, it cannot *stand*. *Separations* are the *wounds* of a *Crowne*: whereby (neglected) it will *bleed to death*. Then will I *strive* to *subdue*.

RESOLVES.

If I cut them not off, I will yet *restraine* them. 'Tis no *crueltie*, to *denie* a *Traitor libertie*. I will have them be my *subjects*, not my *Prince*: they shall *serve* me, and I will *sway* them. If it cannot be without much *striving*; I am content with a *hard combate*, that I may have a *happie reigne*. 'Tis better I endure a short *skirmish*, than a long *siege*: having once *wonne the field*, I will hope to *keepe* it.



XVI.

Death is the beginning of a godly mans joy.

DEath to a *righteous man*, whether it commeth *soone* or *late*, is the *beginning* of *joy*, and the *end* of *sorrow*. I will not much care, whether my *life* be *long*, or *short*. If *short*; the fewer my *dayes* be, the *lesse* shall be my *miserie*, the *sooner* shall I be *happie*. But if my *yeeres* be *many*, that my *head* waxe *gray*, even the long *expectation* of my *happinesse*, shall make my *joy* more *welcome*.



XVII.

*Of doing Good with Labour, and Evill
with Pleasure.*

TWAS anciently said, That whatsoever good
worke a man doth with *labour*, the *labour* va-
nisheth, but the *good* remaines with him that
wrought

X wrought it. And whatsoever *evill* thing hee doth with *pleasure*, the *pleasure* flyes, but the *evill* still resteth with the *Action* of it: goodnesse making *labour* sweet; *evill* turning *pleasure* to a burthen. I will not care how *laborious*, but how *honest*, not how *pleasurable*, but how *good* my *Actions* bee. If it could bee, let me be *good* without *pleasure*; rather than *lewd* with much *joy*. For though my *good* bee at first *tedious*, I am sure in time it will yeeld me *content*: whereas the *evill* that now is delightful, cannot but prove a *moe* to my *soule*. The sweetest *liquor* is not alwayes the most *wholsome*. The *Lymon* is more tart, yet excelleth the *Orenge* that delighteth the taste: *Poyson* may a while seeme *pleasant*, and a weake *stomacke* thinke a *Cordiall* fulsome.

XVIII.

Of being the worlds Favourite without Grace.

WHAT if I were the *Worlds* chiefest *Favourite* & endowed with the chiefest *Ornaments* her *Treasurie* could afford me, adorned with *beautie*, imbellisht with a faire *proportion*, in *politicie* sub-
till, in *alliance* great, in *revenue* large, in *knowledge* rich, famed with *honour*, and honoured with *enden-
dants*; and to all these, had adjoyned the *prolon-
ged* yeeres of *Methuselah*, yet if I wanted *grace*, they would all turne to my greater *disgrace* and

confusion. *Good parts imployed ill*, are weapons, that being meant for our owne defence, wee madly turne their edges, and wound our selves: they might make me faire in shew, but in substance more polluted: they would be but as a Saddle of Gold to the backe of a gall'd Horse; adorne me they might, better me they could not. Grace onely can make a man truly happie: what shee affordeth, can content sufficiently, and with ease furnish the vast roomes of the *Minde*: without her, all are nothing; with her, even the *smallest* is true sufficiencie: how fully can she be rich, in the penurie of these outward Royalties? something indeed they adde to her ornament, but 'tis from her that they assume their goodnesse: For though *Heaven* hath made them so in their owne nature, yet it is from her, that they prove so to me. Doe wee not oftner finde them *Lights* to blinde us, than to direct us? I will never thinke my selfe nearer *Heaven*, for having so much of *Earth*. A weak *House* with a heavie Roofe, is in most danger. Hee that gets *Heaven*, hath plentie enough, though the *Earth* scornes to allow him any thing: hee that failes of that, is truly miserable, though shee gives him all shee hath. *Heaven*, without *Earth*, is perfect: *Earth*, without *Heaven*, is but a little more cheerefully *Hell*. Who have beene more splendid in these externall flourishes, than *Heathen*? But in the other, 'tis the *Christian* onely can challenge a felicitie. Having these, I might winne applause with men; but the other wanting, I shall never gaine approbation with God. And what will all their allowance availe, when the *Earths* Creatour shall

shall judge, and condemne? 'Tis a poore reliefe in *Miserie*, to be onely thought well of by those that cannot helpe me.



XIX.

Humanitie and Miserie, are Parallels.

IS not a man borne to trouble, as the sparkes flye upward? Is not his time short, and miserable; his dayes few, and evill? What madnesse then were it in me, to hope for a freedome from sorrowes, or to thinke my selfe exempt from the common appointment of the most High? It hath beene censured as phrensie, to undertake to expell nature: what shall I thinke it, to hope to frustrate the designement of the Lord of Nature? *Humanitie*, and *Miserie*, are alwayes *Parallels*; sometimes, *individuals*: And therefore, when we would put *Sorrow* in an *Embleme*, we paint him in a *Man*. If I have but few *Crosses*, I will truly then account my selfe favoured: if I have many, and be sometimes free, He thinke I escape well, being so *untoward*. If I have nothing but troubles, yet may I not *complaine*; because my sinne hath deserv'd more, than here I can be able to suffer. Had I but a being, though full of *woe*, yet were I beholding to God for it. His very least, and meanest gift, exceedeth much, even all, my best desert. I doe infinitely want, how to merit a permission to live.

XX.

Of Reputation; or, a good Name.

TO have every man speake well of me, is impossible: because, how soever I carrie my selfe, some Cynick will barke at my course. Who can scape the lash of Censure? If I should be vicious and profuse, I should be loved of some; but not the best, not the good. If I should, Camelion-like, change my selfe to every object, if I were not extraordinarie wearie, I might soone counterfeit some mans humour false, and that would bane my drift. For both to Vertue, and to Vice, is Flatterie a false Glasse, making the one seeme greater, the other lesse than it is: and if it lights on a noble discretion, it is ever so unhappie, as to beget the ruine of it selfe. But imagine I could doe it with such exactnesse, that even the eye of Lynceus could not espie it: yet when one should commend me for one thing, and another for the contrarie; what would the world thinke of me, that could thus in one, be hot and cold? Should I not be censured as a Tyrannist? Yes surely, and that justly: neither could it but be just with God, at last to unmaske my flatterie, and unrip my folly, in the view of the multitude. Private sinnes are punished with a publike shame. A supposed honest man found lewd, is hated as a growne Monster, discovered by the blabbe of Time. Sinne is a concealed fire, that even in darkenesse will so worke, as to bewray it selfe. If I live vertuously,
and

and with *pictie*, the world will hate me, as a *Separatist*; and my reputation will be traduced, by the ignominious *aspersion* of malevolent tongues. To be good, is now thought too neere a way to contempt: That which the *Ancients* admired, wee laugh at. A good *honest* man, is a *foole*. What then? shall I, to please a *man*, displease a *Christian*? I had rather live hated for *Goodnesse*, than be loved for *Vice*. He does better, that pleaseth one good man, than he that contents a thousand bad ones. I would, if it could be, please all; yet I would winne their loves with *honestie*: otherwise, let their hate wound me, rather than their love embrace. What care I for his friendship, that affects not *vertue*? having his hate, hee may hurt me outwardly; but enjoying his love, I will justly suspect my soule of some ill. For if his affection be towards me, 'tis sure, because hee sees something in me that pleaseth himselfe: but while hee sees every thing unlike him; how is't possible I should be beloved of him? since diversities breed nothing but dis-union; and sweet Congruitie is the Mother of Love.



XXI.

Sinne brings Sorrow.

Who admires not the wisdom of Demosthenes, in the answer hee returned to Corinthian Laïs, [*Pœnitere tanti non emo.*] Certainly, had hee not knowne it from a selfe-experience, 'tis not possible

possible a *Heathen* should have spoke so *divinely*. All our *dishonest actions*, are but *earnests* laid downe for *griefe*. *Vice* is an infallible fore-runner of *wretchednesse*. Let the *worldling* tell me, if hee findes it not true, that all his unwarrantable *aberrations*, wherein he hath *dilatedly* tumbled himselfe, end at last, either in *anguish*, or *confusion*; *Sinne*, on the best condition, brings *repentance*: but for *sinne*, without *repentance*, is provided *Hell*. 'Tis not *folly*, but *madnesse*, even the *highest*, that makes a man buy his *vexation*. I will force my selfe to want that *willingly*, which I cannot enjoy, without *future distaste*. Though the *waspe* falls into the *Honey*, that after *drownes* her; yet the *Bee* chuseth rather to goe to the *Flower* in the *Field*, where she may lade her *thighes* *securely*, and with *leisure*, than to come to the *Shop* of the *Apothecarie*, where shee gets more, but makes her life *hazzardable*.

XXII.

Of Workes without Faith, and of Faith without Workes.

WOrkes without *Faith*, are like a *Salamander* without *Fire*, or a *Fish* without *Water*: In which, though there may seeme to be some quick *actions* of *life*, and *symptomes* of *agilitie*; yet they are indeed, but *fore-runners* of their end, and the very *presages* of *Death*. *Faith* againe, without *works*, is like a *Bird* without *wings*: who, though she may hoppe

hoppe with her *companions* here upon *Earth*; yet if she live till the *World* ends, shee'l never flye to *Heaven*. But when both are joyn'd together, then doth the *Soule* mount up to the *Hill* of eternall *Rest*: These can bravely raise her to her first height; yea, carry her beyond it: taking away both the *will*, that did *betray* her; and the *possibilitie*, that *might*. The *former*, without the *latter*, is *selfe-coozenage*; the *last*, without the *former*, is meere *hypocrisie*: together, the *excellencie* of *Religion*. *Faith* is the *Rocke*, while every *good action* is as a *Stone* laid; one, the *Foundation*; the other, the *Structure*. The *Foundation*, without the *walls*, is of slender value; the *Building*, without a *Basis*, cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their *conjunction* makes them good. Chiefely will I labour for a sure *Foundation*, *Saving Faith*; and equally I will seeke for strong *walls*, *Good Workes*. For as *Man* judgeth the *House* by the *Edifice*, more than by the *Foundation*: so, not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *Workes*, shall *God* judge *Man*.



XXIII.

A rare thing, to see a Rich man Religious.

TIs a rare thing, to see a Rich man *Religious*: wee are told, that his *way* is difficult; and not many *mightie* are chosen. For while the *Earth* allows them such *joyes*, 'tis their *Heaven*; and they looke for no other: Their *pleasures* are sufficient unto them,

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them, both for *honour*, *solace*, and *wealth*. Who wonders to see them carelesse of the *better*, when they dote upon the *worse*? neither the *minde* nor *affection* can be seriously divided at once. Againe, even low *Commons*, whom they thinke *meanely* of, are *higher* often in *vertues* of the *minde*, are *dearer* unto *God*, than they; and shall sit in *Heaven*, above them. Are there not many *servants*, that in their life time have borne the *burthen*, now crowned with un-ending *joyes*; while their *Masters* are either in a lower degree *glorious*, or excluded that *Cœlestiall Societie*? I dare make it a part of my *Faith*, yet avouch my selfe no *Heretike*. Even in the *meanest* things, *God* shewes his *mightie Power*: *Impossibilitie*s are the best *advancers* of his *Glory*: For what wee least *beleieve* can be *done*, wee most *admire*, being *done*. Yet in this, *observe* the *mercie* of *God*; that though the *worldling* hath not *pietie* in his *thoughts*, yet *God* gives him all these *good things*, that he hath no *right* to; albeit, by his owne *ill*, he, like *envie*, extracts *evill* out of *good*: so they proove in the *end*, nothing but *Paper-pillars*, and *painted Fruit*. Let all men *blesse God*, for what they enjoy; they that have *wealth*, for their *Riches*: I will praise him, that he hath kept them from me. I have *now*, what is *good* for me; and when my *time* comes, my *joy* shall abound.

what



XXIII.

*What a vertuous Man is like, in the puritie
of a Righteous Life.*

A *Vertuous Man*, shining in the puritie of a *Righteous Life*, is a *Light-house* set by the *Sea-side*, whereby the *Mariners* both saile aright, and avoid danger: but he that lives in noted sinnes, is a false *Lanthorne*, which shipwracks those that trust him. The *vertuous man*, by his good carriage, winnes more to godlinesse, and is the occasion of much good; yea, it may be, so long as the *Moone* renews; for his *righteousnesse* dyes not with him: Those good examples which he lived in, and those pious workes which he leaves behind him, are imitated and followed of others, both remaining and succeeding. So they are conveyed from one generation to another: and hee, next *God*, is a *primarie cause* of a great deale of the good they atchieve. So we cannot but grant, that while here his *memorie* weares out, his *glory* in a better world augments dayly; either by his good presidents, his pious institutions, his charitable deedes, or his godly workes: each of which, with *Gods blessing*, are able to kindle some heat in the cold zeale of posteritie. Examples are the best and most lasting *Lectures*; *Vertue* the best example. Happie man, that hath done these things in sinceritie: Time shall not out-live his worth: he lives truly, after death, whose pious actions are his
pillars

pillars of remembrance: though his *flesh* moulders to *drosse* in the grave, yet is his *happinesse* in a perpetuall growth; no day, but addes some *graines* to his heape of glory. Good *workers* are *Seedes*, that after sowing, returne us a continuall *Harvest*. A man lives more renowned by some *glorious deedes*, than ever did that *Carian*, by his *Mausolean Monument*. On the contrarie, what a *wofull course* hath hee runne, that hath lived *lemdly*, and dyes without *repentance*? His *example* infects others, and they spread it abroad to more: Like a man that dyes on the *Plague*, hee leaves the *infection* to a whole *Citie*; so that even the *sinnes* of thousands, hee must give an *account* for. What can wee thinke of such as have beene the *inventors* of unlawfull *Games* and *Callings* that are now in use? Sure, they have much to *answer* for, that thus have occasioned so much *ill*: yea, better had it beene they had not *beene* at all; than *being*, to be loaden with the *sinne* of so many. Miserable man! That when thy owne *burthen* is insupportable, thou yet caushest others to adde to thy *weight*; as if thou wouldest be sure, *desperately* to make thy *rising* irrecoverable: Are the *waters* of thy owne *sinnes* so low, that thou must have *streames* from every place, to runne into thy *Ocean*: Who can, without a *showre* of *teares*, thinke on thy deplorable *state*? or, without *mourning*, meditate thy sad *condition*? Oh! Let me so live, as my *life* may be *beneficiall*, not *hurtfull* to others. Let my *glory* increase, when my *life* is done: I am sure, *satiety* in *Heaven* is not capable of *either complaint*, or *discontent*: but as for *spoyling* others

thers by my owne *confusion*, *sinne*, I should thinke
Death a faire *prevention*. I love not that *life* which
 makes *death* eternall. I have *sinne* enough of mine
 own, to *sigh*, and *sorrow*, and *mourne* for: I need not
 make others mine by my owne *bad actions*. A little
 of this is too much; yea, hee hath enough that hath
 none; he hath too much, that hath any at all.



XXV.

Of being Proud, by being Commended.

Hee deserves not *Commendation*, that for being
commended growes proud: every good thing a
 good man speakes of mee, shall, like the blast of a
Trumpet in *Warre*, incite and encourage mee, to a
 closer pursuit of more nobler *Vertue*: not like *Bu-*
cephalus trappings, blow me up in a higher conceit
 of overprizing my own *weaknesse*: So while some
 speake well, let my deeds exceed their tongue.
 I had rather men should see more than they expect, than
 looke for more than they shall finde.



XXVI.

Of Secresie in Projecting ought.

When a man hath the project of a course in
 his minde, 'tis good *wisedome* to resolve of
secresie, till the time his intent be fulfilled: neither

can he chuse but be foolish, that *brags* much, either of what he *will doe*, or what hee *shall have*: For if what he *speakes* of, falls not out accordingly, then will the world *mocke* him with *derision* and *scorne*: and oftentimes his *liberall tongue*, may be an occasion of some ones sudden intercepting his *aime*: divulged intentions seldome proceed well: multitudes make a *jarre* in businesses; their *opinions* or *Councils* either distract *Judgement*, or divert *resolution*: But howsoever, if what we boasted of cometh to passe, yet shall we be reputed *vaine-glorious*, *boasters*, *unwise*. *Braggers* lift up expectation so high, that shee overthinks the birth: and many times the *childe* which indeed is *faire*, wee thinke not so, because we were possesst with hopes of finding it *rare*. *Secresie* is a necessary part of *policie*: things *untold*, are yet *undone*; then to say nothing, there is not a lesse labour. I observe, the *Fig-tree* whose *fruit* is most pleasant, *bloomes* not at all: whereas the *Sallow* that hath glorious *palmes*, is continually found *barren*. I would *first* be so wise, as to be my owne *Councillor*: next, so secret, as to be my owne *Councell-keeper*.



XXVII.

A Rule in reading Authors.

SOME men reade *Authors* as our *Gentlemen* use *Flowers*, onely for delight and smell, to please their *fancie*, and refine their *tongue*. Others like the *Bee*,

Bee, extract onely the *honey*, the *wholesome precepts*, and this alone they beare away, leaving the rest, as little worth, of small value. In reading I will care for *both*, though for the *last*, *most*: the one serves to instruct the minde; the other fits her to tell what she hath learned: pittie it is, they should be divided: he that hath worth in him, and cannot expresse it, is a *chest* keeping a rich *Jewell*, and the *key* lost. Concealing *goodnesse*, is *vice*, *Vertue* is better by being communicated. A good *stile*, with *wholsome matter*, is a *faire woman* with a *vertuous soule*, which attracts the eyes of *all*; The *goodman* thinkes chastly, and loves her *beauty* for her *vertue*; which he still thinkes more *faire*, for dwelling in so *faire* an out-side. The *vicious man* hath lustfull thoughts; & he would for her *beauty* faine destroy her *vertue*: but coming to solicit his purpose, findes such *Divine Lectures* from her *Angels* tongue and those deliver'd with so sweet a pleasing *modesty*, that he thinks *vertue* is disiecting her *soule* to him, to ravish man with a *beauty* which he dream'd not of. So he could now curse himselfe for *desiring* that *lewdly*, which hee hath learn'd since onely to *admire* and *reverence*: Thus he goes away *better*, that came with an intent to be *worse*. Quaint Phrases on a good subject, are *baits* to make an *ill* man *vertuous* how many *vile* men seeking these, have found themselves *Convertites*? I may refine my speech without harme: but I wil indeavour more to *reforme* my life. 'Tis a good grace both of *Oratory*, or the *Penne*, to speake or write proper: but that is the best worke, where the *Graces* and the *Muses* meet.

XXVII.

*A Christian compared in a three-fold condition
to the Moone.*

WE see in the *Moone* a threefold condition; her *Wane*, her *Increase*, her *Full*: all which I lively see resembled in a *Christian*, three causes working them: *Sinne*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. *Sinne*, which after the *Ad*, when hee once considers, it makes him like the *Moone* in her *Wane*, or state of *Decrement*, obscuring, and diminishing that glorious light of the *Spirit*, which whilome shined so brightly in him: nay, sometimes as the *Moone* in her latest state of *Diminution*, hee seemes quite gone, resting for a time like a *Man* in a trance, like a *Tree* in *winter*, or as *fire* buried in concealing *Embers*, without either *sence*, or *shew*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and casts *water* in his *face*, bedewes him with *teares*, rubbes up his benumbed soule; that there is to bee scene some tokens, both of *life* and *Recovery*: This makes him *Spring*, causes him to begin to *bud* againe, unburies his *lost light*, and by little and little, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of *Gods Spirit*: so sets him in the way to *joy*, and renewed courses. But lastly, *Faith* appears, and perfects what *Repentance* began, and could not finish: shee cheeres up his drooping *hopes*, brings him againe to his wonted *solace*, spreads out his *leaves*, blowes

up his fainting fire to a bright flame: makes him like the *Moone* in her full glory, indues him with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the *Almighty*, and never leaves him till he be resettled in his full joy, contentment, happiness. Thus while he sinnes, he is a *Decressant*; when hee repents, a *Cressant*; when his *Faith* shines cleere, at full. Yet in all these, while he lives here, he is subject to change: sometime like a *Beacon* on a *Hill*, hee is seene afarre off, and to all: sometime like a *Candle* in a house, neerer hand, and onely to his familiars: sometimes like a *Lampe* under a bushell, he is obscur'd to all; yet in all hee burnes: though in some, insensibly: and is never without one sound consolation, in the worst of all these: for as the *Moone* when she is least visible, is a *Moone* as well as when wee see her in her full proportion; onely the *Sunne* looks not on her with so full an aspect, and she reflects no more, than she receives from him: So a *Christian* in his lowest ebbe of sorrow, is the *Child of God*, as well as when hee is in his greatest flow of comfort, onely the *Sunne of Righteousnesse* darts not the beames of his love so plentifully, and he shewes no more than *God* gives him. When *God* hides his face, *Man* must languish: his with-drawings, are our miseries: his presence, our unfailing joy. Sinne may cast me in a trance, it cannot slay mee: it may bury my heat for a time, it cannot extinguish it: it may make me in the *Wane*, it cannot change my being: it may accuse, it shall not condemne: Though *God* deprive me of his presence for a time, he will one day re-inlighten me, polish me, and crowne me forever: where

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the *Moone* of my inconstant joy shall change to a *Sunne*, and that *Sunne* shall never set, be clouded, or eclipsed.



XXIX.

A rule for Spending and Sparing.

IN expences I would be neither *pinching* nor *prodigall*: yet if my meanes allow it not, rather thought too *sparing*, then a little *profuse*: 'tis no disgrace to make my *ability* my *Compass* of saile, and line to walke by. I see what I may doe; others but what I doe: they looke to what I spend, as they thinke me able; I must looke to what my estate will beare: nor can it bee safe to straine it at all: 'tis fit I should respect my owne *ability*, before their forward *expectation*. He that, when he should not, spends *too much*, shall when he would not, have *too little* to spend. 'Twas a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why he asked a halfe-penny of the *thrifty* man, and a pound of the *prodigall*; the first, hee said, might give him *often*, but the other ere long, would have *none* to give. Yet say, I had to dispend *freely*; as to be *too neere*, having enough, I esteeme *sordid*, so to spend *superfluously*, though I have *abundance*, I account one of *Follies* deepest *over-sights*. There is *better* use to bee made of our *talents*, then to cast them away in *waste*. God gave us *them*, not to spend *vainely*, but to imploy for *profit*, for *gaine*.

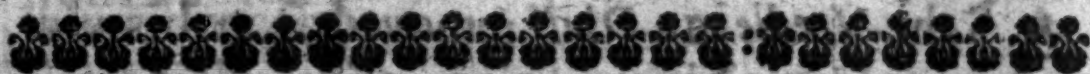
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XXX.

Of a Christians Settlednesse in his Saviour.

AS the Needle in a Diall removed from his point, never leaves his quivering motion, till it settles itself in the just place it alwaies stands in: So fares it with a Christian in this world; nothing can so charme him, but he will still minde his Saviour: all that put him out of the quest of Heaven, are but disturbances. Though the pleasures, profits, and honours of this life, may sometimes shuffe him out of his usuall course; yet hee wavers up and downe in trouble, runnes to and fro like Quicksilver, and is never quiet within, till hee returnes to his wonted life, & inward happinesse: there he sets downe his rest, in a sweet, unperceived, inward content: which though unseene to others, hee esteemes more then all that the world calls by the name of felicity, they are to him as May-games to a Prince; fitter for children, then the Royalty of a Crowne. It shall not more grieve me to live in a continued sorrow, than it shall joy mee to finde a secret perturbation in the worlds choifest solaces. If I finde my joy in them without unquietnesse, that will prove a burthensome mirth: For finding my affections settle to them without resistance, I cannot but distrust my selfe, of trusting them too much. A full delight in earthly things, argues a neglect of heavenly. I can hardly thinke him honest, that loves a Harlot for her bravery, more

then his *wife* for her *vertues*. But while an *inward distaste* shewes mee these *Cates* unsavory, if my joy be uncompleate in these *terrene felicities*, my *inward unsettlednesse* in them, shall make my *content* both *sufficient* and *full*.



XXXI.

The worlds enchantment, when shee smiles on us.

STrange is the *enchantment* that the world workes on us, when she *smiles* and lookes *merrily*: 'tis justly matter of *amazement*, for a man to grow *rich*, and retaine a *minde* unaltered: yet are not all men *changed* alike, though all in something admit *variation*. The *Spider* kills the *man*, that cures the *Ape*. *Fortunes effects* are *variable*, as the natures shee workes upon: *some*, while their *baskets* grow more full, their *mindes* are higher, and rise: they now know not those *friends*, that were lately their *companions*: but as a *Tyrant* among his *Subjects*, growes *haughty* and *proud*: so they, among their *familiars*, *scorne* and *contemne*: spurning those with *arrogant* *disdaine*, which but of late, they thought as *worthy* as themselves, or better: *high fortunes* are the way to *high mindes*: *pride* is usually the *childe* of *riches*. *Contempt* too often sits in the seat with *Honour*. Who have wee knowne so *imperious* in *Office*, as the man that was borne to *Beggery*? As these rise, so *some* fall: and that which should satiate their *desire*, increaseth it: which is ever accompanied with
this

this unhappinesse, that it will never bee satisfied: this makes them *baser*, by being *wealthier*: Profit (though with drudgery) they hugge with close *armes*. All *vices* debase man, but this makes a *master* a slave to his *servant*, a *drudge* to his *slave*; and him that God set over all, this puts under all. Pittifull! that *Man* when good things are present, should search for *ill*: that hee should so care for riches, as if they were his *owne*: yet so use them, as if they were *another*s: that when hee might bee happy in spending them, will be *miserable* in keeping them: and had rather *dying* leave wealth with his *enemies*, then being *alive* relieve his *friends*. Thus as one *aspire*s, the other *descends*: both extremes, and justly blameable. If my *estate* rise not, I hope my *mind* will be what it is, not *Ambitious*, nor *Avaricious*. But if the *Divine providence* shall, beyond either my desert or expectation, *blesse* mee, I will thinke, to grow *proud*, is but to *rise* to *fall*: and to prove *covetous*, onely to possesse wealth, that the *Nobler minds* may hate and scorne me. For what is there they esteeme more *sordid*, then for a mans minde to bee his moneys *Mercenarie*?

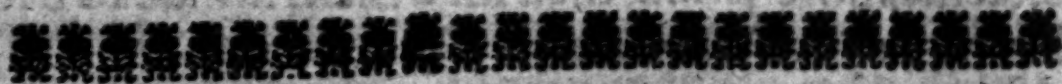


XXXII.

The Christians Life what.

A Weake Christians life, is almost nothing but a *vicissitude* of sinne, and sorrow. First, hee *sinnes*, and then hee *laments* his folly: like a negligent

gent Schoole-boy, hee displeaseth his Master, and then beseecheth his remission with teares. Our owne corruptions are diseases incurable: while we live, they will breake out upon us, we may correct them, wee cannot destroy them: they are like the feathers in a Fowle: cut them, they will come againe: breake them, they will come againe: plucke them out, yet they will come againe: onely kill the Bird, and they will grow no more. While blood is in our veynes, sinne is in our nature: since I cannot avoyde it, I will learne to lament it: and if through my offences, my joy be made obscure, and vanish; that sorrow shall new beget my joy, not because I have beene sinfull, but because for sinne I finde my selfe sorrowfull. All other sorrowes are either foolish, fruitlesse, or beget more: onely this darke Entry leades the way to the faire Court of happinesse. God is more mercifull in giving repentance to the Delinquent, then in granting remission to the Repentant: He hath promised pardon to the Penitent, no Repentance to the Peccant.



XXVIII.

A good Rule for chusing a Friend.

IN chusing friends, there be two sorts of men, that I would for ever avoyde: for besides the learning of their vices, I dare not trust them with a secret. There is the Angry man, and the Drunkard: The first in his fit is meere mad, he speakes not a word

word by *reason*, but by *brutish passions*: not upon premeditated termes, but whatsoever his *memory* on the sudden catches, his violent *passion* driveth out, bee it knowne, or hidden: so oft in a brawle hee blabs out *that*, which being cooled, hee much repents to have named: committing that in his sparkling fury, which his appeased soule will tremble to thinke of. *Anger* is the *feaver* of the *soule*, which makes the *tongue* talke idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot heare what *Counsell* speakes: 'tis a raging *Sea*, a troubled *water*, that cannot bee wholesome for the use of any: & if it be true which *Hippocrates* tels, that those *diseases* are most dangerous that alter the habit of the *patients* countenance: this must needs be most *perillous*, that voyce, colour, countenance, pace, so changeth, as if *furie* dispossessing *reason*, had set a new *Garrison* in the *Citadell* of *Man*. This he knew that gave us that Precept, *Make not friendship with an angrie man*. The other hath no *memorie* at all: For the abundance of *wine* hath drown'd up that noble *Recorder*: and while *Bacchus* is his chiefe god, *Apollo* never keepes him company: *Friends* and *foes*, *familiars* and *strangers* are then all of equall esteeme: so he forgetfully speakes of that in his *cups*, which, if he were *sober*, should be buried in silence. First, hee speakes he knowes not *what*, nor after, can hee remember *what* that was he spake. He *speakes* that hee should *forget*, and *forgets* that which hee did *speake*. *Drunkennesse* is the *funerall* of all intelligible *man*, whom onely *time* and *abstinence* can resuscitate. A *Drunkards minde* and *stomacke* are alike; neither
can

RESOLVES.

can retaine what they receive. I would be loth to admit of a *familiar* so infectious as either; more unwillingly to reveale my selfe to any so open. What *friend* soever I make choyce of, I wil be sure he shall have these two properties, *Mildenesse*, *Temperance*: otherwise, 'tis better to want companions, then to bee annoyed with either a *mad-man* or *foole*. *Clitus* was slaine by a drunken *Master*, the *Thes-salonians* massacred by an angry *Emperour*; and the deaths of either lamented by the *Agents*.

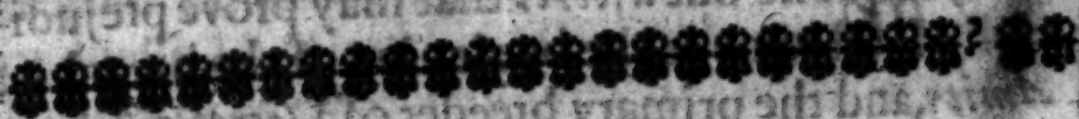


XXXIII.

Libertie makes Licentious.

I See, *libertie* makes *licentious*, and when the *reines* are given too loosely, the *affections* runne wildly on, without a *guide*, to ruine: For mans *will*, without *discretion*, that should adde *limits*, is like a blind *horse* without a *bridle*, that should guide him aright: hee may goe fast, but runnes to his owne overthrow, and while he mends his *pace*, he hastens his owne *mischiefe*. Nothing makes us more wretched, then our owne uncontrolled *will*s. A loose *will* fulfilled, is the way to worke out a woe. For besides this folly in beginning wrong, the greatest danger is in continuance: when like a *Bowle* running downe a *Hill*, he is ever most violent, when hee growes neereft his *Centre* and *Period* of his aime. These follies are prettily shaddowed in the sports of *Alceon*, that while hee suffer'd his
eye

eye to rove at pleasure, and beyond the pale of expedience, his Hounds, even his owne affections, cease him, teare him, prove his decay. Let it be my vigilance to *curbe* my beginning desires, that they may not wander beyond moderation; if my owne will be a blind conductor, good precepts to an ingenious nature, are *bites* that restraine, but hurt not. I know, to follow a soothing fancie, cannot be but ridiculously ill: and this inconvenience besides have I seene, that hee which may doe more than is fit, will in time doe more than is lawfull. He that now exceeds the measure, will ere-long exceed the manner. Vice is a Peripateticke, alwayes in Progression.



XXXV.

That all secrets should not be imparted to the faithfullest Friend.

EVEN betweene two, faithfull Friends, I thinke it not convenient that all secrets should be imparted: neither is it the part of a friend to fish out that, which were better concealed. Yet I observe some, of such insinuating dispositions, that there is nothing in their friends heart, that they would not themselves know with him: and this, if I may speak freely, I count as a fault. For many times by too farre urging, they wring blood, from whence onely milke should flow: knowing, that by their importunitie, which not onely breeds a dislike in them to heare; but also when their conference is ended,

ended, begets a *repenting sorrow* in him that told it: and makes him wish, he had lockt up his *lips* in *silence*, rather than have powred out his *heart* with such *indiscretion*. How many have bewayled the untimely disclosures of their *tongue*? how many have screw'd out *secrets*, that would have given thousands to have return'd them unknowne? If I have a *friend* that I care not to loose, I will never ingage my selfe *so much*, as to be beholding to him to know *all*. If I have one that is *faithfull*, I will not wrong him so much, as to wrest *that* from him, should cause him be *sorrowfull*. If he reveales ought un-urged, my advice is *faithfull*, and free: otherwise, to presse out a *secret* that may prove prejudiciall, I esteeme as the beginning of the breach of *Amity*, and the primary breeder of a *secret dislike*.



XXXVI.

*What losse comes by the gaining either of the Pleasure
or Profit of the World.*

WE know 'tis sometimes better to sound a *retreate*, and so *retyre*, than 'tis to stay in the *Field* and *conquer*: because it may so fall out, that the *prize* we win, cannot countervaile the *losse*, that by this *warre* we shall sustaine: so like the foolish *Mariner*, that seeing a *Fish* in the *Sea*, leapes into the water to catch *that*, which together with his *life* he loseth. We often lose an eternall *Kingdome*, for the game of *toyes* and *vapities*. Who is there
that

that hazards not his *soule* for the *pleasure* or *profits* of *sinne*? which when they have, what have they got, but *shaddows* or *vexations*? The *wealthy man* is like a *powder-master*, who hath provision against an *Enemy*, but is ever in danger of being *blowne up*. As for *pleasure*, 'tis at best but a *hilded vessell*, which though it please the palat for a *cup* or two; yet the *Lees* are at hand, and they marre it: a little *disturbance* turnes it into *distaste*. What a *Foole* were I, to cast away my *Soule* on such *transitorie trifles*? which when I have, I am neither sure to *enjoy*, nor to finde *commodious*: what I cannot *keepe* without *danger*, I will never earnestly *seeke*. To lose a *Crowne* of gold for a *counterfeit*, is more than a childish fondnesse. I had better *sit still*, and be quiet in *peace*, than *rise* to conquer a petty *Village*, when my losse is a *large Citie*.

XXXVII.

Of using Meanes.

CHrist healed *Diseases* three manner of wayes; *with meanes*, as the *Leper* in the eighth of *Matthew*; *without meanes*, as the ten *Lepers* in the 17. of *Luke*; *against meanes*, as the man borne blinde, in the ninth of *Iohn*. I will looke to *meanes*, as being more ordinary, more revealed: but if my *blind eye* see not that present succour, my feare is not more, nor my *griefe*. 'Tis as easie to *God* to worke *without meanes*, as *with them*: and *against them*,

as by either : 'Tis all one to him, *Be cleane*, or, *Goe wash* : Yea, though every Argument concludes danger, let not my hopes faile me yet, his *Omnipotence* is beyond that feeble stay of the *Soule* : nor yet will I so depend on his *will hidden*, as I neglect to practise his *will revealed*. For as to disregard his appointed *meanes*, is a supreme contempt; so to depend too much on things unsearchable, is rather a badge of rash *presuming*, than any notable courage of *Faith*. I must looke to *my way*, and let him alone in *his*.



XXXVIII.

The Misery of being Old and Ignorant.

'TIs a *capitall misery* for a *man* to be at once both *old* and *ignorant*. If he were onely *old*, and had some *knowledge*, he might abate the tediousnesse of *decrepit age*, by the divine raptures of *Contemplation*. If he were *young*; though he knew nothing, yet his yeeres would serve him to *labour* and *learn*: whereby in the *Winter* of his time, hee might beguile the wearinesse of his *pillow* and *chaire*. But now his *Bodie* being withered by the stealing length of his dayes, and his limbes wholly disabled, for either motion, or exercise : these together with a mind unfurnished of those contenting speculations of admired *Science* : cannot but delineate the portraicture of a *man* wretched. A *gray head* with a *wise mind*, is a *treasurie* of *grave precepts*,
experience,

experience, and judgement: But foolish old age, is a barren Vine in Autumne; or an Vniversitie to studie folly in: every action, is a patterne of infirmitie; while his body sits still, hee knowes not how to finde his minde action: and tell me, if there be any life more irkesome than idlenesse. I have numbred yet but a few dayes; and those, I know, I have neglected: I am not sure they shall be more, nor can I promise my head, it shall have a snowie haire. What then? Knowledge is not hurtfull, but helps a good minde: any thing that is laudable, I desire to learne. If I die to morrow, my life to day shall be somewhat the sweeter for knowledge: and if my day prove a Summer one, it shall not be amisse, to have provided something, that in the evening of my Age may make my minde my Companion. Notable was the answer that Antisthenes gave, when hee was asked what fruit hee had reaped of all his studies? By them, saith he, I have learned, both to live, and to talke with my selfe.



XXIX.

A two-fold way to Honour.

THere is a two-fold way to Honour: *direct*, when God calls; *indirect*, when man seekes it, without the Lords warrant. David went the first, and his Crowne departed not from his head, till Nature had payed her debt, and his life dissolved: and when hee is gone, his Issue succedes him. Absalon

went the other, but his sinnes pulled him downe with vengeance, and onely a dumbe Pillar speakes his memorie. God cannot endure the aspiring spirit, that would climbe the Hill of Preferment, without his leave. Theeves of Honour seldome finde joy in their purchases; stabilitie, never. Besides, I observe, the man that is fit for a place of note, never seekes it so much, as he is sought for, for it; whereas even the Bramble, that is low, and worthlesse, cryes out aloud, *Make me a King*: 'Tis incident to a weak minde, to over-value it selfe. How many would be Magistrates, that know not how to be men? Moses objects much, when God himselfe imposeth a Charge: For a man of understanding knowes, that 'tis better to live in the Valley, where the Times tempests blow over him; than to have his seat on the Mountaines top, where every blast threatens both his ruine, and fall: howsoever others measure him, he knowes his owne height, and will not exceed it: Yet being placed by an Almighty Hand, Hee that set him there, can keepe him secure. But hee must then beware, that hee makes not that his King, that should be his Subject: that hee gives not the reines, where hee should use the checke: and that hee playes not the Ape too much, eyther by too idle imitation, or by doting too fondly on his darling Honour. Thus cautelous, may hee live safe: when hee that reacheth promotion, without Gods calling him, may flourish a while, but not thrive. In ascents, those are the safest, that are broadest, and least sudden, and where the light is open: How soone is a fall caught on those stayres, that are

are darke, narrow, and quickly rising? I will as well looke to the way, as the thing: There is no path, to happie preferment, but that which Vertue treads: Which was well noted by the Heathen; when they built the Temple of Honour so, that none could enter it, but they must first passe thorow that of Vertue. I had rather live honestly, though meanely; than by unlawfull practises usurpe a Crowne.

XL.

Cowardice worthlesse.

Nothing more dis-worth a man, than Comardice; and a base feare of danger: the smooth way, it makes difficult; the difficult, inaccessible. The Coward is an unfinished man; or else one, which Nature made lesse than others. If ever hee did any thing well, Fortune was his guide, not wisdom. His feare in him, begets delay; and delay breeds that he feares, danger: The Souldier that dares not fight, affords the Enemy too much advantage, for his preparation; both for directing his Souldiers, plotting his Stratagems, strengthening his Files, ordering his Campe, or doing any thing may turne disadvantage upon his Foe: when as the valorous Warriour gives most discomfiture in his suddenest onset, where hee takes away the time for fortification. If it be by speech a man is to act his part, feare puts an Ague in his tongue, and often leaves him, either in an amazed distraction, or quite elingued. For the

too serious apprehension of a possible *shame*, makes him forget *that*, should helpe him against it: I meane, a *plaine boldnesse*, bequeathing a dilated *freedom* to all his *faculties* and *sences*; which now, with a cold *fear*, are frozen and congealed. If not *this*, out of an unmeasured *care* to doe well, it drives a man into *affectation*; and that, like mis-shapen *apparell*, spoiles the *beautie* of a well-limb'd *body*: for *Nature* will not endure the *tacke*: When you set her too *high*, she proves *untuneable*; and in stead of a sweet *cloze*, yeelds a *cracke*: she ever goes best in her owne free *pace*: I will neither *stay* her so long, as to meet *delay*; nor *runne* her so farre, as to doe ought *affectedly*: I had rather be confidently bold, than foolishly *timorous*; hee that in every thing *fear*s to doe well, will at length doe ill in all.



XLI.

Of lamenting the losse of Trifles.

MAny have much lamented the losse of Trifles, when they might have gained by such Damages, had they not with them, lost themselves; I meane, their quiet *minde*s, and *patience*. Vnwise so to debarre themselves of *rest*, when their vexation cannot yeeld them *profit*: If *teares* could eyther recover a *losse*, or recall *time*; then to weep, were but to *purpose*: but things *past*, though with *prudence* they may be *corrected*; yet, with greatest *griefe*, they cannot be *recalled*: Make them better wee may,

may, but to make them not to be at all, requires more than a *humane* strength, or a *finite* power. *Actions* once done, admit a *correction*, not a *nullitie*. Although I will endeavour to amend what is gone by *amisse*, yet will I labour never to grieve for any thing *past*, but *sinne*: and for that alwayes. A small *losse* shall never trouble me: neither shall the greatest *hinderance* make my heart not mine owne. Hee spake well, that said, *He which hath himselfe, hath lost nothing.*

XLII.

*A Practice with } Friendship.
A Rule of }*

SOME *Men* are of so *Noble* and *free* a *disposition*, that you cannot, being a *friend*, aske ought, to receive a *demyall*: it being one part of their happiness, to pleasure the *Man* they love. Yet these in the end, and these *times*, are the only *unhappy* men. For being exhausted by the necessities of others, and their base working on a *free nature*, an *unwelcome want*, at once undoes them, and the goodness of their *disposition*. Pitty such willing *courtesies* should be cast away in such *ungratefull ground*; that like an *unbottomed Gulfe*, swallowes, but returns not: or that a *mans firme love* should make him do that, should *kill* himselfe in future. Contrary to these, you have another sort as fast and holding: and though sometimes they might pleasure a *friend*, without a *selfe-prejudice*: yet their inbred

crabbednesse reserves *all*, with a close hand. And while the other *ruines* with a *faire affection*, he *thrives* with a *vulgar hate*, and *curses*; such as the *first*, are best to *others*: such as the *last*, to *themselves*. I will so serve *others*, as I injure not my *selfe*; so my *selfe*, as I may helpe *others*.

XLIII.

*Sinne by but Once committing, gaires a Prone-
nesse to Reiteration.*

AS there is no feat of *Activitie* so difficult, but being once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time: so there is no *sinne* at first so *hatefull*, but being once committed *willingly*, a *Man* is made more prone for a *reiteration*. For there is more desire of a knowne *pleasure*, than of that which onely our *eares* have heard report of. So farre is *Ignorance* good, that in a calme it keeps the *minde* from *distraction*; and *Knowledge*, as it breeds *desire* in all things, so in *sinne*. Bootlesse therefore shall ever bee that cunning *fetch* of *Satan*, when he would *induce* me once to make a triall of *sinne*, that I might thereby know more, and bee able to fill up my *mouth* with *discourse*, my *minde* with *fruition*; bearing mee in hand, I may at my *pleasure* give it the hand of *parting*, and a finall *farewell*: Too often (alas) have I beene deceived with this beguiling *perswasion*, of a power to leave, and a *will* to returne at my *will*. Hence-
forth

forth shall my care bee to refraine from *once*. If I grant that, stronger *persuasions* will pleade for a second *action*: 'tis easier to deny a *Guest* at first, than to turne him out, having stayed a while. Thou knowest not, sencelesse *man*, what *joyes* thou lovest, when thou fondly lashest into new *offences*. The *world* cannot repurchase thee thy pristine *integrity*: thou hast hereby lost such *hold of grace*, as thou wilt never againe be able to *recover*. A *minde* not *conscious* of any foule *enormities*, is a faire *Temple* in a durtie *street*: at whose doore, *Sinne*, like a throng of rude *Plebeians*, knocks incessantly: while the doore is shut, 'tis easie to keepe it so, and them out; open that, but to let in one, thousands will rush in after him, and their *trampings* will for ever soile that unstained *floore*: while thy *Conscience* is unspotted, thou hast that can make thee smile on the *Racke*, and *flames*; 'tis like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can banish the *sadnesse* of the *minde*. But when thou woundest that, thou buriest thy *joyes* at once: and throwest a *Jewell* from thee, is richer than the wealth of *worlds*. Foole that thou art, that wandering in a darke *wilderneesse*, dost wilfully put out thy *candle*, and thinkest cold water can slake thy thirst, in the burning fit of an *Ague*; when it onely breedes in thee a desire to powre in more. Hee that never tasted the pleasures of *sinne*, longs lesse after those banefull *discontenting contents*. What *sweets of sinne* I know not, I desire still to bee unexperienc'd in. I had rather not *know*, than by *knowledge* bee miserable. This *Ignorance* will teach mee *Knowledge*, of an unknowne *Peace*. Let mee

rather be outwardly *maimed*, and want discourse; than be furnisht of that, and possesse a *wound* that bleedeth within.

XLIV.

Of purchasing Friends with large Gifts.

Is *foolish*, and favours not of common *policie*, to purchase *Friends* with large *gifts*, because having once used them to *rewards*, they will still expect more: and *custome* that pleaserh, is seldome omitted without either *discontent* or *danger*. If then our *loves tokens* shall seeme to *diminish*, *friendship* likewise will *decrease*: and if not quite *consume*, yet easily bee drawne to allow harbour to base *disrespect*: which what a thorne it is to an *affectionate minde*, I desire rather to know by judicious *observation*, than by reall *experience*: but sure I am, it no way can be *small*: yet most true must it needs be, that *friendship* wonne by large *gifts*, resembles but the *straw fire*, that having matter to feed upon, burnes brightly: but let new *fewell* bee neglected, it dyes, consumes, and quite *goes out*. Nor further can this *amity* be ever approved, or sure, or sincere. For hee that loves me for my *gifts* sake, loves my *gifts* above my *selfe*: and if I should happen to *light on adversity*, I should not find him then to *appeare*: there being no hope of a *gainefull requitall*. If I give any thing, it shall be because he is my *friend*; not because I would have him so: not so much that

that I *may have* his love; but that already hee hath mine. I will use them sometimes to continue friendship, never to begin it. I doe not hold him worthy thanks, that professeth me kindeesse for his owne ends.



XLV.

Iust shame in a good man, saddens his Soule.

Of Credit or Good Name,

vid. pag. 346.

NOthing more saddens the Soule of a good man, than the serious apprehension of a just shame, If it were false, his owne cleerenesse would be a shield strong enough to repell the darts of slander. For man is never miserable, till Conscience turnes his Enemy. If it were but the losse of riches, there were a possibility of recovery: if of Friends, he might finde more, or content himselfe with the knowledge of their happinesse, in that glorious Mansion of the Saints: if of corporall anguish, a quiet mind might mitigate his paines: or industry with time take a truce with sorrowes: but this misery is immedicable. Credit once lost, is like water so diffusively spilt, that 'tis not in humanity to recollect it. If it be, it hath lost the purity, and will for ever after, be full of soile: and by how much his honesty was more noted; by so much will his shame bee more, and his griefe. For see what a horror hee hath before him; all will be now ready to brand him with the odious, and stigmaticall name of an Hypocrite. His

Reputa.

Reputation (which though it bee not dearer than his *soule*, yet he prizeth above his *life*) will be blacked with an eternall *staine*: which nor *absence*, *time*, *endeavour*, nor *Death*, can wash away. If he *lives*, and could in himselfe forget it: yet the *envious* world will keepe it upon *Record*: and when he mindes it not, rub it on his galled *soule*. If he could flye from his *Countrey*, that would like a *Blood-hound* follow him: if he dyes, that will survive him, and make his very *grave* contemptible: nay, so farre will it spread, as somewhat to infect his *Friends*: and though haply in himselfe he may be bettered, by so rash a *fall*: yet the *cruell*, and *uncharitable* world will ever thinke him *worse*. In this I dare not follow it: in doing that may cause this, I hope I shall not. I will first strive to bee void of the *act* might bring shame, next, not to cast it in the *dish* of the *penitent*. If my *sufferings* bee *unjust*, I am sure in the *end* I shall finde them *comfortable*. If God hath pleas'd to remit offences, why should I commemorate them? A good *life* is a fortresse against *shame*: and a good mans *shame* is his *benefit*: the one keepes it *away*; the other when it comes, makes it prove *profitable*.



XLVI.

The will accepted with God for the Deed.

THe will for the deed, is oft with God accepted: and hee that is a thankfull *Debtor*, restores a *benefit*.

benefit. Many benefits, nay, all I possesse, O Lord, from thee I know I have received: requite them I cannot, returne them I may not, and to rest ingratefull, were a sinne inexcusable. Since then I cannot retaliate thy love, or retribute thy favours: yet Lord, will I owe them, with a desire to pay.



XLVII.

*Concealed Grudges the Gangrene of
Friendship.*

THere is not any thing eates out Friendship, sooner than *concealed grudges*. Though Reason at first produceth opinion, yet opinion, after, seduceth Reason. Conceits of *unkindnesse* harboured and beleeved, will worke even a *steady love*, to hatred. And therefore, reserved *dispositions*, as they are the best keepers of *secrets*: so they are the worst increasers of *love*. Betweene Friends it cannot be, but discourtesies will appeare: though not intended by a willing *act*, yet so taken by a wrong *suspect*: which smothered in *silence*, increase daily to a greater *distaste*: but revealed once, in a friendly manner, oft meet with that *satisfaction*, which doth in the disclosure banish them. Sometimes *ill tongues*, by *false tales*, sow Discord betweene two Lovers. Sometimes *mistakes* set the minde in a false believe. Sometimes *jealousies*, that flow from love, imprint *suspicion* in the thoughts. All which may find ease in the uttering: so their discovery being mild

mildnesse, otherwise, *choller* casts a *mist* before the eyes of the *minde*, and when it might see *cleerely*, will not let it. If betweene my *friend*, and my *selfe*, a private thought of unkindnesse arise, I will presently tell it, and be *reconciled*: if he be *cleere*, I shall like him the better when I see his *integrity*: if *faultie*, confession gaines my pardon, and *bindes* me to love him: and though we should in the discussion *jarre* a little, yet will I be sure to part *friendly*. Fire almost *quencht*, and laid abroad, *dyes* presently: put together, it will *burn* the better. Every such breach as this, will unite *affection* faster: a little shaking prefers the *growth* of the *Tree*.



XLVIII.

Of Affecting an high Seat of Honour.

I Have sometimes *wish't* my *selfe* in some high *Seate of Honour*: with what *folly*, I have after seene, and been *displeased*, with my *selfe*, with my *desires*: so unbecoming *wisdome*, so dissonant from *Christianitie*. For what can a high place conferre unto me, that can make my *life* more truly *happy*? if it addes to my *joyes*, it increaseth my *feare*; if it augments my *pleasure*, my *care* is more, & my *trouble*. But perhaps I shall have *reverence*, weare *rich apparell*, and fare *delioiously*: alas! cold *flames*, wet *rayment*. Have I not knowne some injoying *all*, and never found other *fruit*, but *envie*, *beggerie*, and *disease*? so have in the end, wished to change, for
lower

lower honours, for meaner dignities, accounting themselves as the *Flagge* on the top of a *Ship-Mast*; as more high, and more visible; so more, and ever open, to the *winde*, and *stormes*: being, as a worthy *Iudge* once answered one, that gave him his *Title of Honour*; *True, Honourable servants*; to poast through the *toyles* of a *Circuit*, and thinke on any mans *businesse* but their owne. Ah *Tissue Cover*, to a *Straw Cushion*! But I shall have more meanes, so shall I doe the more good: I grant; but may I not doe as much good, with lesse meanes? 'Tis a question, who shall have more reward, of him that does most in quantitie, or most according to the proportion of his meanes: If *Christ* may be admitted as *Arbitrator*, the poore *Widow* gave more than all the rich ones. I feare, if I had more, I should spend more in waste; sure I am, I should have more to answer for. Besides, who knowes what a change, wealth might worke in me? What a snare hath it proved to many, that like the *Sunne*, have in the morning of their time, mounted themselves to the highest pitch of perspicuitie and brightnesse? which when they have once attained, they decline, fall, vanish, and are gone; leaving nothing behinde them, but darke night, blacke reputation. If not this, what can I tell, but that I might gather like a *Sponge*, to be squeezed out againe, by some grinding *Oppressor*? So, be more vexed with an unexpected losse, than pleased with my short enjoyment. The *Thiefe* that meetes with a full *Purse*, takes away it, and returns a stabbe; while the emptie *Pocket* makes the life secure: Then perhaps wee could wish to be poore, but

but cannot; that so wee might lessen our griefe, by the sorrow for our losse. Tell me then, O my soule! what should make thee wish to change? I live in a ranke, though not of the highest, yet affording as much happinesse, more freedome; as being exempt from those suspicious cares, that pricke the bosome of the wealthy man: 'tis such as might content my better, and such as Heaven smiles on, with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage be faire and honest; and without these, who is well? I have necessities, and what is decent; and when I desire it, something for pleasure. Who hath more, that is needfull? If I be not so rich, as to sowe almes by sack-fuls, even my Mite is beyond the superfluitie of wealth; and my Pen, my Tongue, and my Life, shall (I hope) helpe some to better treasure than the earth affords them. I have food convenient for me: and I sometimes find exercise, to keepe my body healthfull; when I doe, I make it my recreation, not my toyle. My rayment is not worst, but good; and then that, let me never have better. I can be as warme in a good Kersey, as a Prince in a Scarlet Robe. I live where is much meanes of true salvation; my libertie is mine owne, I can both frequent them, and desire to profit by them. I have a minde can be pleased with the present; and if time turnes the wheele, can endure the change, without desiring it. I want nothing, but abundance: and this I need not; because want herein, I account much better than reall possession: if it had beene fit for me, I know my God would have bestowed it on me. Hee never was so carelesse of a childe of his, as to let him misse that, hee

hee knew might *make* for his good. Seeing then, hee sees it *inconvenient*, it shall be my joy, to live without it; and henceforth, will I not long any more, to *change*. Hee is not a compleat *Christian*, that cannot be *contented* with that hee enjoys. I will rather settle my minde to a quiet rest, in that I finde; then let her wander in a wearied *solicitude*, after un-*gotten* *plentie*. That estate that God gives me, ever will I esteeme *best*: though I could not *thinke* it so, I am sure it is so; and to *thinke* against knowledge, is a *foolish* *suspition*.



XLIX.

Of Jealousie of another.

TIs a precept from a *perfidious* minde, that bids us *thinke* all *knaves* wee *deale* with; so, by *distrusting*, to hinder *deceit*. I dare not give my minde that *libertie*, lest I *injure* *charitie*, and runne into *errour*. I will *thinke* all *honest*, if *strangers*; for so I'm sure they should be: onely let me *remember*, they are but *men*; so may, upon *temptation*, fall with the *time*: otherwise, though they want *Religion*, *Nature* hath implanted a *Morall* *justice*, which *unperverted*, will *deale* *square*. Christs Precept was found in the *mouthes* of *Heathen*: Doe not to another, what thou wouldest not have done to thy selfe.


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L.

*The great Evill that Neglect brings both to  
Body and Soule.*

**T**Hough the *bodies excretions* grow but insensibly, yet unless they be daily taken away, wee see they make men *monstrous*: as *Nebuchadnezzars haire* were like *Eagles feathers*, and his *nails* like *Birds claws*, in his seven yeeres *bestialitie*. So that those things which *Nature* with due ordering, hath made for *use*, and *ornament*; with a carelesse neglect, grow to *mischiefe* and *deformitie*. In the *Soule*, I finde it yet worse; and no *Vice* so soone steales on us, as the *abuse* of *things*, in themselves *lawfull*: For *Nature*, ever since her first deprivation, without a corrigible *hand* to restraine her, runnes into wide *extremities*. I know, 'tis good the *Vine* should *flourish*; but let it alone, and it *ruines* it selfe, in superfluous *branches*. Our *pleasures*, wee see, are sometimes the enlivenings of a drooping *Soule*: yet how easily doe they steale away our *minde*s, and make us with a *mad* affection, dote upon them; none suspecting, in so faire a *semblance*, a *Sinon*, that should gull us with such dilusive *Postures*? But because wee know them *lawfull*, wee boldly and heedlessly *use* them: and as *Providence* is the *Mother* of *Happinesse*, so *Negligence* is the *Parent* of *Miserie*. I will ever be more circumspect in things veyled with either *goodnesse*, or *sweetnesse*.  
Nothing



Nothing steales more soules from God, than lewd courses, that are outwardly glorious. Reason hath not so dull an eye, but she may see those things that are apparently ill: but those that are so, onely by their accident, have power to blinde her sight; so, require more care, more vigilancie. I'll onely use them, to make me better: when they leave that, I'll leave them; and deale with'um, in a wise discretion, as the Emperour Commodus did with his servants, in a wicked jeast, banish them; not for the ill they have done me, but for the harme they may doe. Since all my goodnesse cannot make one sinne good; why should an accidentall sinne spoyle that, which is good in it selfe?



## L I.

*Of solitarieſſe, and Companionship.*

There is no man that lives well, but shall be suspected for selfe-conceited, unlesse he can live like an Hermite, in a Cell; or like some Satyre, in an unfrequented Desert. He cannot for his life so carry himselfe, but he shall sometimes light on lewd companie; such as he neither loves, nor cares for. If hee continues societie with them, he endangers his soule; either by participating of their bad actions, or else by conniving at those offences, he sees they delight in: either of which, not onely cast a present guilt on the soule; but even worke it to such a temper, as makes it apt to receive the impression of any ill: so secretly



insinuating, till it come from *Toleration*, to *Allowance*, *Action*, *Custom*, *Delight*. Bad *Companions* are like *Traitors*, with whom if we *act*, or *conceale*, wee are *guiltie*: this *Pitch* will *defile* a man. If hee shall out of an honest *care* of his *soules* wel-fare, and his *love* to *Religion*, labour to avoid such *bad associates*: or being *unhappily* fallen among them, seeke for a *present escape*: Then *pride*, and a high *conceit* of himselfe is guesse'd the onely *motive* of his *bodies* departure: when indeed 'tis onely goodnesse that *importunes* his *absence*. But tell me now, is't not better I leave them, and be thought *proud* wrongfully: then stay with them, and be knowne *bad* certainly? He's a *foole* that will sell his *soule*, for a few *good* words, from a mans tongue. What is't to me, how others *thinke* me, when I *know* my intent is *good*, and my wayes *warrantable*? A good *Conscience* cares for no *witnesse*: that is alone, as a thousand. Neither can the *worlds Calumnies*, worke a *change* in a *minde* resolved. How soever here my *Reputation* should be *soiled* unworthily, yet the *time* is not farre off, when a *freedome* from *sinne* will be more worth, than a *perpetuated fame* from *Adam*, till *Doomes-day*. While *Heaven* and my *Conscience* see me *Innocent*, the *worlds suppositions* cannot make me *culpable*. He that is *good* and *ill* spoken of, shall *rejoyce* for the *wrong* is done him by *others*. He that is *bad*, and well reported, shall *grieve* for the *injurie* he does himself. In the one, they would make me what I am not: in the other, I make my selfe what I should not. Let me rather heare *ill*, and doe *well*: than doe *ill*, and be *flattered*.



## LII.

*Better to suffer Injuries, than offer them.*

**F**OR *Injuries*, my opinion is with *Socrates*; 'Tis better to suffer, than to offer them. He may be good, that beares them; he must be ill, that proffers them. *Saul* would slay *David*, when himselfe onely is vicious, and ill. *Vice*, is accompanied with injustice; *Patience*, is an attendant on *Vertue*.



## LIII.

*Government and Obedience, the two causes of a Common Prosperitie.*

**I**N all Nations, two things are causes of a Common Prosperitie; Good Government, and good Obedience. A good Magistrate, over a perverse people, is a sound Head, on a surfetted Body. A good Communitie, and a bad Ruler, is a healthfull Body, with a Head aching: either, are occasions of Ruine; both, sound Preservatives. A good Governour, is a skilfull Ship-master, that takes the shortest, and the safest course; and continually so steeres, as the Rockes, and Shelves, which might shipwracke the State, be avoided: and the Voyage ever made, with the soonest speed, best profit, most ease. But a wicked Magistrate, is a Wolfe made Leader of the Fold; that both satiates his cruel-



tie, and betrays them to danger. To whom, if you adde but ignorance, you may upon certaine grounds prophesie destruction. The Iudges insufficiencie, is the Innocents calamitie. But, if the Common-wealth be obedient, and the Ruler worthy; how durable is their felicitie, and joy? Solon might well say, That Citie was safe, whose Citizens were obedient to the Magistrates, and Magistrates to the Lawes. What made the Major Scipio so victorious, but his wisdom in directing, and his souldiers willingnesse in obeying; when he could shew his Troopes, and say; You see not a man among all these, but will, if I command him, from a Turret throw himselfe into the Sea? The inconvenience of stubbornnesse, that Councell knew; who meeting with an obstinate Youth, sold both him, and his goods, saying, He had no need of that Citizen, that would not obey. As it is in the larger and more spacious world, so is it in the little world of Man. None, if they serve their true Prince, but have a Governour completely perfect. Criticisme it selfe, cannot finde in God to cavill at. He is both just, and mercifull; in the Concrete; and the Abstract, he is both of them. Who can taxe him with either crueltie, or partialitie? though my obedience cannot answer his perfection, yet will I endeavour it. If Christ be not my King to governe, he will neither be my Prophet to fore-warne, nor my Priest to expiate. If I cannot come neere it, in effect, as being impossible; I will in desire, as being convenient: so, though lesse, yet if sincere, I know he will accept it; not as meritorious, but respecting his promise.

Of

## LIIII.

*Of a Fruitlesse Hearers danger.*

'TIs an *Aphorisme* in *Physicke*, that they which in the beginning of sicknesse *eate* much, and *mend* not, fall at last to a generall loathing of food. The *Morall* is true in *Divinitie*. He that hath a sick conscience, and lives a hearer under a fruitfull *Ministry*, if hee growes not *sound*, hee will learne to despise the word. Contemned  *blessings* leave roome for *curses*. He that neglects the good he may have, shall finde the *evill* he would not have. Justly hee sits in *darkenesse*, that would not light his *Candle* when the *fire* burned cleerely. He that needs *counsell*, and will not heare it, destines himselfe to *miserie*, and is the willing *Author* of his owne *woe*. Continue at a stay hee cannot long: if he could, not to proceed, is backward. And this is as dangerous to the *Soule*, as the other to the *Body*. Piti- full is his *estate*, that *hates* the thing should helpe him: if ever you see a drowning man refuse helpe, conclude him a *milfull Murtherer*. When God affords me plentifull *meanes*, woe be to me if they prove not *profitable*: I had better have a *deafe eare*, than *beare* to neglect or *hate*: to the burying of such *treasures* there belongs a *curse*; to their mis- spending, *judgements*.





## LV.

*Of Gods gifts which are common to All, and Peculiar to the Elect onely.*

**G**OD gives three kindes of gifts; *Temporall*, *Spirituell* and *Eternall*; *Temporall*, as *wealth*, *Pleasure*, *Honour*, and such like. *Spirituell*, as *Saving faith*, *Peace of conscience*, and *assurance of salvation*. *Eternall*, as *Glory*, and *Happinesse in Heaven* for ever. The first is common to the *wicked*, as well as the *Godly*; and they most flourish in these *terrene beauties*. For who so great in favour with the *world* as they? They *live*, become *old*, and are mighty in *power*, as *Iob* speakes in his 21. yet all these *sweetes* passe away like a *vapour*, and though they *revell* out their dayes in *mirth*, yet in a *moment* they goe downe to the *Grave*. The two other *God* bestowes onely upon his *Elect*: all that here hee often gives them, is onely one of these, some *spirituall favours* he bestowes upon them, the other hee reserves for them, when *Earth* cannot call them her *Children*. One hee gives them not, till they bee gone from hence; the other, when they have it, the *world* sees it not. What difference can a blind man perceive betweene a sparkling *Diamond*, and a worthelesse *peble*? or what can a *naturall man* spie in an humble *Christian*, that ever hee thinkes may make him bee happy? *Afflictions* here are the *Lot* of the righteous, and they dimme those splendid *beauties*, that  
speake



speake them faire in the eye of the *Almightie*: They are sports of the *Privie Chamber*, that these *Kings* joy in; the *uncivill Vulgar* see not the pleasures of their *Crowne*; whereas the *wicked*, and *God-forsaken man*, spreades out his *Plumes*, and seemes even to checke the *Sunne* in his glory. *Vice* loves to seeme glorious, yea, more to seeme, than to be. What a lustre these *Glow-wormes* cast, in *darknesse*; which yet but touched, are extinct? A poore reckoning, alas, in the end! when all these counterfeit *Jewels* shall be snatched from him, and he answer for all strictly, at the unavoidable *Barre* of the last *Iudgement*. They had need have some pleasure here, that can have nothing but woe hereafter. *Flesh*, rebellious *flesh*, would sometime set me to murmur at their prosperitie: but when my minde, in her *Clozet*, revolves their *fickle estate*, and findes all their good, in present and outward; I see nothing may be a *Mid-wife* to the least repining envie. When my soule solaceth her selfe in those ravishing delights, that exhilarate a *Christians minde*; how poorly can I thinke of those lamentable joyes? The *spirituall man* lookes on the flourishes of this life with pittie, not desire. If God gives the *wicked one*, and me two, why should I complaine? but when the least of mine is infinitely better than his all, let me never grudge him so poore and so short a heaven. If God affords me his *Childrens favours*, (though oppressed with povertie) I am richer than all their gaudie adulations can make me; because I have already the earnest of a world of Joy, which the *wicked* shall never obtaine.





## LVI.

*Of Libelling against them that are false.*

**I** Wonder, what spirit they are endued withall, that can *basely libell* at a man that is *false*! If they were *heavenly*, then would they with him *condole* his *disasters*, and drop some *teares*, in pittance of his *follie*, and *wretchednesse*: If but *humane*, yet *Nature* never gave them a *minde* so *cruell*, as to adde weight to an over-charged *Beame*. When I heare of any that fall into *publike disgrace*, I have a *minde* to *commiserate* his *mis-hap*, not to make him more *disconsolate*. To *envenome* a name by *libels*, that already is openly *tainted*, is to adde *stripes* with an *Iron Rod*, to one that is *flayed* with *whipping*; and is sure, in a *minde* well *temper'd*, thought *inhumane*, *diabolicall*.



## LVII.

*The vanitie and shortnesse of mans Life.*

**O**Ur *yeeres* at *full*, are *four-score* and *tenne*: much *time*, compared to a *day*; but not a *minute*, in respect of *eternitie*: yet, how few *live* to tell so large a *succession* of *time*? One, *dies* in the *Bud*; another, in the *Bloome*; some, in the *fruit*; few, like the *sheafe*, that come to the *Barne* in a *full age*:  
and

and though a man *lives* to enjoy *all*, see but how little hee may call as his *onne*. Hee is first, *Puer*; then, *Iuuenis*; next, *Vir*; and after, *Senex*: the first, hee rattles away in *Toyes*, and *Fooleries*; and ere he knowes where he is, spends a great part of his precious *time*: he *playes*, as if there were no *sorrow*; and *sleepes*, as if there would never be *joy*. The next, *Pleasures* and *Luxurie* shorten and hasten away: unchecked *heat* makes his nimble *spirits* boyle; hee dares then *doe* that, which after he dares not *thinke* of: he does not then *live*, but *revell*; and cares not so much for *life*, as for that which *steales* it away, *Pleasure*. Hee hath then a *soule*, that *thinkes* not of it *selfe*, but *studies* onely to content the *bodie*: which with her best *indulgence*, is but a piece of *active earth*; when she leaves it, a *lumpe* of *nastinesse*. The third, *Cares* of the *world*, and *Posteritie*, debarre of a *solid content*: and now, when he is mounted to the height of his *way*, he finds more *miserie*, than the beginning told him of. What *jarres*, what *toyles*, what *cares*, what *discontentments*, and what unexpected *distractions*, shall he light upon? If *poore*, he's *miserable* and *ridiculous*: if *rich*, *fearefull* and *sollicitous*: this being all the difference between them; the first labours how to *live*; the other studies how to *continue living*. In the last, *nature* growes *weake* and *irkesome* to her selfe, venting her distaste with *Salomon*, and mournes that now she findes her *dayes* that be *unpleasing*. Hee that lives long, hath onely the *happinesse* to take a larger taste of *miserie*: what before hee thought hurled about with more than a *sphericall swiftnesse*, he now thinks more tedious than



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than a tyred *Hackney*, in *foule wayes*: *Time*, that before he hath wooed to stay for him, now he could on his knee sue to, to haste him away. But if (that *Honey* of all *Humanitie*) *Learning*, hath taught him a way to coozen his sorrowes; he could then, with old *The-mistocles*, finde in his heart to weepe, that he must then leave life, when he begins to learne wit. Thus all *Man's* ages are so full of troubles, that they fitch away his time of living. The first, is full of folly; the second, of sinne; the third, of labour; the last, of griefe. In all, he is in the Court of this world, as a Ball, bandyed betweene two Rackets, *Ioy*, and *Sorrow*: if either of them strike him over, he may then rest; otherwise, his time is nothing but a constant motion in calamitie. I have onely yet run thorow the first, and passed my *Puerilia*; whether my life or my youth shall be ended first, I neither know, nor care: I shall never be sorrowfull, for leaving too soone the tempests of this tumbling sea. But if I see my *Summer* past, I hope in *Autumne*, God will ripen me for himselfe, and gather me. If my *Maker* and *Master* saw it fit, I could be content neither to see it, nor *Winter*; I meane, the *Winter* of *Age*: But if he shall appoint me so large a time, I shall willingly pray, as my *Saviour* hath taught me, *His will be done*. Though I wish not the full fruition of all, yet doe I desire to borrow a letter from each: so, in stead of *Puer*, *Iuvenis*, *Vir*, & *Senex*, give me the foure first letters, which will make me *Pius*.

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LVIII.

*A good Rule in wearing of Apparell.*

**T**Wo things in my apparell I will onely aime at; *Commodiousnesse, Decencie*; beyond these, I know not how ought may bee commendable; yet I hate an *effeminate sprucenesse*, as much as a *phanta-stick disorder*. A *neglective comlinessse* is a mans best ornament. *Sardanapalus* was as base in his *feminine vestures*, as *Heliogabalus* was mad, when hee wore *Shooes of Gold, and Rings of Leather*: the one shew'd much *pride*, the other more *wantonnesse*: let mee have *both these* excluded, and I am pleased in my *Garments*.

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LIX.

*The good use of an Enemy.*

**T**Hough an *Enemy* be not a thing necessary; yet is there much good use to be made of him: yea, sometimes hee doth a man a greater *pleasure*, than a *dearer friend*. For, whereas a *friend*, out of a *feare* to displease, and a kind of conniving *partiality*, speakes onely *Placentia*, and such as he thinkes may not give a *distaste*; an *Enemy* utters his *opinion* boldly; and if any *æ*, misbecoming *vertue*, spring from a *Man*, he will be sure to finde it, and blow it abroad.



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abroad. So that if a man cannot know by his *Friends*, wherein hee offends; his *Enemie* will bee so much his *friend*, as to shew him his *folly*, and how hee failes. 'Twas a good speech of *Diogenes*, *wee have need of faithfull friends, or sharpe enemies*. Every man hath use of a *Monitor*: yet I see in all, such a naturall and wilfull *blindnesse* through *selfe-love*, that every man is angry when his *Enemy* reviles him, though justly: and all pleased, when a friend commends, though his *Encomion* be false, and desertlesse. I will entertaine both with an equall welcome: neither, without some meditation and good use. If one praise me for the thing *I have not*, my first following *endeavour* shall be to get what hee commends me for; lest when the time comes that I should shew it, hee reape *disgrace* by reporting *untruths*, and I lose my *credit*, by wanting that, I am suppos'd to *possesse*. If for that *I have*: I will strive to attaine it in a *measure* more large: so shall his words bee truth, and my *deedes* prove them. If my *Enemy* upbraides mee, let me see if it be *justly*. It was an *Argument* of much worth, in that renowned *Macedonian*, which made him (when hee was told *Nicanor* rayled on him) say, *I beleeeve hee is honest, and feare I have deserved it*. If it be so, I will labour to shake off that *corruption*, and be glad I have so discover'd it. But if injuriously he reports foule, it shall be my joy to beare contentedly, the unjust *aspersions* of malicious *Censure*: who ever was, that was not *slandered*? Though he should be *beleevd* awhile: yet at last my *actions* would out-weigh his words, and the *disgrace* rest with the *intender* of the  
*ill.*

*ill. So that weebe of scandall, they would inject upon me, my life shall make a garment for themselves to weare. That stone that injurie casts, ever, in the end, lights on her selfe.*

## LX.

*Inward Integritye and outward Vprightnesse  
ought to be respected, whilst  
wee live here.*

**T**wo things a man ought to respect, while hee lives here; his inward integritye, and his outward uprightness; his pietie toward God, and his reputation among men. The one, is by performance of Religious duties; the other, by obedience to the Lawes publike: the one, makes his life famous; the other, his death happie: so both together, bring credit to the name, and felicitie to the soule. I will so be alone, as I may be with God; so with companie, as I may please the godly: that, report from good men may speake me vertuous. Thus, whensoever my breath shall be made but ayre, they shall beleewe, and I know my selfe to be blessed. The death of a good man, is like the putting out of a wax perfumed Candle; hee recompences the losse of light, with the sweet odour he leaves behind him.

of



## LXI.

*Of the danger of neglecting the dutie  
of Prayer.*

**A**S it fareth betweene two friends, that have beene ancient familiars, yet dwelling asunder; the one, out of a carelesse neglect, forgets and omits his usuall dutie of visitation; and that so long, that at last he forbears to goe at all: so their loves decay, and diminish; not proceeding from any jarre, but onely out of a stealing neglect, of renewing their loves: Even so it falls out betweene God and the carelesse Christian; who when he hath omitted the dutie of Prayer, and perhaps hath some small motives of a happie returne; the Devill askes him with what face he can now repaire unto Him, having beene so long a stranger, both to Him, and to that holy Dutie. Disrespect, is the way to lose a friend: He that would not continue a friend, may neglect him, and have his aime. Experience hath taught me, how dangerous Negligence hath beene, how prejudiciall: How soone it breedes Custome, how easily and insensibly Custome creepes into Nature; which, much labour and long endeavour cannot alter, or extirpate. In this cause, there is no remedie, but violence, and the seasonable acceptance of opportunitie: The vigilant Mariner sayles with the first winde; and though the Gale blow somewhat adversely, yet once lanced forth, hee may eyther finde

finde the *blast*, to wombe out his *sailes* more fully, or else helpe himselfe, by the advantage of *Sea-roome*: whereas he that rides still *anchor'd* in the *River*, and will *saile* with none, but a *winde faire*, may either lye till he lose his *voyage*, or else rot his *Barke* in the *Harbour*. If a *supine neglect*, runne me on these *sands*, a *violent blast* must set me *afloat* againe. In things that must bee, 'tis good to be *resolute*. I know not whether I shall have a second *call*, or whether my first motion shall dye *Issuelesse*. I am sure I must returne, or perish: and therefore *necessity* shall adde a *foote* to my weake *desires*; yet I will strive more to prevent this, by frequent *familiaritie*; then being an *estranged friend*, to renue old loves: not that after *errour*, I would not returne; but that I would not *stray* at all.



## LXII.

*A good Mans Ioy in his many sorrowes.*

**T**He good man hath many sorrowes, that the wicked man never knowes of: his *Offences*, the *sinnes* of the *Time*, the *dishonour* of *God*, the daily *increasing* of *Satans* kingdome, and the present *misery* of his *Fathers* children: So that many times, when the *prophane man* is belching out his *blasphemies*, he inwardly drops a *teare* in his *soule*, and is then *petitioning* Heaven for his *pardon*. But to strengthen him under the burthen of all these, he hath one *joy* (that were all his sorrowes doubled) could make him



him *lightly* beare them: and this is the *truth* of Gods *promises*. If I have more *troubles* than another, I care not; so I have more *joyes*. God is no *Tyrant*, to give me more than my *load*: I am *well* in the midd'lt of *all*, while I have *that*, which can *uphold* me in *all*. Who *deserves* most *honour*, of the *slugard* that hath kept his *Bed warme*, or the *man* that hath *combated* a *Monster*, and *master'd* him? *Iob* was not so *miserable* in his *afflictions*, as he was *happie* in his *patience*.



## LXIII.

*Envie, a squint-ey'd foole.*

**T**He *envious man*, is a *squint-ey'd foole*; and must needes *want* both *wit*, and *honestie*: for, as the *wise man* hath alwayes his *minde* fixed most on his *owne affaires*; so, on the *contrarie*, he *observes* other *mens*; while those that are *proper*, and *pertaining* to *himselfe*, enjoy the least of his *counsell* and *care*. He *sees* others, and is *blinde* at *home*; he *lookes* upon others, as if they were *his*; and *neglects* his *owne*, as if they were *another*s. Againe, that which he *intends* for *mischiefe*, and a *secret disgrace*; ever *addes* some *splendour* to the *brightnesse* of his *worth*, he doth so *unjustly maligne*: as if wishing him *infamous*, he would labour to make him *famous*; or desiring to *kill* him, would prescribe him a *Cordiall*. *Envie*, like the *Worme*, never runnes but to the *fairest* and the *ripest fruit*: as a *cunning Bloud-hound*, it *singles*

singles out the fattest *Deere* of the herd: 'tis a pitchy *smoake*, which whersoever we finde, wee may bee sure there is a *fire of Vertue*. *Abrahams riches* were the *Philistines envie*, *Jacobs blessing* bred *Esaus hate*. Hee's a man of a strange constitution, whose *sicke-nesse* is bred by anothers *health*; as if *Nature* had made him an *Antipathite* to *vertue*; If he were good, or meritorious, hee would never grieve to have a companion; but being bad, and shallow himselfe, he would damme up the *streame*, that is *sweet* and *silent*: so by envying another, for his *radiant lustre*, he gives the *world* notice, how *darke* and *obscure* he is in himselfe. Yet to all these *blurres*, if it were a *vice*, that could adde but a *dram* of *content*, there might something be spoken in way of *Apologie*; But whereas all other *vices* are retained, either for *pleasure* or *profit*; this only like a *barren field*, brings forth nothing but *bryers*, and *thornes*: nothing but a *meager leanenesse* to the *pined corps*, accompanied with *griefe*, *vexation*, *madnesse*. If another excell me in *goodnesse*, Ile make him my *example* to *imitate*: not my *block* to *stumble on*. If in *wealth*, I shall with him *blesse God* for his *plenty*, never grudge at those faire favours of *Heaven*: *God* hath enough both for *me*, and *him*: but if hee deserve better, let me *applaud* the *divine Iustice*, not *taxe* it. If the *vice* it selfe shall not cause me to *shun* it; yet the *folly* of it shal *aweme* so much, as not to *shake hands* with a *Serpent* so *foule*: 'tis onely the *weake sighted*, that cannot endure the *light*. A strong eye can unhurt gaze the *Sunne*.





## LXIII.

*Gods Law our Looking-Glasse.*

**T**He counsell the Philosopher gave the young men of Athens, may with much profit, be applied by a Christian: viz. That they should often view themselves in a Glasse, that if they were faire, and well featured, they should doe such things as should bee be seeming their amiable shape: but if foule, and ill favoured, that then they should labour to salve the bodies blemishes, by the beauties of a minde, accoutred with the ornaments of vertue, and good literature. The Law is the Christians Looking-glasse; which will shew all, without either flattery, or partiality. 'Tis a Globe hung in the midd'ft of a Roome, which will shew thee every dirty corner of thy Soule. If thou hast wandred in a darke way, this will tell thee thy aberrations, and put thee againe into true path. In it will I often behold my selfe: that if I be free from the outward actuall violation of it, any thing faire, or have some beauties, I may study daily, how to maintaine them, how to increase them. But if I finde my selfe like a Leopard in his spots, or an Ethiopian in his hiew naturall, blacke and deformed (as I cannot be otherwise in my selfe) it shall yet make me see my defects, and strive to mend them. Knowne deformities incite us to search for remedy: The knowledge of the disease, is halfe the cure.



## LXV.

*The Majestie of Goodnesse.*

**T**Here is no man so *badly* inclin'd, but would gladly be thought *good*: no man so *good* already, but would bee accounted somewhat *better*: which hath oft made mee sit downe with wonder, at the choyse excellency of *religious vertue*; that even those which in heart contemne this *Princesse*; yet cannot but thinke it an *honour*, to bee counted as *Attendants* to her. Such a *divine*, and *amazing Majestie* there is in *Goodnesse*, that all desire to weare her *Livery*, though few care to performe her *service*: Like proud *Courriers*, they would faine be *Favorites*, but scorne to *attend*. If then they cannot but *affect* her, that are her *Enemies*; how should they *love* her that joy to be *friends*? If I be *bad*, let my *care* be to be *good* indeed, not thought so. If any *good parts* already shine in me; I had rather in *silence* know my selfe *better*, than have the *unconstant* deeme me, either *rare* or *excellent*.



## LXVI.

*The true cause of a wicked mans short Life.*

**I**T was well said of David, *The wicked man shall not live out halfe his dayes*: for by his *intemperancie*, he



puls on himsef either *Diseases* or *Iudgements*; which cut him downe before hee be fully growne. And though his *dayes* be *multiplied*, he makes them seeme much *shorter*, than indeed they are. For besides the being taken away by *untimely accidents*, there be *two things* that seeme to contract *time*, in a more compendious *scope*. Either *excessive* and *secure joy*: or else a *sure expectation* of *ill*. One of these in every wicked man hath *residence*: The former is too ordinary; the latter not so common, nor fully so *dangerous*. The first hath his *conscience* so cast in a sleep, that it feeles not those *privie* and *perillous wounds*, that *sinne* impaires it withall. All is *frolicke*, *jocund*, *merry*: and he swimmes in the fullest *delights* invention can procure him: his eye's *enchanted* with *lascivious objects*; his eares *charmed* with *scurrilous talke*; his taste *glutted* with *luxurious ryots*; his smell *filled* with *artificiall perfumes*; and his armes *heated* with the *wanton Embraces* of *lust*: every *sence* hath his severall subject of *solace*: and while in all these, his *affections* are wholly taken up in the present apprehension of *pleasure*; how can he count of the precipitate pace of *time*, that like an *Arrow*, from a strong bent *Bow*, *flies* with the speed of his *course*? If his *delights* would give him *leisure*, to *meditate* a little on this, he might be so much himsef, as to know how his *time* *posteth*: But letting it passe, as a thing unthought of, his end steales on him *unlookt for*, *unwelcome*, *unawares*: and all those voluptuous merriments, wherein in his *life-time*, he imbaded himsef: now seem as a *day* that is past, whose *Sunne* declin'd at noone. But if  
other-



otherwise, this *sensualitie* blindes him not, or that his *conscience* be awake already: then alas! how timorous and terrifi'd he is, with the expectation of his *doome*, and finall *confusion*? wishing that hee were either some sencelesse *stone*, that the bitter *throes* and *pangs* of *despaire* might not freely pierce him; or else that he had such *wings*, as could procure his *escape* from *Death*, and marrow-searching *Iudgement*. So like a condemned *man*, that knowes the date of his *dayes*, he lyes telling the *clocke*, and counting the *houre*; which he spends, in wishing every *day* a *yeere*, every *houre* a *day*, every *minute* an *houre*, that still he might awhile enjoy the *sweet possession* of his deare and beloved *life*. Thus either while his *soule* cleaves to the midst of his mirth, his *may* beguiles him: or else while he *quivers* with the *consideration* of the *shame* that attends him, hee *sayles* with such *fear*, that he minds not his *voyage*, so is suckt into *Gulfe*, ere ever hee be aware. A full swinge in *pleasure*, is the way to make man *sencelesse*: A confident perswasion of unavoidable *miserie*, is a ready path to *despaire*. Those *potions* that are good but *tasted*, are mortall *ingurgitated*. *Pleasure* taken as *Physicke*, is like a *Cordiall* to a weakned *body*: and an expedient thought of our *dissolution*, may be as a *corrasive plaster* to eate away the deadnesse of the *flesh*. Both are commendably usefull. I will neither be so *joviall*, as to forget the *end*; nor so *sad*, as not to remember the *beginning* of life, *God*.





## LXVII.

*Prayer more needfull in the Morning,  
than Evening.*

**T**Hough *Prayer* should be the *key* of the *day*, and the *locke* of the *night*: yet I hold it more needfull in the *morning*, than when our *bodies* doe take their *repose*. For howsoever *sleep* be the *Image* or *shadow* of *Death*, and when the *shadow* is so neere, the *substance* cannot bee farre: yet a *man* at rest in his *chamber*, is like a *sheep* impenn'd in the *fold*; subject onely to the unavoidable, and more immediate hand of *God*: whereas in the *day*, when hee roves abroad in the open and wide *pastures*, hee is then *exposed* to many more unthought of *accidents*, that contingently and casually occur in the *way*. *Retirednesse* is more safe than *businessse*: who beleeves not a *Ship* securer in the *Bay*, than in the midst of the boyling *Ocean*? Besides, the *morning* to the *day*, is as *youth* to the *life* of a *man*: if that be begun well, commonly his age is *vertuous*: otherwise, *God* accepts not the latter *service*, when his *emie* joyes in the first *dish*. Hee that loves *chastitie*, will never *marry* her that hath lived a *Harlot* in *youth*. Why should *God* take thy *dry bones*, when the *Devill* hath suckt the *marrow* out?

*The*



## LXVIII.

*The three Bookes, in which God may be easily found.*

**G**OD hath left *three Bookes* to the *world*, in each of which *hee* may easily be found: The *Booke* of the *Creatures*, the *Booke* of *Conscience*, and his *written word*. The *first* shewes his *Omni-potencie*: The *second* his *Iustice*: The *third* his *Mercy* and *Goodnes*. So though there be none of them so *barren* of the *rudiments* of *knowledge*, but is sufficient to leave all without *excuse*, *apologies*: yet in them all, I find all the good, that ever either the *Heathen*, or the *Christian* hath published abroad. In the *first*, is all *Natural Philosophy*: in the *second*, all *Morall Philosophy*: in the *third*, all true *Divinitie*. To those admirable *Pillars* of all *humane Learning* (the *Philosophers*) God shew'd himselfe in his *Omni-potencie* and *Iustice*, but seemed, as it were, to conceale his *Mercy*: to us *Christians* hee shines in that which out-shines all his *workes*, his *Mercy*: Oh! how should wee re-gratulate his *favours* for so *immense* a *benefit*, wherein secluding himselfe from others, he hath wholly imparted himselfe to us? In the *first* of these I will admite his *workes*, by a serious meditation of the wonders in the *Creatures*. In the *second*, I will reverence his *Iustice*, by the secret and inmost checks of the *Conscience*. In the *third*, embrace his *Love*, by laying hold on those *Promises*, wherein hee

D d 4                      hath



hath not onely left me meanes to *know* him, but to *love* him, *rest* in him, and *injoy* him for ever.



## LXIX.

*The praise of Learning, yet without Grace,  
it is a Mischiefe.*

**I**F the *fault* bee not in the *misapplication*, then it is true that *Diogenes* spake of *Learning*; That, It makes young men *sober*, old men *happy*, poore men *rich*, and rich men *honourable*. Yet in any without *grace*, it proves a double *mischiefe*; there is nothing more *pestilent*, then a ripe *wit* applyed to *lewdnesse*. Because he that knowes himselfe to be *quicke* and *acute*, relies on his owne *braine*, for evasion from all his *villanies*; and is drawne to the practice of much *vice*, by the too much presuming on his owne *dexterity*. *Ability* and a wicked *will* is *fuell* to burne the world with; *wit* and *wantonnesse* are able to intice a *chaste* one. *Resolution* and *Policie* can cast broyles in *Christendome*, and put civill men into civill *warres*; if you beleeeve not this, examine the *Iesuite*. On the contrary, where *grace* guides *knowledge*, and *Religion* hath the reines of *Art*: there, though on *earth*, the man is made *heavenly*; and his life is truly *Angelicall*. Hee does good by the instinct of *Grace*, and that good hee doth well, by the skilfull direction of *Learning*. *Religion* is as *Grammar*, that shewes him the *word*, and the *ground*: while *knowledge*, like *Rhetoricke*, doth polish it with be-  
ing.

ing ornaments. He that gives almes, does good, but he that gives willingly to the needy, and in season, does better. I will fet my selfe to attaine both: for as he can never be a good Orator, that wants either Grammar or Rhetoricke: So there is no man can be a compleate Christian, without Grace, and some knowledge. *Vzzah* intended well, but did not know so: and want of goodnesse spoyled *Achitophels* counsell. How can we either desire or love him that wee doe not know? since *affectus motus est Cordis, à notitia & cognitione objecti exercitatus.*



## LXX.

*A Covetous man can be a Friend to none.*

**T**He covetous Man cannot bee a true or faithfull friend to any: for whiles he loves his money better than his friend, what expectation can there be of the extent of his liberality? In adversitie, and the time of tempest, when he should be a Haven to rest in, and an *Alter Idem*: hee will either like the Crocodile ceaze on him in the fall, and take the advantage of his necessities: or else out of a lothnesse to lose any thing by his disbursement, rather see him macerated by a consuming want, than any way send him a Salve for distresse. Words from a dead man, and deeds of charitie from a man covetous, are both alike rare, and hard to come by. 'Tis a miracle if he speakes at all: but if he doth breake silence, 'tis not without terror and amazement to the hearers.

A



A covetous mans kindnesse is like the Fowlers sbrape, wherein he casts meat, not out of charitie to relieve them, but treacherie to insnare them. He reaches thee bread in one hand, and shewes it: but keepes a stone in the other, and hides it. If yet his courtesies were without danger, I would rather endure some extremitie, than be beholding to the almes of Avarice. He that over-values his benefite, never thinks he hath thanks sufficient. I had better shift hardly, than owe to an insatiabable Creditor.

## LXXI.

*The folly of contemning the Poore in Christ.*

*Magnanimitie and Humilitie  
Cohabitants.*

I Have seene some high-minded Roysters, scornfully contemne the lowly Poore of Christ: as if they were out of the reach of the shattering wind of Iudgement, or thought it an impossibilitie, ever to stand in need of the helpe of such humble shrubbes. Fooles, so to contemne those, whose ayde they may after want: 'tis no badge of Nobilitie to despise an inferiour. Magnanimitie and Humilitie are Cohabitants: Courtesie is one of the fairest Iemmes in a Crowne: 'twas Cæsars glory, to save his Country-men, which lives still in that speech, which sayes, He pardoned more than he overcame: True Honour is like the Sun, that shines as well to the Peasant in the Field, as the Monarch in his Throne: hee that with-holds his

his *clemencie*, because the *subject* is base, denyes a *remedy* to his *wounded foot*; because 'tis an *inferiour part*: so hee may justly after *complaine* and want it: When the *Lyon* was caught in a *snare*, 'twas not the spacious *Elephant*, but the little *Mouse*, that restor'd him his wonted *libertie*: though the *head* guides the *hand*, the *hand* defends the *head*.



LXXII.

*Sudden occasions of sinne dangerous.*

**A**S sudden passions are most violent; so sudden occasions of sinne are most dangerous: for while the senses are set upon by unthought of objects, Reason wants time to call a Counsell, to determine how to resist the Assault: 'tis a faire Bootie makes many a Thiefe, that if he had missed of this accident, would perhaps have liv'd honestly. Opportunity is a woer, that none but heaven can conquer. Humanity is too weake a spell for so powerfull a charme: she casts a fury into the blood, that will teare out a way, though the soule be lost by it. The Racke is easier than her importunity; flames are Snow-balls to it: sure, if the Devill would change his properties, he would put himselfe into this subtil thing: she puls us with a thousand chaines; at every nerve shee hangs a poize to draw us to her sorcery: and many times in our gaine, we are lost for ever. What tortures cannot force us to, shee will smoothly perswade: she breakes all bonds, lawes, resolutions, othes.

Wife



Wise was the abstinence of *Alexander*, from the sight of *Darius* his *Daughters*; lest their *Beauty* should incite him to *folly*: shee runnes us into *errors*, and makes us so desperate, as to dare any thing: If she offer me her service to *ill*, He either kicke her as a *Bawd* to *Vice*; or else winke when shee shewes me her *painting*. *Occasion* is a *Witch*, and He be as heedfull in avoyding her; as I will be warie to eschew a *sinne*. But if I be constrained to heare the *Syren* sing, *Vlysses* was wise, when he tyed himselfe to the *Mast*.

## LXXII.

*Of being Vices Friend, and Vertues Enemye.*

**M**Y hatred to my *Enemy* shall be but in part, my love to my friend, whole and intire: for howsoever I may hate my *Enemies vices*, and his ill conditions; yet will I love his person, both as he is a *man*, and my *brother*. His detestation is too deepe, that will burne his linnen, because 'tis foule; they may both returne to their former purity, and then to hate, is sinfull. But as for my friend, I will love both his person, and his qualities: his qualities first, and for them, his person. Yet in neither will I so hate, as to be a foe to *Goodnesse*; nor so love, as to foster *Iniquitie*: 'Tis a question which is the worst of the two, to be *Vices Friend*, or *Vertues Enemye*.

Next



## LXXIV.

*Next God, the good man is the onely Friend.*

**N**EXT God, the good man is the onely Friend: for when all other flinke out of the way, he onely is a secure *Harbour* for a *shipwrackt* soule to ride in, if hee be *upright* that is fallen in distresse, he then relieves him, as a *brother*, as a *member*; If *lewd*, yet necessity induceth a *commiseration*; and seeing the glorious *Impresse* of the *Almighties Image* in him, hee cannot, but for his *Fathers* sake, affect him. If he be *poore*, of *Gods* making, by the unavoidable designement of a *supreme providence*, *Nature* incites a *reliefe*: For hee knowes not how soone, a like *lot* may fall in his owne ground. The same *Sunne* saw *Job* both *rich* and *poore* to a *Proverbe*. If his own ill courses have brought his *decay*; he is not so obdurate and flinty, but that he can afford him a hand of *compassion*, to strengthen him a little in the midd'ft of *disasters*: hoping that his *Charitie* may either worke his *returne*, or stay him from speedy ruine. If he be *ill*, hee is a *Magistrate*, to correct and reclaime him: if *good*, hee is a *Father*, to uphold and love him: if *rich*, he reades him a *Lecture* of *moderation*, and *discreet disposure*: tels him, not *possession*, but *use*, divitiates a man more truely: if *poore*, hee sets him to *Schoole* with *Paul*, there to learne, *Content is plenty*; tels how that *Pagan Cynicke* could laugh at *riches*, when hee call'd them nothing but *fortunes*



fortunes vomit; if wise, he is his *delight* and *solace*: even the *Garner*, where hee leaves his *load*, and lockes his *store*: if *ignorant*, he *instructs* him with the *Oracles of God*; *dictates* sentences unto him, and speaks all *tanquam ex tripode*. Every way I find him so *beneficiall*, that the *pious* will not live but with him, and the *bad man* cannot live without him. Who had *salv'd* the offending *Israelites*, had not *Moses* stood up to *intercede*? It shall more joy me to live with *Christians* than men.



## LXXV.

*The hard-hearted Man hath Misery almost in Perfection.*

**T**He hard-hearted man hath misery almost in perfection: and there is none more wretched, than a man with a conscience seared. Other sinners march in the high-way to ruine; but he, as he goes, builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the Tent. Neither mercies, nor judgements win him at all. Not mercies, those, his pride, makes him thinke but his due; and while they are but common ones, they passe away with his common thoughts. Benefits seldome sinke deep in obdurate minds: 'tis the soft nature that is soonest taken with a courtesie. Not judgements, for either he reverberates them back, before they pierce as a wall of steel doth a blunt-headed Arrow: or if they doe perhaps finde entrance, like the Elephant, with the convulsion of his nerves, and his bodies contraction;



tion; hee casts out the *shaft* that stickes within him: so still he rests unmollified, for all his *raine* and *haile*. *warnings* to *perverse dispositions*, are the meanes to make them *worse*. Those *plagues* and *wonders*, that would have melted a *milder soule*, only reduced *Pharaohs* to a more hard and desperate *temper*. Strange! that he should *locke* out of his *owne good*, with so strange a *key*, so sure a *ward*; when every *vice* that defiles the *minde*, findes both ready and free welcome. If I live in *sinne*, *Gods* first call is *mercy*; I had better goe willingly, than be led by constraint: 'tis fit he should know the smart of *torture*, that nothing will cause to confesse but the *Rack*: If I finde *God* whips me with any sensible *stroke*, I will search the *cause*, then seeke the *cure*: such blowes are the *Physicke* of a bleeding *Soule*: but neglected, my *sinne* will be more, and my punishment: 'Tis in vaine to be *stubborne* with *God*: hee can crush us to *nothing*, can turne us to *any thing*: let me rather returne speedily, and prevent *Iudgements*, than stay obstinately, and pull downe more: as 'tis a happy *fear*, which prevents the *offence*, and the *Rod*: so that is a miserable *valour*, which is bold to dare the *Almighty*.

## LXXVI.

## Of Censure and Calumnie.

**S**OME mens Censures are like the blasts of *Rammes Hornes*, before the *walles* of *Iericho*: all the strength



strength of a mans *vertue* they lay *levell* at one utterance: when all their *ground* is only a *conceited fancie*, without any certaine *basis* to build on. What religious *minde* will not with amazement shudder at the *peremptorie conclusions*, where they have set their *period*? Wondring, *Man* that knowes so little, should yet so speake, as if hee were privie to *All*. I confesse, a *man* may rove by the outward lineaments, what common inclinations rule within: yet that *Philosopher* did more wisely, that seeing a faire face, with a tongue silent, bad him speake, that he might see him. For the *cheeke* may be dimpled with a pleasing *smile*, while the *heart* throbs with undiscerned *dolours*: and as a *cleere face* shewes not alwayes a *sound body*: no more is an *ingenious looke*, alwayes the ensigne of a *minde vertuous*. I will only walke in *Christs path*, and learne by their fruit to know them: where I want experience, *charitie* bids me thinke the best; and leave what I know not, to the *Searcher of hearts*. *Mistakes*, *Suspect* and *Envie*, often injure a *cleere fame*: there is least danger in a *charitable construction*.

*In part hee's guilty of the wrong that's done,  
which doth beleve those false reports that run.*

I will neither beleve all I heare, nor speake all I beleve; A mans good name is like a milke-white ball, that will infinitely gather soyle in tossing. The *Act* of *Alexander* in this cause, merits an eternall memory; that having read a *Letter* with his Favourite *Hephestion*, wherein his *Mother* calumniated  
Antipater,

*Antipater*, tooke his *Signet* from his finger, and appressed his lips with it. Conjuring as it were, the strict silence of anothers disgrace. Oh *Alexander*! this very *action* was enough to make thee famous: who should not in this admire and imitate thee? A desire to disgrace another, cannot spring from a good *roote*: *Malice* and *basenesse* ever dwell with *calumnie*. I will judge *well* of every man, whom his owne bad *life* speakes not *ill* of: if hee be bad, He hope *well*; what know I how his end may prosper? I had better labour to amend him to *himselfe*, then by publishing his *vices*, make him odious to *others*. If he be good, and belongs to *God*, how can I chuse but offend much, when I speake ill of a *childe* that is indeared to such a *Fathers* affection? *God* loves his owne tenderly; and whosoever offers a disgrace to them, shall bee sure to pay for't, either by *teares* or *torment*.



## LXXVII.

*Three things that a Christian should specially know.*

**T**Here are three things especially that a Christian should know: His owne misery; Gods Love; His owne thankfull Obedience. His Misery, how just; Gods love, how free, how undeserved; his owne thankfulness, how due, how necessarie. Consideration of one, successively begets the apprehension of all: Our miserie shewes us his Love: his love calls for



our acknowledgement. *Want* makes a *bountie* weightier: if we thinke on our *needes*, wee cannot but admire his *mercies*: how dull were wee, if wee should not value the reliefe of our necessities? hee cannot but esteeme the *benefit* that unexpectedly helpes him in his deepest distresse: That *Love* is most to be prized, whose onely motive is *goodnesse*. The thought of *this*, wil forme a disposition gratefull: who can meditate so unbottomed a *love*, and not study for a thankfull demeanour? His minde is crosse to *Nature*, that requites not *affection* with *gratitude*. All *favours* have this successe, if they light on good ground, they bring forth *thanks*. Let mee first thinke my *misery* without my Saviours *mercy*: next, his *mercy* without my *merits*: and from the meditation of these two, my sincerer thanks will spring. Though I cannot conceive of the former as they are; *Infinite*, and beyond my thought: yet will I so ponder them, as they may enkindle the fire of my unfained and zealous *thanksgiving*. That time is well spent, wherein wee study *thankfulness*.



## LXXVIII.

*Fooles great esteeme of outward beantie.*

**T**Hough the *fooles* of the World thinke *outward beantie* the onely *Jewel* that deserveth wearing; yet the *wise man* counts it but an accident; that can neither adde nor diminish, to the worth of *Vertue*,

as shee is in her selfe: so as hee never esteemes her more or lesse, but as hee findes her *accomplisht* with *discretion, honestie, and good parts*. If my friend be *vertuous, and nobly-minded*, my soule shall love him, howsoever his *body* be framed: and if *beautie* make him *amiable*, I needs must like him much the better. The *Sunne* is more glorious in a *cleare Sky*, than when the *Horizon* is clouded. *Beautie* is the wit of *Nature*, put into the *Frontispice*. If there be any *humane* thing may teach *Faith-reason*, this is it; in other things, we *imagine* more than we see; in this, we see more than we can *imagine*. I have seene (and yet not with a partiall eye) such *features*, and such *mixtures*, as I have thought *impossible* for either *Nature* to frame, or *Art* to counterfeit: yet in the same face, I have seene that, which hath out-gone them both, the *Countenance*. Oh! if such glory can dwell with corruption; what *Celestiall excellencies* are in the *Saints* above? Who would not gaze himselfe into *admiration*; when he shall see so rich a *Treasure* in so pure a *Cabinet*; *unmatched Vertue*, in *matchlesse Beautie*? But if my friends *Body* hath more *comelinesse*, than his *Soule* goodnesse; I like him the worse, for being but outwardly faire. Wickednesse in *beautie*, is a *Traitor* of the *Bed-chamber*; *Poyson*, in *sweet meates*. A *vicious Soule* in a *beautifull Body*, I account as a *Iesuite* in the *Robes* of a *Courtier*; or somewhat more fitly, a *Papist* that will goe to *Church*.



## LXXIX.

*Of Being, and Seeming to be.*

**A**S I thinke, there are many worse then they seeme; so I suppose there are some, better then they shew: and these are like the growing *Chesnut*, that keepes a sweet and nutrimentall kernell included in a rough and prickely huske. The other, as the *Peach*, hold a rugged and craggie stone, under the cover of a Velvet Coate. I would not deceive a good man either way: both offer a wrong to *ver-tue*: The one shewes her worse than she is; dulling her *beauty* with dim colours, and presenting her with a harder *favour* then her owne: The other doth varnish over the rottenesse of *Vice*, & makes *goodnesse* but the vizor of *hypocrisie*. Either are condemnable: painting the face, is not much worse then wilfull soyling it. Hee is as well a *murtherer*, that accuseth himself falsly, as he that did the act, and denyes it. One would obscure *goodnesse*, with *Vice*: the other would palliate *Vice*, with *Goodnesse*. *Fraud* is in both: & I am sure no *Pleasure* can make *Deceit* allowable. I will therefore strive to avoyde both: and with *Chrysostome*, either seeme as I am, or bee as I seeme. But if I should erre on one side, I had rather resemble a plaine *Country-man*, that goes in *Ruffet*, and is rich in *Revenues*; then a riotous *Cour-tier*, that weares glorious apparell, without money in his purse.



## LXX.

*Sanctitie is a Sentence of three Stops.*

**A** Christians voyage to Heaven, is a Sentence of three Stops; *Comma, Colon, Periodus*. He that repents is come to the *Comma*, and begins to speake sweetly, the language of *Salvation*: but if he leaves there, *God* understands not such abrupt speeches: sorrow alone cannot expiate a *Pirates* robberies: he must both leave his theft, and serve his *Countrie*, ere his *Prince* will receive him to favour. 'Tis he that confesseth and forsakes his sinne, that shall finde mercy: 'tis his leaving his wickednesse, that is as his *Colon*: and carries him halfe way to heaven. Yet heere also is the *Clause* imperfect, unlesse he goes on to the practice of righteousness, which as a *Period* knits up all, and makes the Sentence full. *Returne & penitence* is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his *Soveraignes* Banner; he must first doe some valiant act, before by the Law of *Armes*, hee can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content my selfe with a *Comma*; *Repentance* helps not, when sinne is renewed; nor dare I make my stay at a *Colon*; not to doe good, is to commit evill, at least by omission of what I ought to doe: before I come to a *Period*, the constant practice of *Pietie*, I am sure, I cannot be sure of compleate *Glory*. If I did all strictly, I were yet unprofitable; and if *God* had not appointed my faith to perfect me, miserable.



## RESOLVES.

If he were not full of mercies, how unhappie a creature were man?



## LXXXI.

*The great Good of Good Order.*

**E**VEN from naturall reason, is the wicked man prov'd to be sonne unto Satan, and heire of Hell, and torments. For not to speake of Heaven, (where the blessed are happie, and all things beyond apprehension excellent) even in the Firmament, wee see how all things are preserved, by a glorious order: the Sunne hath his appointed circuit, the Moone her constant change, and every Planet and Starre their proper course, and place. For, as they are called fixed Starres, not because they moove not at all, but because their motion is insensible, and their distances ever the same, by reason of the slow motion of the eighth Sphere, in which they are: So they are not called wandering Planets, for that they moove in an uncertaine irregularitie; but because those seven inferiour Orbes, wherein they are set, are diversly carried about: which makes them appeare sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; yet ever in the settled place of their owne Orbe; whose revolutions also, are in most strict, and ever certaine times. The Earth likewise hath her unstirred Station; the Sea is confin'd in limits; and in his ebbings and flowings, dances as it were after the influence and aspect of the Moone; whereby it is both kept from  
putri-



putrification, and by struggling with it selfe, from over-flowing the Land. In this World, Order is the life of Kingdomes, Honours, Arts; and by the excellencie of it, all things flourish, and thrive: Onely in Hell, is confusion, horreur, and amazing disorder; from whence, the wicked man shewes himselfe sprung; for there is nothing, that like him lives so irregular, and out of compasse. Disorder, is a Bird of the Devils hatching: I feare, lest those that rent the Church for Ceremonie, have some affinitie with that Prince of Mis-rule: Wee oft finde the Parents disposition, though not propagated to the childe, yet followed by him. I doe not censure, but doubt. Wee have seldome knowne him good, that refuseth to obey good orders. Who can expect a fruitfull Crop, when the field is sometimes blasted with Lightning, sometimes drenched with Inundations, but never cherished with a kindly Sunne? Things incapable of a true forme, are ever mending, yet ever unperfect: when the Rankes are broken, the Victorie is in hazard. One bad Voice, can put twentie good ones out of tune. I will first order my minde, by good resolution; then keepe it so, by a strong constancie. Those Souldiers dyed bravely, that where they stood to fight, they fell to death.



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## LXXXII.

*Three things encounter our Consideration,  
and these three have three  
Remedies.*

**I**N every man, there be three things that encounter our Consideration; the *Minde*, the *Behaviour*, the *Person*: a grosse blemish in any of which, stickes some disgrace on the unhappie owner. If the *Minde* be vicious, though the carriage be faire, and the *Person* comely; *Honestie* esteemes not outward parts, where inward *Grace* is wanting. If his *Minde* be good, and carriage clownish, his outward bad demeanour makes his inward worth ridiculous: and admit hee hath both, deserving applause; yet a sur-fetted and diseased Body, makes all dis-regarded, while the approach of his presence may proove prejudiciall, infectious, noysome. To remedie the defects of all these, I finde three noble Sciences; *Divinitie*, *Philosophie*, *Physicke*; *Divinitie*, for the soule; to preserve that unstain'd, and holy; as also to endue it with understanding: for, God with his Graces instils Knowledge: it was the keeping of his Law, made David wiser than those that taught him. *Divine Knowledge*, is not without humane: when God gives the first, in some measure he gives both: and therefore wee seldome finde the ignorant man, honest; if he be mentally, yet he failes expressively. *Philosophie*, for his manners and demeanours, in the many contin-

gent



gent things of this life; to fit him both with decent Complements, and sufficient stayednesse; neither favouring of Curiositie, nor Rusticitie: Nor was ever Religion found, of a foe to good manners; for shee shines brightest in a brave behaviour, so it be free from affection, flatterie. Philosophie is the salt of life; that can drie up the crude humours of a Novice, and correct those pestilent qualities wherewith Nature hath infected us: which was ingenuously confessed by Socrates, when Zopyrus by his Physiognomie pronounced him foulely vicious. Physicke, to know the state of the Body; both to avoid distempers, in health; and to recover health, in wearying diseases: 'tis the restitution of decaying Nature: when she is falling, this gives her a Hand of sustenance; it puts away our blemishes, restores our strength, and rids us of that, which would rid us of our lives. In all these, though a man be not so Learned, as to teach them to others; yet in all, I would know so much, as might serve to direct me in mine owne occasions. 'Tis commendable, to know any thing that may beare the title of Good: but for these so pleasing Sciences, I will rather studie with some paines, than want experience in things so necessarie. Thus shall I fit my minde for God, my body to my minde, my behaviour to both, and my friends.

How





## LXXIII.

*How the distempers of these times should  
affect wise men.*

**T**He distempers of these times would make a wise man both merry, and mad: Merry, to see how Vice flourishes but a while, and being at last frustrate of all her faire hopes, dyes in a dejected scorne; which meetes with nothing in the end, but beggerie, basenesse, and contempt: To see how the world is mistaken in opinion, to suppose those best that are wealthiest: To see how the world thinkes to appall the minde of Noblesse with miserie; while true resolution laughs at their poore impotencie, and slightes even the utmost spight of Tyrannie: To see how men buy Offices at high rates; which when they have, prove ginnes to catch their soules in, and snare their estates and reputations: To see how foolishly men coozen themselves of their soules, while they thinke they gaine, by their cunning defrauding another: To see how the Projectors of the world, like the Spoke of the wheele of Sesostris Chariot, are tumbled up and downe; from beggerie, to worship; from worship, to honour; from honour, to basenesse againe: To see what idle Complements are current among some that affect the Phantasticke Garbe; as if friendship were nothing but an Apish salute, glossed over with nothing but the varnish of a smooch tongue: To see a strutting Prodigall over-looke a Region, with his waving Plume; as if he could as easily shake



shake that, as his *Feather*; yet in private, will creepe like a *crouching Spaniel*, to his *base muddie Prostitute*: To see how *Pot-valour* thunders in a *Taverne*, and appoints a *Duell*; but goes away, and gives money to have the *quarrell* taken up under-hand. Mad on the other side, to see how *Vice* goes trapped with rich furniture, while poore *Vertue* hath nothing but a *Bridle* and *Saddle*, which onely serve to encrease her bondage: To see *Machiavels Tenents* held as *Oracles*; *Honestie*, reputed *shallownesse*; *Iustice*, bought and sold; as if the world went about to disprove *Zorobabel*, and would make him confesse, money to be stronger than *Truth*: To see how *flatterie* creepes into favour with *Greatnesse*, while *plaine-dealing* is thought the enemy of *State* and *Honour*: To see how the *Papists* (for promotion of their owne Religion) invent *Lyes*, and print them; that they may not onely coozen the present Age, but gull *Posteritie* with forged actions: To see how well-meaning *simplicitie* is foot-ball'd: To see how Religion is made a *Politicians Vizor*; which having helpt him to his purpose, he casts by, like *Sunday Apparell*, not thought on all the weeke after: And, which would mad a man more than all; to know all this, yet not know how to helpe it. These would almost distract a man in himselfe. But since I finde they are incurable, I'll often pray for their amendment in private; never declaime, but when I am call'd to't. He loseth much of his comfort, that without a just deputation, thrusts himselfe into danger. Let me have that once, and it shall neuer grieve me to die in a warrantable warre.





## LXXXIV.

*To revenge wrongs, what it savours of.*

**T**O revenge a wrong, is both easie, and usuall; and, as the world thinkes, savours of some noblenesse: But Religion sayes the contrarie; and tells us, 'tis better to neglect it, than requite it. If any man shall willingly offer me an injurie, hee shall know, I can see it; but withall, hee shall see, I scorne it: unlesse it be such, as the bearing is an offence. What need I doe that, which his owne minde will doe for me? If he hath done ill, my revenge is within him; if not, I am too blame in seeking it. If unwillingly he wrongs me, I am as readie to forgive, as he to submit; for I know, a good minde will be more sorrowfull, than I shall be offended: With his owne hand he rebateth his honour, that kills a prisoner humbly yeelding: Who but a Devill, or a Pope, could trample on a prostrate Emperour?



## LXXXV.

*who is most subject to Censure.*

**I** Observe none more lyable to the worlds false censure, than the upright nature, that is honest and free. For many times, while hee thinkes no ill, hee cares not though the world sees the worst of his actions;

actions; supposing he shall not be judged worse then he knowes himselfe: but the *world* being *bad* it selfe, guessees at others by his *owne*: so concludes *bad* of those that are not. Some have I knowne thus injur'd, that out of a *minde* not acquainted with *ill*, have by a *free demeanour*, had infinite *scandals* cast upon them; when I know, the *ignorant* and *ill world* is much *mistaken*, and conjectures false. I will never *censure*, till I see *grounds* apparent: hee that *thinkes ill* without this, I dare pawne my *soule*, is either *bad*; or would be so, if *opportunitie* but serv'd him. In things uncertaine, a *bad construction* must needs flow from a *bad minde*: who could imagine *private vice* which they doe not see, by a *harmelesse carriage* which they doe see, unlesse either their *owne ill practice*, or *desires* had prompted them? *Vice* as it is the *Devils issue*; so in part it retaines his *qualities*; and *desiring* others *bad*, *beleves* them so. But *Vertue* had a more *heavenly breeding*: she is *warie*, lest she *censure* rashly: and had rather *straine* to *save*, then *erre* to *condemne*. If my life bee free from *villany*, and *base designes*, I know, the *good* will speake no *worse* then they see; as for those that are *lewd*, their *blacke tongues* can never spot the faire of *Vertue*: onely I could sometimes grieve, to see how they *wrong themselves* by *wronging others*.



## LXXXVI.

*Content makes Rich.*

**E**Very man either is rich, or may be so; though not all in one and the same wealth. Some have abundance, and rejoyce in't; some a competencie, and are content: some having nothing, have a minde desiring nothing. Hee that hath most, wants something: hee that hath least, is in something supplied; wherein the minde, which maketh rich, may well possesse him with the thought of store. Who whistles out more content, than the low-fortun'd Plow-man; or sings more merrily, than the abject Cobler, that sits under the Stall? Content dwells with those, that are out of the eye of the world, whom she hath never train'd with her gaudes, her toyles, her lures. wealth is like Learning; wherein our greater knowledge, is onely a larger sight of our wants. Desires fulfilled, teach us to desire more: So wee, that at first were pleased; by remooving from that, are now growne insatiable. wishes have neither End; nor end. So, in the midst of affluencie; wee complaine of Penurie; which not finding, wee make. For, to possesse the whole world with a grumbling minde, is but a little more specious povertie. If I be not outwardly rich, I will labour to be poore, in craving desires; but in the vertues of the Minde, (the best Riches) I would not have a man exceed me. He that hath a Minde contentedly good, enjoyeth in it boundlesse possessions.



ons. If I be pleas'd in my selfe, who can adde to my happynesse? as no man lives so happy, but to some his life would be burthensome: so we shall finde none so miserable, but we shall heare of another, that would change calamities.

## LXXXVII.

*The Condition of things, which the world yeeldes.*

**T**O have beene happy, is wretched; to bee happy, momentany; to may bee happy, doubtfull. All that the world yeelds, is either uncertainly good, or certainly ill. Even his best cordials, have, some bitter ingredients in them; lest foolish sensualitie should catch them with too greedy a hand. Wee should surfeit with their honey, if there were not gall intermingled. The reason of defect I finde in the object, which being earthly: must be brittle, fading, vaine, imperfect: so though it may please, it cannot satisfie. Earth can give us but a taste of pleasure, not fill us. What she affords, let me lawfully use; trust to, never. Hee onely that hath beene, is, and shall bee for ever, can make my past happinesse, present; my future, certaine; and my present continue, if not as 'tis, better, and then for ever.

Good



## LXXXVIII.

*Good Name, how it is both the Best, and Brittlest thing that is.*

**A** Good name is among all externals both the best and most brittle blessing. If it be true, that *Difficilia quæ pulchra*, this is a faire *beatitudo*. 'Tis the hardest both to get, and keepe: like a glasse of most curious workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gained but by a continued habit of many *vertuous*, is by one short *vicious action* lost forever. Nay if it could onely vanish in this sort, it would then by many bee kept un-tainted: If it could not be lost but upon *certainties*; If it were in our owne keeping; or if not in our owne, in the hands of the wise and honest; how possible were it to preserve it pure? But alas! this is the *misery*, that it rests upon *probabilities*, which as they are hard to *disprove*, so they are ready to *persuade*: That it is in the hands of *others*, not our selves: in the custody not of the discreet and good onely, but also of *Fooles*, *Knaves*, *Villaines*: who though they cannot make us worse to our selves; yet how vile may they render us to others? To vindicate it from the tongues of these, there is no remedie, but a constant carefull discretion. I must not only be good, but not seeme ill. Appearance alone, which in good is too little, is in evill too much. He is a wilfull *murtherer* of his owne fame, that willingly

ly appeares in the *ill action* hee did not. 'Tis not enough to be *well-liv'd*, but *well reported*. When we know *good fame* a *blessing*, we may easily in the contrary, discern a *curse*: whereof we are justly seized, while wee labour not to avoid it. I will care as well to be *thought honest*, as to *be so*: my friends know me by the *actions* they see; *strangers* by the things they *heare*: the agreement of both, is the confirming of my *goodnesse*. The one is a good *complexion*, the other a good *countenance*: I deny not but they may bee severall; but they are then most *gracefull*, when both are seated together. It had beene well spoken of *Cæsar*, if he had not put her away, when after *triall*, and the *crime cleared*, he said, *Cæsars wife* should not onely bee free from sinne, but from *suspition*. An *ill name* may bee free from *dishonesty*, but not from some *folly*. Though *slanders* rise from *others*, wee *our selves* oft give the occasion. The first best way to a *good name*, is a *good life*: the next, is a *good behaviour*.

## LXXXIX.

*Earthly Delights sweeter in Expectation than in Enjoyment.*

**A**LL earthly delights I finde sweeter in the expectation, than the injoyment: All spirituall pleasures, more in fruition than expectation. Those carnall contentments that here we joy in, the Devill shewes us through a *prospective Glasse*, which makes them



seeme both greater, and neerer hand : when hee tooke *Christ* to the *Mountaine*, hee shewed him all the *Kingdomes*, and the glory of them ; but never mentions the *troubles*, *dangers*, *cares*, *feares*, *vigilancies*, which are as it were the *thornes* wherewith a *Crowne* is lined. Oh ! what *Mountaines* of *joy* doe we cast up, while we thinke on our earthly *Canaan* ? whatsoever *temporall felicity* we apprehend, we cull out the *pleasures*, and overprize them ; the *perils* and *molestations* we either not see or not thinke of : like the *foolish man*, that at a deare rate buyes a *Monopoly*, wherein he counts the *gaines*, and overcasts them ; but never weighes the *charges*, nor the *casualtie*, in making him *liable* both to the *hatefull curse* of the *People*, and the severe *censure* of a *Parliament*. Herein we are all *fooles*, that seeing these *Bladders*, wee will blow them beyond their compasse. 'Tis *Satans* craft to shew us the *inticing spots* of this *Panther*, concealing the *torvitie* of her countenance. But when againe we looke at *heavenly things*, like a *cunning Juggler*, hee turnes the *glasse* ; so detracts from those *faire proportions*, the chiefe of their *beauty* and *worth* ; those, wee beleewe both *lesse*, and more *remote* ; as if hee would carry us in *Winter* to see the pleasures of a *Garden*. Thus the *heart* informed by *abused senses*, is content to *saille* as they *steere* ; so either tombes her selfe in the bosome of the *waves* ; or cuts thorow the way to her *Enemies Countrie* ; where she is quickly *taken*, *ransackt*, and *rifi'd all*. If this were not, how could wee be so heartlesse in pursuit of *Celestiall prizes* ; or what could breed so soone a loathing of that, which most we have coveted,



veted, and sweat to obtaine? If my *minde* grow enamoured on any *sublunary* happinesse, I will coole it with this *knowledge*: and withall tell her, she is happier in apprehending the *taste* without the *Lees*, than in drinking the *wine*, that is yet *unfined*. That *felicity* which *experience* findes lame, and halting, *Thought* and *suspicion* give a perfect shape. But if the motions of my *Soule* wheele toward any *Divine* sweet, my strongest arguments shall perswade a *proceeding*. Here *Imagination's* darke eye is too dimme, to fixe upon this *Sun*. When I come to it, I am sure I shall finde it transcending my *thoughts*: Till then, my *Faith* shall be above my *Reason*, and perswade me no more than I know. Though *fruition* excludes *faith*, yet *belife* makes blessed. So I will *beleewe*, what yet I cannot enjoy.

## XC.

*How the Minde and Desire make Actions either Tediuous or Delightfull.*

**E**Very mans *actions*, are according to his *minde*, *tedious* or *delightfull*. For be it never so laborious and painefull, if the *minde* entertaines it with *delight*, the *body* gladly undergoes the *trouble*, and is so farre at the *minds* service, as not to complaine of the burthen. And though it bee never so full of *pleasure*, that might smoothe the *sences*, yet if the *mind* distasts it, the *content* turnes to *vexation*, *royle*. *Desire* is *wind*, that against the *Tyde* can carry us



merrily; with it, make us flye. How pleasant would our life be, if wee had not *croſſe gales* to thwart us, *various Tydes* to checke us? With these, how full of *distresse*? yet in them we often increase our *sor-rows*, by vainely striving against *unconquerable Fate*; when if wee could but perswade our *minde*, wee might much ease both it and our *body*. That which is *bad*, though never so *pleasurab*le, Ie strive to make my *minde* dislike; that my *body* also may be willing to forgoe that, which my *minde* hates. That which is *good*, and should be done, Ie learne to *affect* and *love*; howsoever my *body* refuse. As my *mind* is better than it, so my *care* shall be more to content it: but most to make it content with *goodnesse*; otherwise I had better *croſſe* it, than let it settle to *unlawfull solaces*. I preferre this *unquietnesse*, before the other *peace*. That which is *ease*, Ie easily doe; that which is not, my *mind* shall make so. My *life* as it is full enough of *travell*; w hy should I by my *minds loathing*, make it seeme more *difficult*?

## XCI.

*That we cannot know God as he is.*

I Cannot know God as he is; If I could, I were *unhappy*, and hee not God. For then must that *eternall Omnipotencie* of his be *finite* and *comprehensible*; else how could the *fleet dimensions* of the *minde* of *Man* containe it? I admire the *definition* of *Empedocles*,

*pedocles, who said, God was a Spheare, whose Centre was everywhere, and circumference no where. Though his full light be inaccessible, yet from this ignorance springs all my happinesse, and strongest comfort. When I am so ingulfed in miserie, as I know no way to escape; God, that is so infinite above me, can send a deliverance, when I can neither see, nor hope it. Hee needes never despaire, that knowes hee hath a Friend, which at all assayes can helpe him.*



## XCII.

*Of the Minde of Man, after the conquest of a strong Temptation.*

**I**F I were so punisht, as to live here perpetually, I would wish to have alwayes such a minde, as I finde after the conquest of a strong temptation: then have I as much happinesse, as can be found in this lifes *inveables*. The tryall first bewrayes the danger; then, he escape ushers in succeeding joy: and all know, the *Sunne* appeares more lustrous to a Prisoner that comes out of a *Dungeon*, than to him that dayly beholds his brightnesse. When is *wine* so pleasant, as after a long thirst? Besides, the soule withdrawne from God, returnes in the end with comfort, and againe sweetly clozeth with her Maker; whose goodnesse shee knowes it is, to make her so victorious. Wee are never so glad of our friends companie, as when hee returnes, after tedious absence. All



the pleasures that wee have, *relish* better, when wee come from *miserie*: Then, what a glory is it to a Noble spirit, to have *endur'd*, and *conquer'd*? there being more *sweetnesse* in a hard *victorie*, where wee come off faire, than in the neglected pleasures of a *continuell* peace. Those *Fowles* taste best, that wee kill our selves, *birding*: What *Bread* eates so well, as that which wee *earne* with labour? And indeed 'tis the way to make us perfect: for as he can never be a good *Souldier*, that hath not felt the toile of a *Battell*; so hee can never be a sound *Christian*, that hath not felt *Temptations* *buffets*. Every fire, refines this *Gold*. If I did finde none, I should feare, I were *vicious* too much; or else that God saw me so *weake*, as I could not hold out the encounter: but seeing I doe, the pleasantnesse of the *Fruit* shall furnish me with *patience*, to abide the precedent *bitternesse*. This gone, I shall finde it a *felicitie*, to say, I have beene *wretched*.



## XCIII.

Of Nobilitie joyned with Vertue, how glorious.

Earth hath not any thing more glorious, than *ancient Nobilitie*, when 'tis found with *Vertue*. What *barbarous* mind will not reverence that blood, which hath *untainted*, run thorow so large a *Succession* of *Generations*? Besides, *Vertue* addes a new *Splendour*, which together with the honour of his *House*,



House, challengeth a respect from all. But, bad Greatnesse is nothing but the vigour of Vice, having both minde and meanes to be uncontrollably lewd. A debauched Sonne of a Noble Family, is one of the intollerable Burthens of the Earth, and as hatefull a thing as Hell: For all know, hee hath had both Example, and Precept, flowing in his Education; both which are powerfull enough, to obliterate a native illnesse: yet these in him, are but auxiliaries to his shame; that with the brightnesse of his Ancestors, make his owne darkenesse more palpable. Vice, in the Sonne of an ancient Family, is like a clownish Actor in a stately Play; hee is not onely ridiculous in himselfe, but disgraces both the Plot, and the Poet: whereas Vertue, in a man of obscure Parents, is like an unpollisht Diamond, lying in the way among Pebbles; which, howsoever it be neglected of the unciwill Vulgar, yet the wise Lapidarie takes it up, as a Jewell unvaluable, it being so much the more gloriom, by how much the other were baser. He that is good, and great, I would sell my life to serve him nobly: otherwise, being good, I love him better, whose Father expired a Clowne; than he, that being vicious, is in a Lineall descent from him, that was Knighted with Tubal-Cains Fauchion, which he made before the Floud.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

## XCIII.

## Of Extreme Passion.

I finde some men *extremely passionate*: and these, as they are more taken with a joy; so, they taste a disaster more heavily. Others, are free from being affected; and as they never joy excessively, so they never sorrow immoderately: but have together, lesse mirth, and lesse mourning: like patient Gamblers; winning, and losing, are one. The latter, I will most labour for. I shall not lose more contentment, in apprehending joyes; than I shall grieve, in finding troubles: For wee are more sensible of paine, than delight; the one, contracting the spirits; the other, dilating them. Though it were not so; living here, vexations are more ordinarie: Joy, is a thing for hereafter. Heaven cannot be found, upon Earth. Many great joyes are not so pleasant, as one torment proves tedious. The Father sighes more at the death of one Sonne, than hee smiles at the birth of many.

How



## XCV.

*How knowledge of our selves, and the things wee intend, make us doe well.*

**I**N meightie affaires, wee can never doe well, unlesse we know both our selves, and the thing wee intend. Truth falls into hazzard, when it findes eyther a weake Defender; or one that knowes not her worth. How can hee guide a businesse, that needeth a guide for himselfe? Have wee not knowne many, taking their abilities at too high a pitch, rush upon matters that have prov'd their overthrow? Rash presumption is a Ladder, that will breake our neckes. If wee thinke too well of our selves, wee over-shoot the marke: If not well enough, wee are short of it. And though wee know our selves, yet if ignorant in the thing, wee expose our selves to the same mischiefe. Who is so unwise, as to wade thorow the River hee hath not founded; unlesse hee can either swimme well, or have helpe at hand? Hee that takes upon him, what hee cannot doe, rides a Horse which hee cannot rule: hee can neither sit in safetie, nor alight when hee would. Whatsoever I undertake, I will first studie my selfe; next, the thing that I goe about: being to seeke in the former, I cannot proceed well; understanding that, I shall know the other the better: if not the particulars, I may cast it in the generall: Something unseene, wee must leave to a sudden discretion; eyther to order, or avoide. 'Tis not  
for



## RESOLVES.

for man to see the events, further than nature, and probabilities of reason leade him. Though we know not what will be, 'tis good we prepare for that which may be: wee shall brooke a checke the easier, while wee thought on't, though wee did not expect it. But if knowing both aright, I finde my selfe unable to performe it; I will rather desist from beginnings, than run upon shame in the sequell. I had better keepe my selfe and Ship at home, than carry her to Sea, and not know how to guide her.



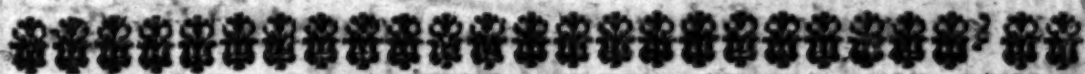
## XCVI.

*what man would doe, if he should alwayes prosper.*

**W**Hat an elated Meteor would Man grow to, did prosperitie alwayes cast sweetning Dewes in his face? Sure he would once more, with Ovids Gyants, fling Mountaines on heapes, to pull downe God from his Throne of Majestie; forgetting all felicitie, but that ayrie happinesse he is blinded with. Nothing feedes Pride so much, as a prosperous abundance. 'Tis a wonder to see a Favourite studie for ought, but additions to his Greatnesse: If I could be so uncharitable, as to wish an enemies Soule lost, this were the onely way: Let him live in the height of the worlds blandishments. For how can hee love a second Mistresse, that never saw but one Beautie, and still continues deeply enamoured on it? Every man hath his desires intending to some peculiar thing: God.



God should be the end wee aime at; yet wee often see, nothing carries us so farre from him, as those favours he hath imparted us: 'tis dangerous, to be outwardly blessed. If Plentie and Prosperitie were not hazardous, what a short Cut should some have to Heaven, over others? 'Tis the miserie of the Poore, to be neglected of Men: 'tis the miserie of the Rich, to neglect their God. 'Tis no small abatement to the bitterness of adversities, that they teach us the way to Heaven. Though I would not inhabit Hell, if I could, I would sometimes see it; not out of an itching desire, to behold wonders; but by viewing such horrors, I might value Heaven more dearly. He that hath experienc'd the Seas tumultuous perils, will ever after commend the Lands securitie. Let me swimme a River of boyling Brimstone, to live eternally happie; rather than dwell in a Paradise, to be damn'd after death.



## XCVII.

*Pride and Crueltie, makes any more odious  
than any sinne besides.*

**E**Very Vice makes the Owner, odious; but Pride and Crueltie, more than any beside. Pride hath no friend: his thoughts set his worth, above himselfe; all others, under it. He thinkes nothing so disgracefull, as want of reverence, and familiaritie. There is a kinde of disdainig scorne writ in his Brow, and Gesture; wherein all may reade, *I am too good for thy*



thy companie. So 'tis just, all should despise him, because he contemneth all. He that hath first overprized himselfe, shall after be under-valued by others: which his arrogancie thinking unjust, shall swell him to anger; so, make him more hatefull. Pride is ever discontentive: It both occasions more than any, and makes more than it doth occasion. As Humilitie is the way to get Love, and Quietnesse; so is Pride the cause of Hatred, and Warre. He hath angered others, and others will vex him. No man shall heare more ill of himselfe, than hee that thinkes hee deserves most good. It was a just Quip of that wise King, to that proud Physician; who writing thus; *Menecrates Iupiter, Regi Agesilao salutem*; was answered thus: *Rex Agesilaus, Menecrati sanitatem*: Indeed, hee might well wish his wits to him, that was so unwise, as to thinke himselfe God. Aristotle, when hee saw a Routh proudly surveying himselfe, did justly wish to be as he thought himselfe; but to have his enemies such as he was. I dare boldly say; Never proud person was well beloved. For, as nothing unites more, than a reciprocall exchange of affection; so there is nothing hinders the knot of friendship more, than apparent neglect of courtesies. Crueltie is a Curre of the same Litter. 'Tis Natures good care of her selfe, that warnes us from the Den of this Monster. Who will ever converse with him, that hee hath seene devoure another before him? A Tyrant may rule, while hee hath power to compell: but when hee hath lost that, the hatred hee hath got, shall slay him. Who wonders, to heare young Cato aske his Schoole-master, how Sylla liv'd so

so long, when hee was so hated for his *crueltie*? It was a devillish speech that *Caligula* borrowed of the *Poet*, *Oderint dum meruant*: I am content if they feare mee, that they should hate me. And sure if any man tooke the course for't, he did when hee bade his Executioners so strike, as they might feele that they were a dying. Hee that makes *Crueltie* his delight, shall be sure to have *Hate* his best recompence. *Detestation* waits upon *unmercifulnesse*. Who would not helpe to kill the *Beast* that sucks the blood of the *Fold*? What hath made some *Nations* so odious as those two, *Pride*, and *Crueltie*? The proud *will have* no friend; and the cruell man *shall have* none. Who are more miserable than they that want *company*? I pitty their estate, but love it not. Were I a *Lord* of the whole *Globe*, and must live alone, I had unhappinesse enough to make my *commands* my trouble. The one turn'd *Angels* out of *Heaven*; the other *Monarchs* from their *Thrones*: both I am sure, are able to turne us to *hell*: it is better being a *beast*, than dying a *man*, with either *unpardoned*.



## XCVIII.

*Whether Likenesse be the cause of Love, or,  
Love the cause of Likenesse.*

I Know not whether is more true, that *Likenesse* is the cause of Love, or Love the cause of *Likenesse*. In agreeing dispositions, the first is certaine: in those that



that are not, the latter is evident. The first is the *easier love*; the other the more *worthy*. The one hath a *lure* to draw it; the other without respect is *voluntary*. Men love us for the *similitude* wee have with themselves; God meerey from his *goodnesse*, when yet we are contrary to him. Since hee hath lov'd me, when I was not *like* him, I will strive to be *like* him, because hee hath *loved* mee. I would be *like* him being my *friend*, that lov'd me, when I was his *emie*. Then only is *love* powerfull, when it frames us to the will of the *Loved*. Lord, though I cannot *serve* thee as I ought, let me *love* thee as I ought. Grant this, and I know I shall *serve* thee the *better*.



## XCIX.

*Love and Feare doe easily draw us to beleefe.*

**V**What we either *desire*, or *feare*, wee are easily drawne to *beleeve*. Tell the *Prodigall*, his *Kinsman's* dead, should leave him an *estate* to swagger with, hee'l quickly give credit to't. The *Mother* of a *sicke Infant*, if shee but heares *death* whisper'd, shee is confident her *childe* is gone: either of them transport the *mind* beyond her selfe, and leave her open to *inconveniencies*. How many have shortned their *dayes*, by sudden false *apprehensions*, that have beene help'd forward by one of these two; or else so discovered their mindes, as they have made way for themselves, to bee wrought



wrought upon by *flattery*, by *seducement*? In the one, *Nature* is covetous for her owne good; so dilates her *selfe*, and as it were *stretcheth* out the *armes* of her *soule*, to imbrace that, which she hath an opinion may pleasure her: and this is in all *sensitive creatures*; though I know, the desire of only *rationall* and *intelligible things*, is peculiar to *Man*: who by *vertue* of his *intellectuall soule*, is made desirous of things *incorporeall* and *immortall*. Thus hee that would be well spoken of, beleeves him, that falsly tels him so. In the other, *Nature* is provident for her own *safety*: so all the *spirits* shrinke in to guard the *heart*, as the most *noble part*: whereby the exterior parts, being left without *moysture*, the *haire* is sometimes *suddenly* turned *gray*: the *heart* thus *contracted*, and wrought upon by it selfe, more easily then admits any thing, that is brought her by the *outward senses*. Thus if the *miserable man* heares a *fire* hath been in the *Towne* wherein his *house* is, hee cryes *undone*, though his owne were never in danger. In either of these, how might *perswasion* worke and *betray* us? What *Nature* hath infused, I cannot cast out; correct I may. If I must *desire* and *fear*, I will doe it so moderately, as my *judgement* and *reason* may be still *cleere*. If unawares I be overtaken, I will yet bee *carefull* to conceale my *selfe*: so, though my owne *passions* bee over-strong, others shall not see them to take mee at *advantages*. As many have beene *spoyled* by being *soothed* in their *plausible desires*: so have many beene *abused*, by being *malleated*, in their *troublesome feare*.

Though





C.

*Though Resolutions change, yet Vowes should  
know no Variety.*

**R**esolutions may often change; sometimes for the better, and the last ever stands firmest. But vowes well made, should know no variance: For the first should bee sure without alteration. Hee that violates their performance, failes in his dutie, and every breach is a wound to the Soule. I will resolve oft, before I vow once; never resolve to vow, but what I may keepe; never vow, but what I both can and will keepe.

**FINIS.**



# DEO

## *Authoris Votum.*

**O** H Thou every-where, and good of All !  
whatsoever I doe, remember, I beseech  
thee, that I am but Dust; but as a Va-  
pour sprung from Earth, which even thy  
smallest Breath can scatter. Thou hast  
given me a Soule, and Lawes to governe it. Let that  
Eternall Rule, which thou didst first appoint to sway  
Man, order me. Make me carefull to point at thy Glory  
in all my wayes; and where I cannot rightly know Thee,  
let me rightly admire Thee: that not onely my under-  
standing, but my ignorance, may honour Thee. Thou  
art All that can be perfect: besides Thee, nothing is.  
Oh, streame thy Selfe into my Soule, and flow it with thy  
Grace, thy Illumination. Make me to depend on Thee.  
Thou delightest, that Man should account Thee as his  
Royall Protector: and cast himselfe, as an Honourer of  
Thee, at thy feet. O establish my Confidence in Thee:  
for thou art the Fountaine of all Bountie, and canst not  
but be mercifull. Nor canst thou deceive the humbled  
Soule, that trusts Thee. And because I cannot be de-  
fended by Thee, unlesse I live after thy Lawes; Keepe me,



*Authoris Votum.*

O my Soules Sovereigne ! in the obedience of thy will : and that I wound not my Conscience, with the killing soiles of Vice : for this, I know, will destroy me within, and make thy cheering Spirit leave me. I know, I have already infinitely swerved, from the Tendencies of that Divine Guide, which thou hast planted in the mind of Man. And for this I am a sad Prostrate, and a Penitent at the foot of thy Throne. I appeale onely to the abundance of thy Remissions, and the wayes thou hast appointed for the buoying up of drowned Man. O my God, my God, I know it is a Mysterie beyond the vast Soules apprehension; and therefore deepe enough for Man to rest in safety in. O thou Being of all Beings ! cause me to rowle my selfe to thee, and into the receiving armes of thy Paternall Mercies, throw my selfe. For outward things, I beleeeve thou wilt not see me want : they are but the Adiectamenta of thy richer Graces : and if it were not for my Sinnes, it would be some distrust to begge them. The Mines and deprivation, are both in thy hands. I care not what Estate thou givest me, so thou ray thy selfe into my Soule, and givest me but a heart to please thee. I begge no more, than may keepe me uncontemnedly, and unpittiedly-honest. Save me from the Devill, Lusts, and Men : and for those fond dotages of Mortalitie, which would weigh downe my Soule to Lownesse, and Debauchment; let it be my glory (planting my selfe in a Noble height above them) to contemne them. Take me from my selfe, and fill me, but with thee. Summe up thy blessings in these two, that I may be rightly good, and wise. And these, for thy eternall Truths sake grant, and make me gratefull.

FINIS.





A full Alphabetical Table, by  
R. L. Containing the chiefe Heads of  
these Centuries of Resolves.

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|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
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| <p><b>Time:</b> <i>It's continuall speed,</i> 23. <i>A thing in time promi-<br/>seth good successe,</i> 21. <i>Of<br/>the waste &amp; change of time,</i><br/>144. <i>Time is changes agent,</i><br/>145. <i>Man is but times Ball,</i><br/>244. <i>An example of vaine<br/>spent time,</i> 303. <i>How the<br/>distempers of these times af-<br/>fect the wise,</i> 426. <i>Trav-<br/>vell, a rule for converse in<br/>Travell,</i> 272. <i>A travelling<br/>foole is the shame of all Na-<br/>tions,</i> 271. <i>How to better our<br/>selves by travell.</i> <i>ibid.</i><br/><b>Traitor:</b> <i>Mans owne heart the<br/>greatest traytor.</i> 203.<br/><b>Treachery,</b> <i>It's worst kinde.</i><br/><b>Trifles:</b> <i>Of lamenting the<br/>losse of trifles.</i> 372.<br/><b>Troubles:</b> <i>They are the best<br/>tutors to goodnesse.</i> 332.<br/><br/><b>V</b><br/><b>Valour:</b> <i>A Christians valour<br/>and true fidelitie,</i> 338.<br/><i>Valour, when best tempered</i><br/>142<br/><b>Value:</b> <i>Of being over-valued</i><br/>93. <i>There is no detraction<br/>worse, then to over-value<br/>men,</i> 96.<br/><b>Variety:</b> <i>Though pleasing, yet</i><br/>troublesome. 50.</p> | <p><b>Vertue:</b> <i>Of the end of vertue<br/>and vice,</i> 8. <i>Of it and wise-<br/>dome,</i> 230. <i>A Vertuous<br/>man is a wonder,</i> 235. <i>Every<br/>Vertue hath two Vices clog-<br/>ging her,</i> 336. <i>What a Ver-<br/>tuous Man in the purity of<br/>his life is like,</i> 351. <i>Of being<br/>Vertues friend, &amp; vices foe,</i><br/>412. <i>vertue and vice compa-<br/>red,</i> 438. 439. <i>vertue and<br/>vices large attendants,</i> 24,<br/>25. <i>When a Man is rightly<br/>vertuous,</i> 123 <i>and when up-<br/>right,</i> <i>ibidem.</i> <i>Vertue is Na-<br/>tures envie,</i> 178. 179. <i>ver-<br/>tues garment how sacred,</i><br/>230. <i>Of Nobilitie joyned<br/>with vertue, how glorious.</i><br/>438.<br/><b>Vice:</b> <i>Of the end of vice and<br/>vertue,</i> 8. <i>Vices path,</i> <i>ibid.</i><br/><i>A painted Harlot,</i> 9. <i>When<br/>most dangerous,</i> 129. <i>It's<br/>flourishing and decay,</i> 426<br/><i>Vices attendants,</i> 25. <i>'Tis<br/>now a vice to bee honest,</i><br/>179. <i>vices brave bold face,</i><br/>180. <i>It hath a punishment,<br/>though secret.</i> 180. 181. 348<br/><b>Vicissitude:</b> <i>All temporall<br/>things have their vicissitude,</i><br/>131. <i>This vicissitude main-<br/>taines the World.</i> 132.<br/><b>Vine:</b></p> |
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## An Alphabetical Table.

Vine : Humilitie compared to  
the Vine. 14

Violence. Of it and eager-  
nesse, 27. It oft prospers,  
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Vowes : Though resolutions  
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cted. 397

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279. A Souldier should  
have in him both courage  
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is the Blood-letting of a  
body Politicke, 279. The  
causes of Warre reduced in-  
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themselves and their peo-  
ple, 281. Three vertues  
which ought to bee in eve-  
ry Commanden of Warre,

*ibidem*. Warre is one of the  
offences with woe. 183.

Watches : A wise Man  
will keepe a double watch.  
103

Will : That it is accepted  
with God for the deede.  
378

Wife : What the comfort of a  
wise Wife is. 264. 265.

Wisedome : Of over-valuing  
our wisedome, 93. Of it,  
and Science, 138. Of it, and  
vertue, 230. They are the  
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why made her master, 101.  
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our looking-glasse, 402. A  
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Examples of it. *ibid.*

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|                                                              |                                                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>The condition of the Worlds<br/>things.</i> 431           | <i>what it savours of.</i> 428.                                                  |
| <i>Wrongs : Of Natures re-<br/>compencing wrongs,</i> 121    | <i>Whilest wee thinke to re-<br/>venge a wrong, wee oft<br/>beginne it,</i> 127. |
| <i>Of apprehension in wrongs<br/>126. To revenge wrongs,</i> | <i>'Tis a<br/>Princely thing to disaine a<br/>wrong.</i> 128.                    |

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FINIS.





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*[Handwritten number "2"]*



